

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND*

October

15c



Spotlight Cover
of Dietrich

"The Garden of Allah," Deathless Romance
with Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer
Hollywood's Box-Office Love Code



AS THEY SAY IN
SINGAPORE

"chên shih miao pu k'o yen"
真是妙不可言
(INEFFABLY WONDERFUL)

THE FRAGRANCE

Gemey

In Paris or Palma, in London or Lucerne... somewhere tonight there is music, somewhere tonight there is moonlight, somewhere tonight there is romance... and the magic-in-perfume that is... fragrance Gemey!

Young and fresh and joyous, fragrance Gemey has won its merry way around the world. High above the Danube or down the Rio Grande... wherever women dine and dance and dream beneath the stars... it lingers to enchant. For fragrance Gemey is world-beloved... a perfume preferred by the women of seventy-five lands.

And in America today you may know its beauty, touch its glamour to your gown, your lips, your hair.

Ask at your own favorite perfume counter for this essence by Richard Hudnut, perfumer international... wear it tonight for the man you like best... the heart-stirring fragrance Gemey!

Fragrance Gemey (Jem-may') in crystal-clear dressing table flacons. \$2.50, \$4.50, \$15



by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

New York Paris

London... Toronto... Buenos Aires... Mexico City... Berlin... Barcelona... Budapest
Capetown... Sydney... Shanghai... Rio de Janeiro... Havana... Vienna



He still wants to kiss her good night

MARRIED eight years . . . but for them none of that humdrum, take-it-for-granted attitude that creeps into so many marriages. He still wants to kiss her good night. Clever woman . . . she has always known the secret of keeping dainty and fresh in all things . . . the breath particularly. After all, there's nothing like halitosis (unpleasant breath) to raise a barrier between people.

* * *

You Never Know

Your breath may be agreeable today and offensive tomorrow. The food you eat, the things you drink, the hours you keep—all bring subtle changes that may result in halitosis (bad breath). Consequently, you must ever be on guard lest you offend.

Better Safe Than Sorry

Fortunately, halitosis often yields quickly to Listerine used as a mouth rinse or gargle. Almost at once, this remarkable deodorant cleanses, sweetens, and freshens the mouth. At the same time, it halts fermentation of tiny food particles—the major cause of mouth odors. Then overcomes the odors themselves.

And remember, Listerine is safe even when used full strength—does not harm delicate tissues of the gums or mouth. *It actually stimulates them.*

When You Want To Be Sure

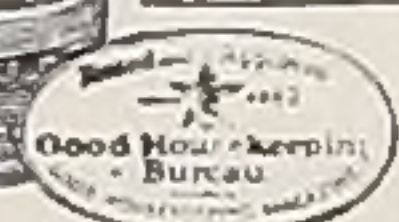
Fortunately for the public, many of the "bargain" imitations of Listerine are now out of business. Too strong, too harsh, too bitter to be tolerated, or lacking Listerine's speedy deodorant and antiseptic properties, such mouth washes were soon rejected by the public.

When you want a wholly delightful mouth wash, when you want to be sure of effective breath control with *safety*, use Listerine and Listerine *only*. Rinse the mouth with it morning and night and between times before business and social engagements. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.*


For HALITOSIS



use LISTERINE



If you like Listerine Antiseptic,
chances are you'll like Listerine
Tooth Paste. 162 brushings in
the big, double-size tube, 40¢.
Regular size, 25¢.



NORMA SHEARER • LESLIE HOWARD

in
"Romeo and Juliet"
with

JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER • BASIL RATHBONE • C. AUBREY SMITH
 ANDY DEVINE • RALPH FORBES • REGINALD DENNY • CONWAY
 TEARLE • ROBERT WARWICK • VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER

You've heard about it for months! You've read about it everywhere! It's all true. This is the greatest love drama, the mightiest entertainment of our time. Every moment throbs as sparks fly, as steel meets steel... and the crimson follows the rapier's thrust... Lovers meet... and dream... and plan. Pomp and grandeur sweep by in spectacular pageantry. Here are thrills, suspense to spur the pulse... tender romance to charm the heart... beauty to fill the eye. A love story deep in the heart of the world forever, now given enthralling life in such a picture as the screen has never known.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Triumph
 Directed by George Cukor

"Swept off my feet" — Robert Benchley

"A far greater film than 'Mutiny on the Bounty'" — Jim Tully

"List it among the screen's major achievements" — Walter Winchell

"I think the modern American girl has many things to learn from the Juliet of Norma Shearer, and I advise her to go about learning them right away" — Anita Loos





The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

October, 1936

Vol. XXXIII. No. 6

Enter

SCREENLAND'S

Romance Contest!

FIRST PRIZE—

39-DAY CRUISE

Full Details

In Our Next Issue

• Think of it—a thrilling 39-day cruise as first prize in SCREENLAND's new contest, full details of which will appear in the next, the November issue. You've read of "The Garden of Allah," which is not only one of the world's most thrilling romances as screened with Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer, but takes you in imagination on a romantic journey to some of the world's most glamorous scenic spots. Now, our contest offers the first-prize winner a real voyage, a wonderful, 39-day cruise to exciting foreign ports on the Italian Line's beautiful SS Roma, a never-to-be-forgotten romantic journey. There will be other worth-while prizes also. Remember—in SCREENLAND's next issue, on sale October 2nd.

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

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Spotlight Cover Portrait of Marlene Dietrich by Marland Stone.

SCREENLAND

Honor
Page

Laurels for Miss
Norma Shearer
for her lovely,
lyric "Juliet"



Miss Shearer, at left, with Leslie Howard in the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." Left, above, a close-up in her superb "potion" scene. Right, above, in the tragic tomb scene—all fine phases of a remarkable portrayal.

INDISPUTABLY "First Lady of the Screen" since her exquisite performance of *Juliet*, Norma Shearer surprises even her confirmed admirers and wins the few dissenters as she realizes every actress' supreme ambition, to play Shakespeare's loveliest heroine. Norma is incredibly young and radiant as the girl *Juliet* before *Romeo* wins her untried heart; she blossoms into a glowing woman as she accepts the forbidden *Montagu's* love; and as she grows into the character of the ill-starred bride, she becomes truly inspired and surpasses not only her own best previous performances, but sets a new standard for all screen stars for beauty, sincerity, and poetic accomplishment in histrionic art.

AS THE TWO CHILDREN FACED HER, CARRIE KNEW WITH A STRANGE AND STARTLING CLARITY THAT FROM THIS MOMENT EVEN TO THE END OF TIME THEIR LIVES WERE FASTENED TO HER LIFE BY BONDS OF STEEL.



A VALIANT PICTURE FOR A VALIANT STAR

BY MARY
ROBERTS RINEHART



GLADYS GEORGE, famous American actress, who makes her screen debut in Paramount's "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," with Arline Judge, John Howard, Harry Carey, Dudley Digges, William Collier, Sr., Isabel Jewel, Charlene Wyatt, Jackie Moran, Maude Eburne, from Barry Benefield's best seller, produced and directed by WESLEY RUGGLES.

➤ IT WAS a strange title for a book, "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," so when it came out some months ago I sent out and got it, and I read it through at one sitting.

➤ Women are often brave, perhaps always brave; but to be valiant implies also gallantry and an indomitable spirit. And here were both a valiant woman and a remarkable story, the woman an outcast and a pariah in a small Louisiana town, but humorous and generous, the story one of pure courage and sturdy regeneration. It was evident that there was a great motion picture here. Carrie had no illusions. If the French half of her was cautious the Irish half would dare anything, and had. But the picture began, of course, when one day a small boy with two buckeyes in a treasure box wandered into that secret garden of hers and told her she was not bad; and Carrie promptly fell in love with him.

➤ Here was everything for a picture, humor and pathos and deep human understanding. There was nothing mawkish about Carrie. Sometimes she told herself she was crazy, and sometimes that she was an old fool, but her love for this boy and later on for a small waif of a girl is the very essence of womanhood. For the time came when Carrie had to plan so that she could face them both without shame, and the picture is a story of that struggle.

ILLUSTRATED BY DON BENDER

➤ I intend to see the picture, of course. I want to see Carrie leaving behind her Cemetery Road and the easy money of her past, and escaping into a life where as she says she will go straight if she has to sling dishes in a restaurant. And I want to see her with her waifs that incongruous three against the world, and watch them slowly and successfully conquering that world. Also I want to see Gladys George as Carrie. I know her work, which is that of a fine dramatic artist, and her own story, which is one of ups and downs, and for a long time mostly downs.

➤ SHE HAS a long record of achievement behind her. She narrowly escaped being born in a theater, for her parents were actors. She was on the stage herself at the age of three, and as a youngster in small towns paraded the streets with a sandwich board which said: "Wouldn't you like to see me tonight at

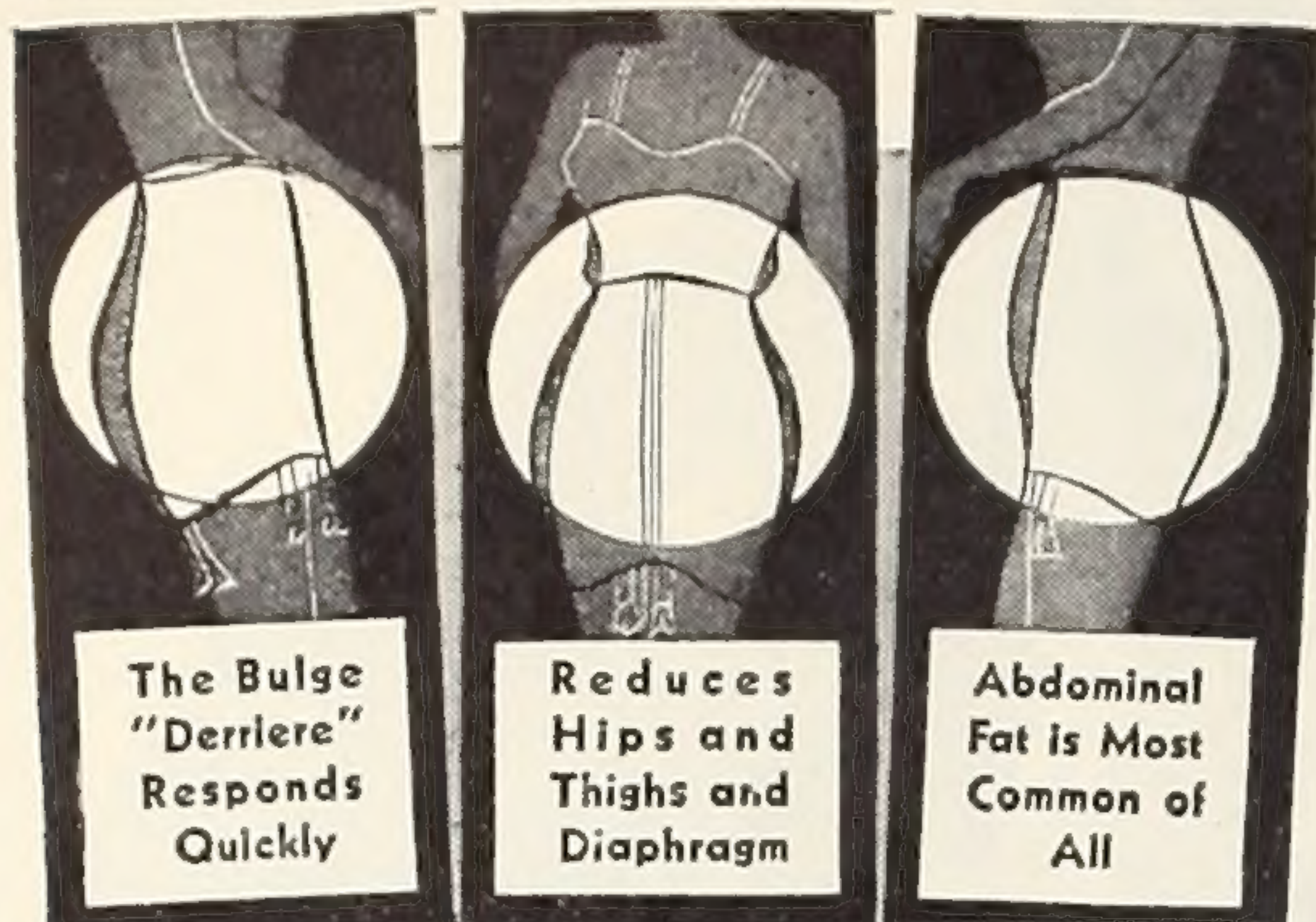
Theater?" It is quite typical of her life that she got her first real chance while nursing a badly broken nose, and not surprising that after almost seven hundred riotously successful appearances as the star of "Personal Appearance," some one took a plane and signed her up for Carrie in this picture.

➤ She will play it with skill, understanding and honesty, for Carrie was always honest, even with herself. But above all she will play it as she has lived, valiantly, with courage and an indomitable spirit.

If you do NOT
 **REDUCE**
 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
 . . it will cost you nothing!

"REDUCED
 9 INCHES"
 writes
 Miss Healy

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Perfolastic Not Only Confines..it REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the sure, safe way to reduce . . . Perfolastic! "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and reduced my waist 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere at our expense?

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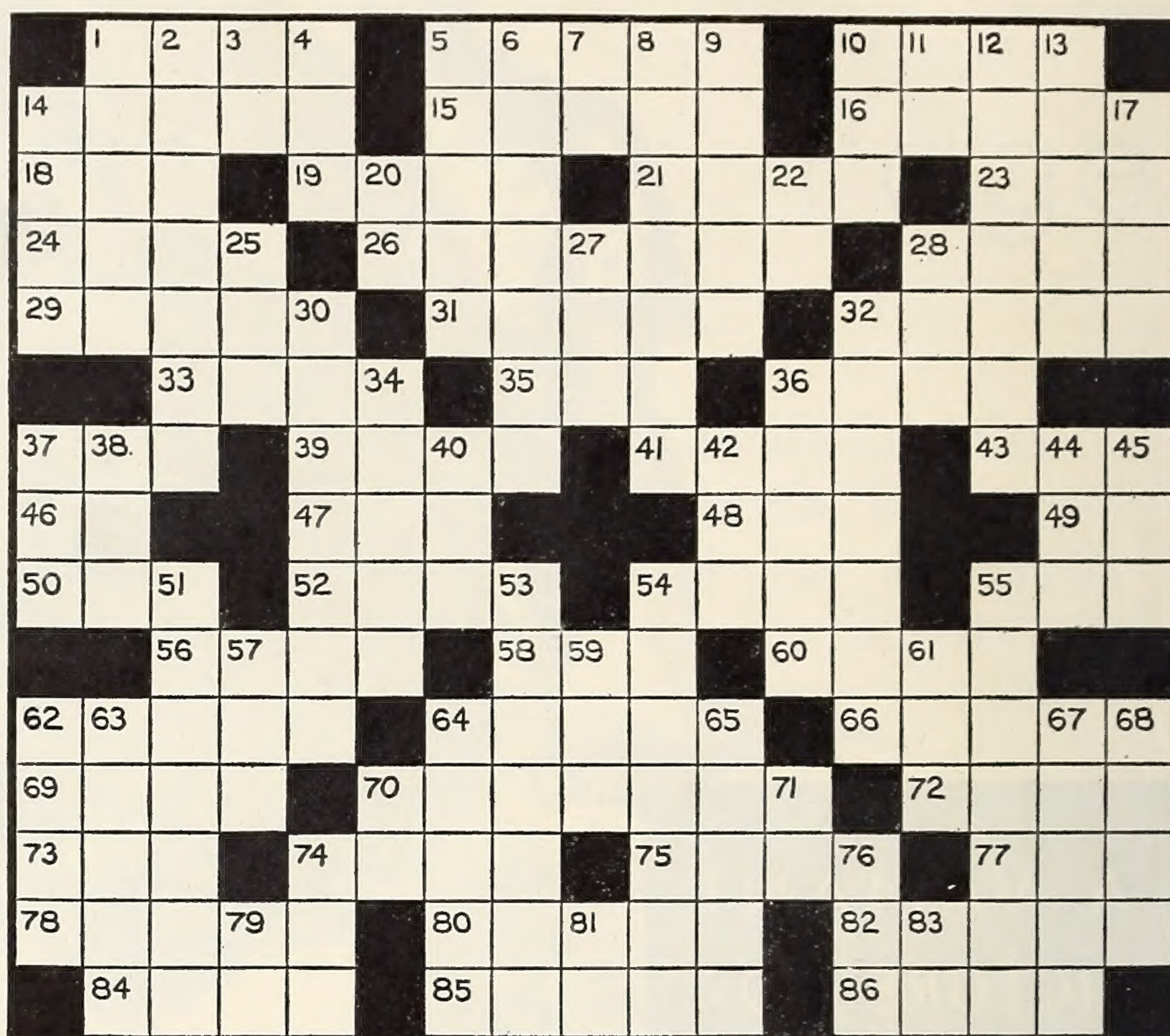
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SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



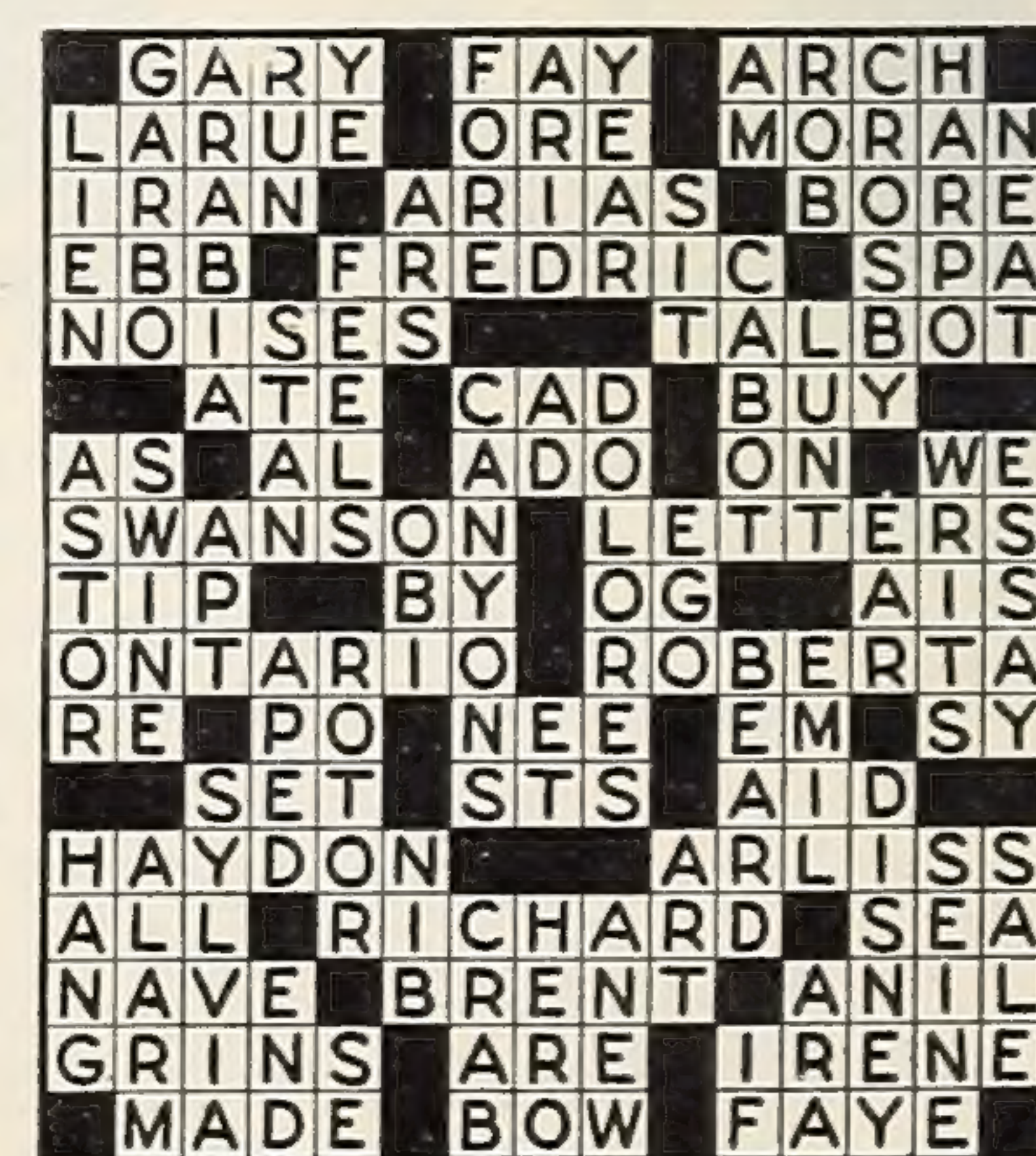
ACROSS

1. Featured actor in "Suzy"
5. Co-star of "Satan Met a Lady"
10. Lew Ayres' former wife
14. Girl's name
15. Sheep-like
16. To gnaw away (as of acids)
18. Rodent
19. Joan Crawford's husband
21. Talon
23. Tier
24. "Man of ——" (a movie)
26. Featured actress in "Nobody's Fool"
28. At this place
29. The heavens
31. Prefix meaning across
32. Heads
33. Thick grass
35. Printers' measures
36. Formerly
37. "Klondike Annie"
39. To require
41. Edge of a roof
43. Help
46. In an upward direction
47. A seine
48. Cooking fuel
49. To accomplish
50. Jewel
52. Kind of cheese
54. Crooked
55. An old woman
56. Deeds
58. Reverence
60. Indefinite amount
62. To walk pompously
64. Taking action at law
66. The screen's new "Julier"
69. His new film is "Crash Donovan"
70. She made her fame in "Catherine the Great"
72. District attorney in "Fury"
73. Nickname of famous President
74. Featured actor in "The Bride Walks Out"
75. Weird
77. Note of Guido's old musical scale

DOWN

78. Comedienne in "Champagne Charlie"
80. Clans, in Ireland
82. Ginger Rogers' husband
84. Nearby
85. Growing out
86. To measure
45. Household pet
51. Glamorous German film star
53. Tarzan's Girl Friend
54. Star of "Big Brown Eyes"
55. Male star of "Forgotten Faces"
57. Slash
59. This is worn on the head in a costume film
61. Extinct bird
62. Pretense
63. Featured actress in "Snowed Under"
64. Intelligence
65. Silly birds
67. Free-for-all fight
68. Exclamation of sorrow
70. Exist
71. Railroad (abbrev.)
74. Fish
76. Sweet potato
79. Continent (abbrev.)
81. Ma's husband
83. Biblical pronoun
1. Co-star of "San Francisco"
2. Co-star of "Follow the Fleet"
3. Japanese measure
4. But
5. Star of "The Ghost Goes West"
6. Stated
7. Roman numeral six
8. Spicy gum burned for its odor
9. Disposes of for cash
10. Leading man in "Panic On the Air"
11. Either
12. Her new film is "Ramona"
13. To worship
14. Epochs
17. Female sheep
20. Preposition
22. Star of "The Singing Kid"
25. Born
27. Hurried
28. Possesses
30. Famous comedy producer of silent films
32. Leading man in "Love Before Breakfast"
34. "Mr. ——" Goes to Town
36. Featured actress in "Moonlight Murder"
37. Thick cup
38. To imitate
40. Greek letter
42. What women stars are afraid of
44. Leading lady in "One Rainy Afternoon"

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



THE PICTURE EVERY WOMAN WILL WANT SOME MAN TO SEE

If you know of anything more important than the female of the species in the world's scheme of things, then you can dispute our action in awarding this new Kay Francis picture runaway honors as the outstanding photoplay of the month. See it and you will know why woman critics unite in calling it the greatest picture of its kind since "Stella Dallas"—even greater, perhaps, because of its modern viewpoint and open honesty in considering a love problem women in the day of "Stella Dallas" kept padlocked in their hearts. The role of a mother, caught in the turmoil of a love so desperate that she must break another woman's heart or her own, is valiantly performed by

KAY FRANCIS IN "GIVE ME YOUR HEART"

From a Noted Stage Play... With

GEORGE BRENT

Roland Young • Patric Knowles

Henry Stephenson • Frieda Inescort

Directed by Archie L. Mayo • A Cosmopolitan Production



Only to a world of advancing social ideas would the screen dare present so fearlessly candid a drama. And only for a public whose tastes have been keyed to a higher entertainment level could Warner Bros.

have included it in that remarkable succession of new-season pictures which has already given us "The Green Pastures" and "Anthony Adverse." A happy movie season is indeed in store for us with assurance from trustworthy sources that Warner Bros. have issued confidential orders that the same standard of excellence be adhered to in the production of Marion Davies and Clark Gable's "Cain and Mabel"; "Charge of the Light Brigade," with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland; Lloyd C. Douglas' celebrated best-seller, "Green Light," and other forthcoming pictures.



Bride..Queen..Martyr
ALL IN NINE DAYS
You'll cry and love it!

"Because little Lady Jane is my favorite character, and her love story my favorite love story . . . I was a tough audience . . . I ended up in tears on my knees . . . I sincerely believe that it is one of the great pictures . . ."

—Adela Rogers St. Johns
"LIBERTY"

Cedric
HARDWICKE
Nova **PILBEAM**
NINE
DAYS
A Queen

JOHN MILLS
DESMOND TESTER
SYBIL THORNDIKE

Directed by Robert Stevenson

COMING TO YOUR
FAVORITE THEATRE

A  *Production*

INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

You're Alice Faye's guest at a Fall luncheon, with novel Chinese dishes for which Alice divulges the recipes

By
Betty Boone

Sweet Alice, a "Brownette" now, is a gay and charming hostess. Here she is smiling at you over her attractive luncheon table.



ALICE FAYE, light and quick-moving as a humming-bird, lives in a stately Spanish house with cactus, palms, olive and banana trees in the front yard and more of the same in the patio at the back.

The furniture in living and dining rooms is heavy old Spanish stuff most appropriate to the style of dwelling but contrasting strongly with its quicksilver mistress.

"I feel so serious in here," she confided, looking around mistrustfully at the tapestries on the wall and the one or two somber portraits. "Don't you think we should go outdoors and be ourselves? I think, if I don't get a new house soon, I'll turn into a Spanish grandee."

She isn't in the least like a grandee, but rather like a little girl, with her new "brownette" hair in ringlets and a ribbon. She was wearing a printed silk dress with a short black silk jacket that set off the jewel colors in the silk.

"The marvelous thing about California—and one I can't get used to—is being able to stay outdoors almost all the time. And the thing I like best about this house—the only thing I thought of when I took the place—is the pool."

The pool is beyond the patio. It is lined with blue tile and the dressing-rooms are contained in what looks like an ancient Spanish galleon. This ship seems to rise out of the water; you can dive from the deck into the pool.

"You should see it on moonlight nights silhouetted against the sky with the water in front," exulted Alice. "With all these banana and palm trees you can imagine you've just landed on a tropic island from a pirate ship!"

She drew up two chairs on the sunny side of the pool and we settled ourselves.

"Like all picture people, we have very simple meals," she observed, presently. "I go in for salads in a big way myself, but now I have a Filipino boy for cook and I'm beginning to be Chinese-food-conscious. It's grand!"

"He won't part with his recipes. Maybe they are sacred or something, but just try and get one out of him? However, we have had Beef and Bean Canton, and Keye Luke, the young Chinese actor on our lot, has a recipe for that, which may easily be the same."

BEEF AND BEAN CANTON

1 pound planked steak
2½ pounds fresh string beans,
(or asparagus)
3 large onions
1 bottle soy sauce for browning to taste
½ pound Crisco
Cut the beef lengthwise into one-and-a-half-inch strips, then cut cross-wise, one-eighth inch thick. Cut onions into fine strips for frying. String beans and cut into one-and-a-half-inch lengths, or equally good is the Beef

and Asparagus Canton, in which instead of the string beans, you cut asparagus lengthwise and diagonally one-eighth of an inch thick.

Heat Crisco in frying pan, place onion in, fry lightly; then add a little soy sauce to help brown onions, which should then be taken, placed in container in warm oven. Add a little more Crisco to pan and put in your beans or asparagus, stirring constantly with just enough water to keep them from sticking. Cover and let steam for five minutes. The object is just to cook food through, not make pulp of it, so it stays crisp. Add another dash of soy sauce, rolling beans around constantly; by that time most of the juices have been absorbed by the vegetables, which should then be taken out and put in oven container with the onions.

Then put a little more Crisco in the frying pan, heat it again, and put the stripped beef in. Turn it over several times, and salt and pepper and a bit more soy sauce, which will brown until beef is medium rare. Then take onions and beans and place with the beef in frying pan and let elements "marry" for a minute.

Now serve. The freshness and crispness of the vegetables will be retained, the food will be tender, and served with rice and tea, you have a well-balanced and delicious dinner.

Alice likes Chicken Chow Mein, too, and she was having that for luncheon today, with College Inn tomato juice cocktails as a first course and some whipped jello and tea, so no one can complain that she puts any horrible extra weight on her guests!

"If this were a colder climate," said Alice, "I'd serve soup first and perhaps a hot dessert. But desserts are a problem in Hollywood. I know I hate hostesses who break down my resistance with lemon chiffon pies and rich cakes and the like. When I'm alone I have fruit or crackers and cheese, and not much of that.

"My boy wouldn't tell me about his chow mein, but I got a recipe for it anyway, and I hope it's the same kind. I wish I knew a little about cooking, but I think it's a gift, like a fine voice or a sense of rhythm. My mother has it."

CHICKEN CHOW MEIN

| | |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| ½ lb. noodles | 4 ounces pork |
| 1 tablespoon salt | chopped fine |
| 2 " soy sauce | 2 lbs. chicken, |
| 1 stalk celery | chopped |
| (diced) | 1 onion, chopped |
| ½ lb. mushrooms | fine |
| 1 qt. Crisco | ½ lb. cooked breast |
| Yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs. | of chicken |

(Continued on page 85)



Alice says her pretty Spanish home makes her feel like a "grandee," but she's one Hollywood star who will never "go grand" no matter where she lives, for Alice is warm-hearted and human.

Now he signs his letters

LOVE



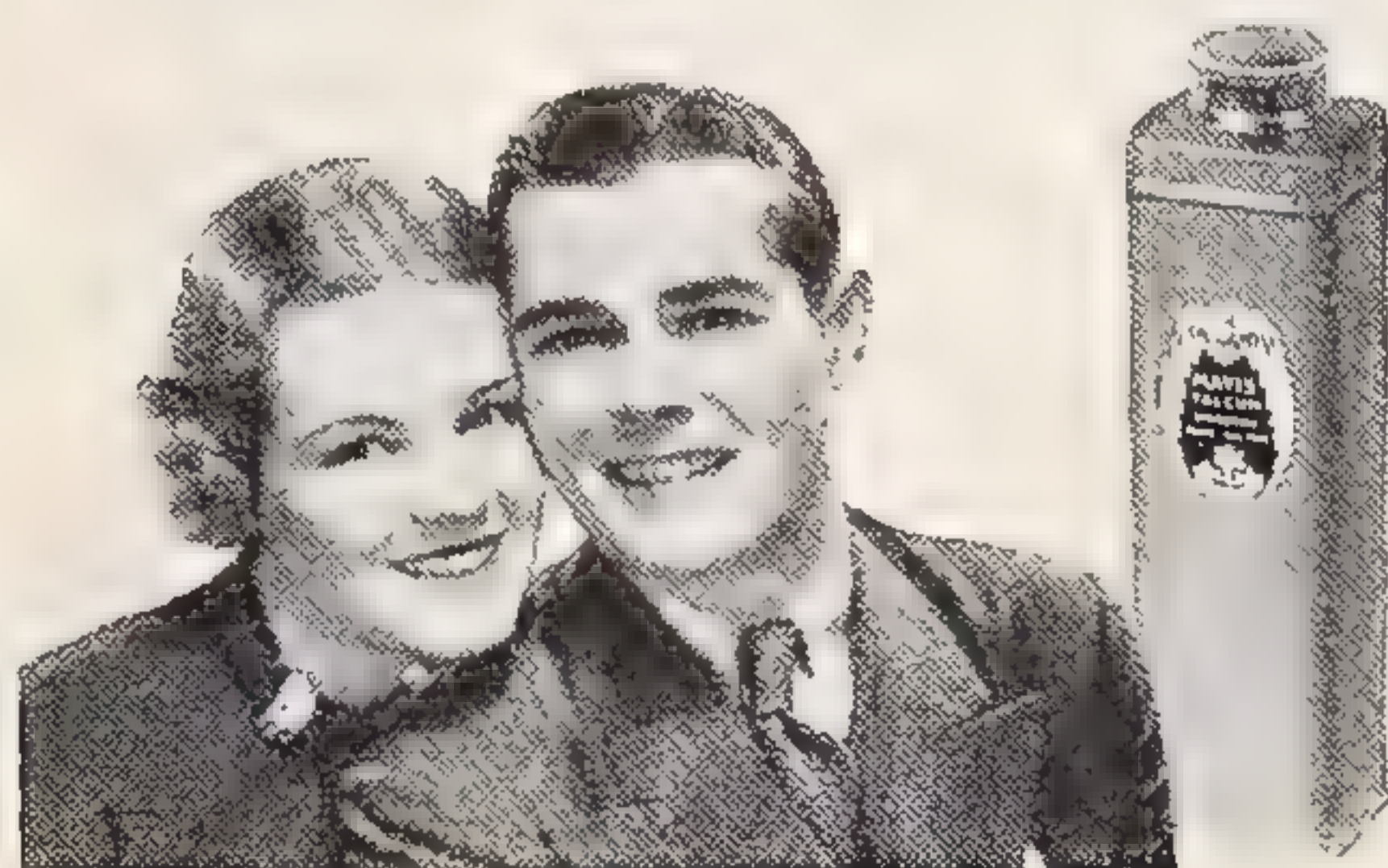
HELP ROMANCE ALONG... Before you dress, remember MAVIS' alluring all-over fragrance

Walk in beauty—surrounded by the glamour Mavis gives you... that "certain something" men adore! Frenchwomen know the allure of constant flower-fresh daintiness. Make their charm secret your own!

After every bath—before you dress—clothe yourself in softly fragrant clouds of Mavis Talcum. The delicate scent keeps you fresh for hours. Its velvety

touch soothes your skin—absorbs disturbing body moisture... Don't forget! Mavis safeguards your daintiness. Its delightful fragrance lingers... and in men's memories, too. Try Mavis today. Absolutely pure.

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and \$1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. White or flesh.



MAVIS

Genuine Mavis Talcum

IN THE RED CONTAINER



For those people (and there are quite a few of us) who like to have our fourth meal around midnight—herewith a suggestion. Make it a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

They're crisp, appetizing, satisfying. And you'll be impressed at the ease with which you make the 8:15 next morning. They're served everywhere. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Nothing takes the place of

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CORN FLAKES

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UP TO **\$23 WEEKLY**

NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING
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48c

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FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Dept. N268 Rochester, N. Y.

Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52 and 53

His
Brother's
Wife
M-G-M



Hollywood's most interesting romantic team off-screen presented as lovers in a film that needs nothing more to recommend it. Robert Taylor is the handsome doctor who falls in love with Barbara Stanwyck, who never looked more lovely. It is a story geared to the standard romantic devices of screen and stage—but who cares? It has Bob and Barbara involved in appealing love episodes. Nice!

Earth-
worm
Tractors
Warners



Joe E. Brown clowning around with the idea of "natural-born salesmanship," made familiar by Alexander C. Botts. This is pure laugh stuff of the Brown brand, and you're sure of smiles, giggles, and gusty guffaws as Joe capitalizes his ignorance of everything mechanical by demonstrating intricate motor tractors. June Travis is Joe's inspiration—and she's a pretty girl. Guy Kibbee helps lots. Good fun.

Pepper
20th
Century-
Fox



Jane Withers is with us again, and the riot squad is just around the corner. Here we have Jane as a gamin of the sidewalks of New York, and a not very sterling example of young America, but an amusing one. A story that's not supposed to be convincing in the first place supplies material for what we like from little Withers. Irvin Cobb as a crochety old man is a fine foil for her, and a good cast co-operates.

Suzy
M-G-M



Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, and Cary Grant making a thrilling trio. Swell entertainment while it lasts, but that's all there is, because a disjointed story sends you away with that: interesting-but-what's-it-all-about? feeling. Jean is married to Cary. He is murdered, she thinks. Then she marries Tone, who later becomes a pal of Cary at the front. "Happy" ending, of a compromise sort closes a fair show.

Meet
Nero
Wolfe
Columbia



Mystery-melodrama of the highly entertaining sort, with Edward Arnold doing a corking job as the detective who solves murders without ever leaving his apartment. The murder here is a very involved affair and many people enter into the complications. However, it's no strain on the spectator to follow the plot about death caused by poison from a venomous snake. Lionel Stander supplies excellent comedy.

Holly-
wood
Boule-
vard
Paramount



A chance to renew acquaintance with some of the faces so familiar and important during the silent era of the screen. It is more important for this, what with glimpses of Charles Ray, Mae Marsh, Esther Ralston, Maurice Costello, Betty Compson and others, than for the story in which John Halliday, Robert Cummings, Marsha Hunt, and others of more recent film prominence are involved. Stagey but fairly interesting.

Down
Under
the Sea
Republic



Life among the sponge divers of Tarpon Springs, Florida, revealed less by the somewhat jerky love-melodrama, than by the undersea views and atmospheric scenes of old-world customs of the people who dominate in the sponge industry. Ben Lyon, Russell Hardie, Ann Rutherford, Irving Pichel, and others do their best with not very convincing parts. It doesn't offer much of a story, but the life depicted is unusual.

Bengal
Tiger
Warners

If it's action thrills you want, here is somethin'. A wisp of a romance threads through a series of blood-stirring scenes of dangerous encounters between Barton MacLane and Satan, man-killing tiger he trains in a circus act. Jealous of June Travis' love for Warren Hull, MacLane tosses Warren to Satan as 'twere, but relents and sacrifices himself. MacLane's performance has vigor, adds punch to the melodrama.

The
Return
of
Sophie
Lang
Paramount

And welcome indeed is the lady who used to outwit cops as she stole jewels, but who is now "going straight." Gertrude Michael steps up to new eminence for the skill and charm she brings to *Sophie*. Miss Michael, aided by Elizabeth Patterson, Sir Guy Stauding, and Ray Milland, as the romantic interest, makes it a picture of sustained entertainment, bringing a nice balance of melodrama, humor, and love.

Mister
Cinder-
ella
M-G-M

Chuck-full of gags. So much so, there's no time for plot, but there's a thread of a yarn. In the "silents" this would have rated in the two-reel comedy class, but now slapstick is blown up into features. Jack Haley, as the barber who crashes society, gets a grand acting chance. Betty Furness offers further proof that she is a fine trouper, and Arthur Treacher scores again as a comic butler. Good knockabout comedy.

Down
the
Stretch
Warners

Co-featuring Patricia Ellis and Mickey Rooney, here playing a grown-up part—at least grown up to the size of a jockey. A bad reputation he did not earn drives the jock eventually to "pull" a horse to let the entry of Miss Ellis win, and so save the family fortune—a gesture of gratitude to the heroine for her kindness to him. It is a routine story but offers entertainment. (Continued on page 95)

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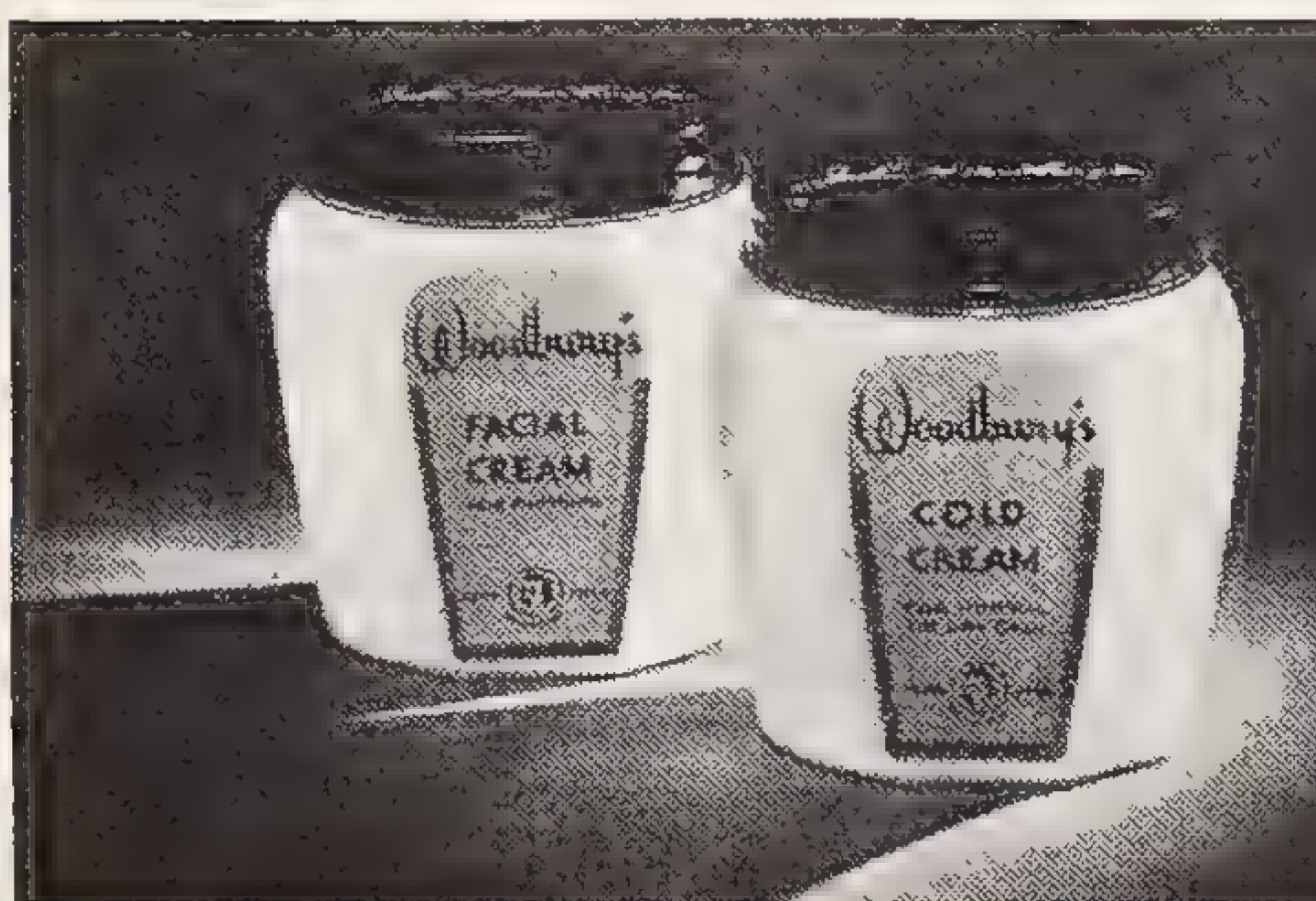
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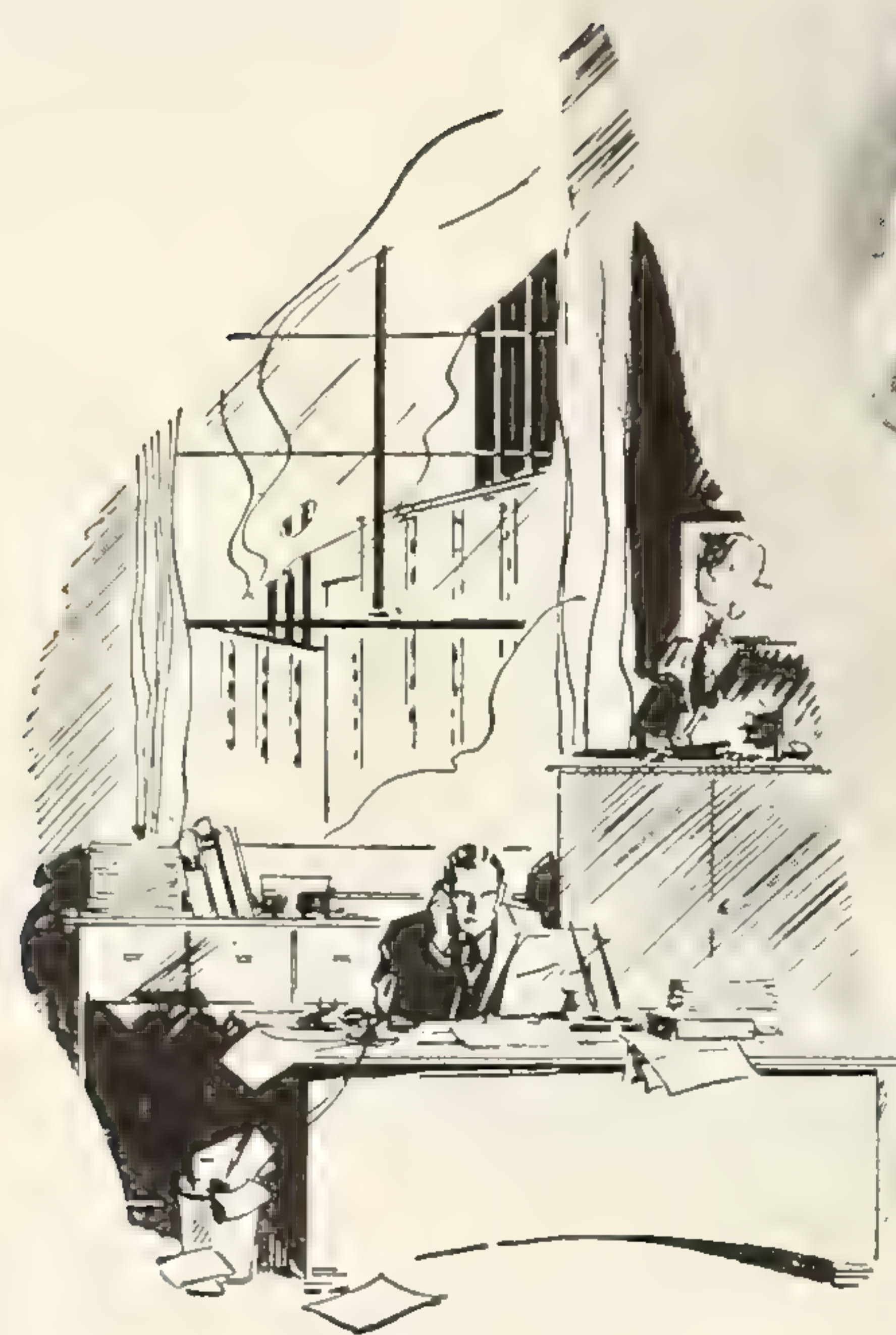
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The Editor's Page



The little girl above who seems to be watching so wistfully the three stars in the scene at the right from "Ladies in Love," is really the luckiest girl in Hollywood, as our Open Letter explains. She's Simone Simon, who may steal the picture from Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor, and Constance Bennett. Wait and see!



An Open Letter to Simone Simon

DEAR SIMONE SIMON:

Cheer up.

Not that I blame you for looking so bewildered. It's no wonder. Here you are, a little stranger in a strange land, still speaking our language imperfectly—but charmingly; with only one Hollywood picture behind you, and, ahead of you—a great, big Ordeal that will call upon all your Gallic courage and common-sense to overcome. In other words, Simone Simon, (pronounced See-moán See-moán), you are cast in a picture with Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, and Constance Bennett, and told to hold your own.

Now if I hadn't seen you in "Girls' Dormitory," your first American movie for which you would have received our Honor Page if Miss Norma Shearer were not smart enough to come along with her perfect *Juliet* just at this crucial moment in both your careers, I'd be much more worried about you. But in that picture you quite easily steal the show from such swell, seasoned troupers as Herbert Marshall, Ruth Chatterton, Constance Collier, and J. Edward Bromberg—no small achievement for a very new French girl. Of course you're aided by your wicked eyes, your seductive naïveté, your wide-eyed innocence that's also old and wise; you have more than your share of enormous, luscious close-ups; and you were helped along, not hindered, by the splendid sportsmanship of Mr. Marshall and Miss Chatterton. Nevertheless, you scored very much in your own right. That's why I'm cheering for you to steal "Ladies in Love," Mr. Darryl Zanuck's world-shaking epic, which calls for the services in one picture of four usually separately-starred actresses.

Just in case you may have seen and believed some of

the publicity, I want to reassure you, Mlle. Simone Simon, (you pronounce it; I'm sick of it), as to the tempers and temperaments of your quadruplicate stars. There was talk that Miss Bennett saw Miss Gaynor riding to the stage in a limousine, and demanded one likewise. That Loretta Young, hearing rumors of temperament, decided to do some demanding herself. The general impression being that the poor, little newcomer in the cast would be lucky if she were seen and heard at all above the din and the confusion. Well, don't worry, Mademoiselle. Janet Gaynor is much too smart to snoot the new girl who will soon be playing her cherished old rôle of *Diane* in the remake of "Seventh Heaven." Loretta has a sense of humor; as for Miss Bennett, if she blows up who'll care? No—you don't need any protection from these ladies. If anything, they should be protected against you. For above all else, Hollywood actresses fear The New Girl in Town, especially when the New Girl is as devastating a menace as you. Go right ahead. You're the luckiest newcomer in years, and you'll probably stroll away with their picture, Mlle. Simone Simon, pronounced—but it doesn't matter how we pronounce it, just so we say it, and we will.

Delight Evans

What Happens on Movie Locations?



Nature's grand, with sun, sky, and sand—but do the screen stars' hearts really beat faster away from the studio? Loretta Young and Don Ameche, left, on location for "Ramona." John Howard and Margo, below, met on "Lost Horizon." Fred MacMurray and Lloyd Nolan, shown at left, below, became pals working in "The Texas Rangers." How about Jack Oakie? And read how Paul Muni and Luise Rainer fare in "Good Earth."

I HAVE been told that the most amazing things happen on movie locations. It seems, so they tell me, that leading ladies with the first breath of pure piney air throw aside their snootiness along with their spurious eyelashes and make eyes at good-looking leading men for the duration of location—in other words they have an a-m-o-u-r, (which I have discreetly spelled out so that the kiddies won't catch on for little pitchers have big ears, and anyway, they really should have been in bed long ago). The leading man, tall and handsome with his shirt open at the neck to show that Greek god of a throat, invariably has a pout on with the comedian who, completely squiffed to the gills, is stealing all his big scenes. Never, swears the leading man to all who will listen, never again will he consent to play in a picture with a dog, a horse, or Jack Oakie. Better Shirley Temple any day. What with feuding and necking and drinking and squawking it's a wonder to me they ever get a picture finished. Yes, indeed, love, jealousy, hate, passion, all the good old elemental emotions, pop out like the rash the first night in the wide open spaces, so those people tell me. But what I forgot to tell you was that those people who tell me live thousands of miles away from Hollywood and have never been near a movie location.

While Marlene Dietrich, the Duse of Dusseldorf, was on location on the sand dunes near Yuma, Arizona, re-



The answer is, anything may happen, and often does. But you'll want to read all the details in this exclusive, truth-telling feature

By Elizabeth Wilson



Above, a typical movie "tent city" on location in the desert, with Charles Boyer and Marlene Dietrich shaking hands after the day's work. Left, how real are those Francis Lederer-Ann Sothorn love scenes in "My American Wife"? Below, read about Nigel Bruce and Claudette Colbert on location for "Under Two Flags."



cently with the "Garden of Allah" company I happened to bump into her one day, quite by premeditation on my part, and blowing the sand from between my teeth I asked, by way of gathering a news note for you, (always thinking of you, dear reader): "What goes on on this location, Marlene?" Seated before her mirror, in the process of making herself breathlessly beautiful, the Lady of the Dunes retorted, "You ought to know by now that nothing ever happens on a location." (Charming girl, Marlene—so imaginative, so co-operative.) Well, somewhere between those people and Marlene lies the truth—about movie locations.

The location has become very chic in Hollywood these last few years, what with the passing of the drawing-room drayma—(mercy, it's been ages since Ruth Chatterton and Connie Bennett lifted their lashes out of the teacups, simply dripping with orange pekoe, and murmured ubiquitously, "What do you think?")—and what with the vogue for action, history, and biography the movies more and more are moving out of the nice refined air-cooled sound stages and roughing it on land and sea.

Every ace director has a fetish for realism now; it's the thing to have, just like puttees in the old days; so they spurn with contempt the phony woodlands in the prop department, and dash away to blaze new trails in the forest primeval. The old tank in the back lot isn't good enough any more. No, they must have the Pacific now. And, dear reader, when you see the desert on the screen you are no longer seeing a glorified sand-pile with a backdrop on stage nine, heavens no, you're seeing real American desert, 103 in the shade, and millions of sand fleas—ask Marlene, ask Claudette, ask Ann Sothorn, ask me. (Marlene fainted dead away from the heat three times on the "Garden of Allah" location, Claudette was practically carried away by flies and scorpions on the "Under Two Flags" location, and when she was in the desert doing "My American Wife" Ann Sothorn collapsed with a sunstroke right (Continued on page 82)

Hollywood's Hold on British Actors

IN THE wild alarms of British raids on Hollywood there is one strangely peaceful note. It is struck by the English actor.

Nothing could be more significant. Yet, oddly enough, this phenomenon has escaped notice. No one has remarked that the one person of all who might reasonably be expected to get excited about the international situation remains perfectly calm. No one has wondered at not hearing a word out of him. No one has marvelled that he doesn't budge. Blood is thicker than water, but it isn't crossing an ocean of it. Loyalty is strong, but the al-

mighty dollar is powerful. The Lion roars, but money talks.

One guess is as good as another. But why not learn the real reason for Hollywood's hold on British stars?

Nothing could be simpler than asking Hollywood's two most popular and long-established English actors—Ronald Colman and Herbert Marshall.

Mr. Colman: "I wouldn't be acting anywhere today if it hadn't been for Hollywood. I'd be working in an office,



British gentleman at home in Hollywood! Herbert Marshall, left and above, frankly tells you, in this exclusive interview, just why he is remaining in America's cinema city despite tempting studio offers from "home."

just as I did as a bookkeeper before coming to this country."

Mr. Marshall: "I don't see how any English actor can possibly have a completely rounded career without coming to America. And I, for one, must say I've had nice rewards for my work."

It would be impossible to find two more contented actors. Far from being like fish out of water, they are very much in the Hollywood swim.

Both were of much the same mind and greatly alike in their experiences.

Mr. Colman: "I came over from England to try for pictures, but couldn't pull anything off. Nobody knew me and nobody wanted me. After three years in New York I felt I had made a great mistake—that I was not meant for either the stage or the screen. Then, out of the blue, came a call from Hollywood."

Mr. Marshall: "At first, when I did a talkie in England, pictures were just a genial side-line. How nice to be able to pick up a little extra money! But it became a

Ronald Colman and Herbert Marshall, in this "scoop" story, express and explain their loyalty and gratitude to Hollywood in the face of the English studios' "star raids"

By
Charles Darnton



Colman, supreme among English actors in Hollywood, is starring in "Lost Horizon," Columbia's stirring and stunning picturization of James Hilton's book. Above, left, Ronnie in character for this film; and as himself.



serious matter in 'The Letter,' made in New York with Jean Eagles. I felt I was no good for the screen. No one could possibly have been more surprised than I was at getting an offer from Hollywood."

As for heeding any present summons to England, Mr. Colman squarely faced my question and definitely said: "My pictures are as deliberately made for the English market as here; it's about fifty-fifty. Yet it has been argued that I should, as a matter of patriotism, go back to England and make pictures in my own country for my own people. I can't follow this argument, can't for the life of me understand what it has to do with the case. Having been in Hollywood for eleven years, I don't see why I shouldn't remain here as long as they'll have me. I'm giving my career to England by giving them English pictures made in America. Noel Coward writes his plays on a freighter, and so long as he goes back to England and gives them a 'Cavalcade' that's all right. Somerset Maugham writes books and plays on the Riviera and in the South Seas, and they don't throw that back at him so long as they get what he has done. Why, then, should they demand that I do my work in England simply as a matter of patriotism? In the first place, I was given little or no opportunity to do it in England. And certainly my career, such as it is, has been made in America."

As for Mr. Marshall, he smiled on the American scene, with: "The actor does himself well in Hollywood. For one thing, he breathes pure, fresh air. It's such a great change that he almost forgets he is an actor. Instead of a stuffy dressing-room, he finds himself in a pleasant place that is like an apartment. He is given every facility for doing his work. When he isn't at it he has every opportunity for a good, healthful time the year round. He has no reason for feeling he is in a strange land. At any rate, this is true in my case. I was playing in this country with Cyril Maude in 'Grumpy' before going overseas. I waited till I could put something into my wife's lap, leave her with enough money to go on for a while. Then, after the war, I had to wait still longer to get back. In fact, I didn't believe I'd ever make it, not being able to go very far on sticks. But when, at long last, the chance came to return to America I was only too glad to take it. And now that I'm still here, I am happy to remain."

That other good soldier-actor, Mr. Colman, was pleased to say: "Hollywood is a grand place to work. This is what it means to me. The rest doesn't matter, although I do like the out-of-doors, hunting, fishing and going into the mountains. But I'm not the recluse they write me up as being. I don't (Continued on page 92)

Does Success

You ask us this question more often than any other: does the heady wine of Hollywood fame change 'em for better or worse? Now we're answering, and you'll have the cruel, hard truth—and some pleasant surprises!



Alice Faye ran headlong into the Hollywood lime-light from Broadway. Is she still the same swell gal? Fredric March, below, is thinking over what film fortune has done for him and to him. Ida Lupino, are you dreaming that you're a genius? Wake up!



ask me: Does success spoil the stars?—well, there they've got me. No monosyllable will cover that. The answer is: Yes, but——, and No, but——. It brings on a lot of talk.

Now, I don't want to get all worked up over this, so let's look at it as casually as possible. After all, movie stars are human beings, you know. Take away the false lashes and the paint job and they look like you and you and you, and me too, if I'd only reduce. And being humans, naturally they have weaknesses, vanities, petty vices, and noble impulses just like the rest of us. Tell me that I am a "good" tennis player, cocktail mixer, or writer, (don't be nasty, it has been said—once), and I immediately assume that I am God's gift to the universe. The man in the snappy new roadster always feels superior to the little people on the street who are scurrying to get out of his way. The kid at school who gets five dollars a week allowance certainly crows it over the poor kids whose wise parents give them only a dollar. It's the law of the jungle, and there's no way of getting around it. If you, dear reader, suddenly had a telephone number salary thrown at you every week, read in all the newspapers and magazines that you were the most sensational thing since Eve, and had all the millionaires and movie heroes in town begging you to walk down the aisle of the Grauman's Chinese with them, why—why, honey, what a pain in the neck you'd be.

Yes, success goes to every movie star's head like fine old sherry. It's human nature and there's nothing we can do about it. But fortunately for all of us who are involved in the moving picture industry most of the stars "can take it." Success does not necessarily spoil them forever. After the first "flash," the first "glamor," is spent they return to earth with a thud like an exploded sky rocket, and quickly go about normalizing themselves once more. With the unexpected wealth that has been dumped in their laps they proceed to improve themselves mentally

DOES success spoil the stars? Does excessive fame, not to mention fortune, change them for better, or for worse? These, I suppose, are the questions that are asked me most often by visiting tourists from the South and Midwest who for the first time are seeing Hollywood, my Hollywood, of thee I sing. (Though often my notes are rather sour). I'd so much rather be asked if Jean Harlow wears a wig, if Shirley Temple is a midget, if Joan Crawford had her eyelids cut to make her eyes that big. Then I could say an emphatic NO, and let the entire matter drop. I was always one who favored the monosyllable. But when they



Spoil the Stars?

By
Liz Williams

and emotionally—and also help out the less fortunate of which the world has many. There really are sane movie stars, and don't give me any lip.

And of course there are those poor dopes who "can't take it." You find them everywhere, in every walk of life. Whether they live in Toonerville or Beverly Hills money goes right to their head, and alas, stays there. Until there isn't any more money. Hollywood is full of these punch-drunks, but Hollywood isn't impressed. Why, Hollywood wasn't even impressed when the Warner Brothers flew over Hollywood Boulevard and dropped snow on the Christmas pageant, so why should Hollywood be impressed with an enlarged ego? A Hollywoodite upon receiving the ritz from a pampered darling merely remarks, "Okay, Bella, I'll see you on your way down." For what goes up in Hollywood is bound to come down. I think Mr. Galileo or one of his ilk first thought of that, but Hollywood is taking credit.

Right now there are two young actresses in Hollywood, (there are more, but we'll specialize), who are taking a good snifter of success and finding it rather heady. Beverly Roberts and Alice Faye. I met Beverly when she first came to Hollywood as a new Warner Brothers "find" and she seemed a sweet, rather shy, and very ambitious girl. She was featured in the last Al Jolson picture and drew good reviews for the most part. Then came the Bette Davis Revolt—Bette walked out of "God's Country and the Woman" on the eve of production, the studio hastily put Beverly Roberts into

George Raft came to Hollywood as a grand guy trying to get ahead, but not a swelled head. Ginger Rogers, below with dance director Hermes Pan, has changed for the better. Adolphe Menjou, left, below, admits his mistakes; but Beverly Roberts is still finding fame rather heady.



the Bette Davis starring rôle, and ever since have held her over Bette's head as sort of a Damoclean sword. "Stay away as long as you want to," they say, "we've got Beverly Roberts for your type of rôle. And she's a much better actress than you are any day." (Last summer you may recall Rosalind Russell was cast as the Damoclean sword in Metro's battle with Myrna Loy who also went on a walk).

Now of course you can't blame Beverly for taking advantage of an opportunity like that; after all, that was the (Continued on page 66)



The Garden

An enchanting romance of abiding love and supreme sacrifice fictionized from the all-color film starring Dietrich and Boyer



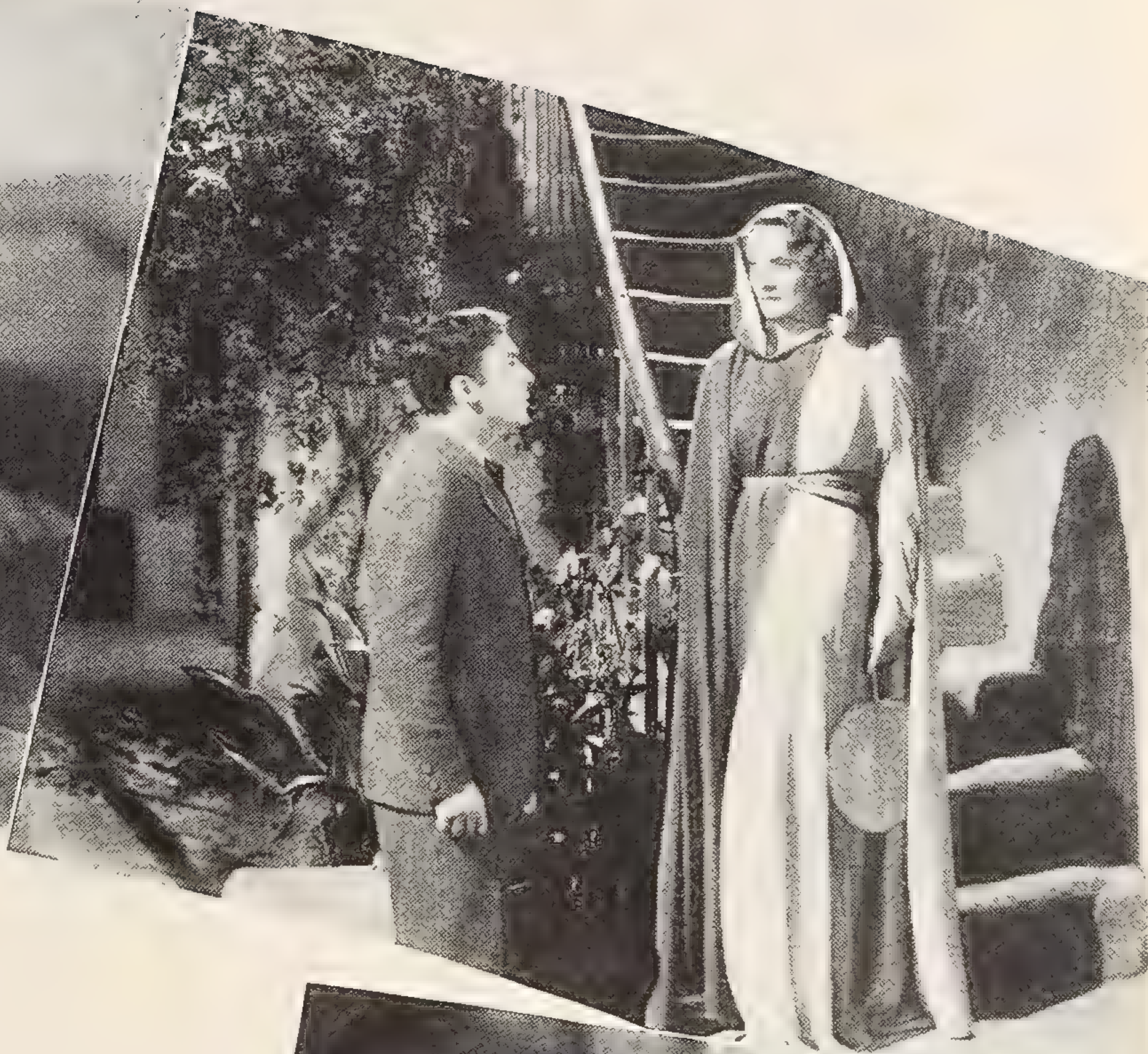
STRANGE this feeling Domini had of being alive again! Almost eager. Things mattered: crowded streets and palm trees and clematis sprawling over a hotel wall. The dog that had jumped up to her in welcome and nozzled his head against her knees. The smile of his master, Father Roubier, as he moved toward her from the mimosa-covered archway of the church, his grave eyes lighting as he spoke. And Batouch, the young Arab guide, with the exaggerated poetry of his speech that had made her laugh just a little when he gathered her luggage together at the station.

It was years since she had felt this quickening within her. Almost as she had when she was a child and life stretched exciting and gay before her. And it was this same child she had been, awakened to gaiety and excitement again, that stirred the heart of the woman she had become and made her long for other things too.

And she thought of the man who had sat opposite her in the railroad compartment on the last stretch of her journey whose rudeness when he jostled past her and climbed into the carriage before her had lashed her apathy into swift annoyance. But that had gone when she had seen his face. Eyes that had looked into their measure of despair. Deep lines graven around a mouth sensitive and hurt. Suffering and torture and doubt were written there, and suddenly she knew that she envied him. For he was *alive*.

"Oh, God!" She looked up at the deep blue of the African sky. "Give me the power to feel keenly, fiercely, even though I suffer. Let me be a living thing!"

A love as inspiring as the spell of the desert possesses Domini, (Marlene Dietrich), and Boris, (Charles Boyer), as an acquaintance that began in a café, where Boris was fascinated by the dancing girl, (Tilly Losch), ripens under the mystic charm of the sun-drenched Sahara.



of Allah

Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

(See Page 77 for Complete Cast)



Even in the midst of people Domini had been lonely. Desperately lonely. For as lonely as she had been in the long years chained to a despotic father's sick bed she had been even more alone when his death had released her and she had tried to plunge into the life that had been denied her.

Paris, Vienna, the Riviera—wherever gay, amusing people went, there Domini went too, trying to capture something of their laughter, their light bantering words, their zest for living.

And women envied her the pale yellow of her hair and the deep blue of her eyes and the arched brows accentuating them with a sophistication that was not really hers at all, and saw her for a woman made to be loved above other women. And men looked at the quivering fullness of her mouth and desired her. Domini remained unmoved either by envy or desire, until she thought at last she was a thing of stone incapable of emotion or deep feeling.

At last it was to the convent where she had spent her school-days as a child that she went and the Mother Superior listened as she told of the fears that held her.

"What am I to do?" she asked, and there was not even pain in her voice. Only that emptiness that caught the older woman's pity. "The only time I was ever really happy was here. I come to you as I did when I was a little girl."

"My dear," the nun sighed and her hand closed over the other's, "after those difficult years with your father it was foolish to plunge into gaiety. That sort of thing was not for you. That's not *life*, Domini. The joy of life must



Inexorably their love draws Boris and Domini to the fatal wedding in the little church at Beni-Mora, the final step toward ultimate sacrifice and lasting peace in "The Garden of Allah." Enacting dramatic episodes from the production in scenes here are Dietrich, Boyer, and Basil Rathbone.



The tragic lovers as portrayed by Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer. Basil Rathbone as Count Anteoni is filled with doubts as Boris avoids his gaze, and with heavy heart he tells Domini and Doris his well-wishes as he sees them depart on their honeymoon. At lower right, Marlene Dietrich and four year-old Barry Downing in a tenderly dramatic scene.

come from within. Child, child, how could you expect trivial amusement to satisfy?

"You were made for life. I know that. It is only that you haven't found yourself yet. Why not try something, perhaps the very opposite of what you have done? Go away from the noise and turmoil of the world. Why not the desert? Maybe there in the face of the infinite you may find calm and peace, and yourself."

And so it was that Domini had come to this town of Beni-Mora that was the gateway to the great Sahara. That first night she stood on the verandah of the hotel and somewhere in the distance an Arab sang to his beloved. Domini closed her eyes as she listened.

Then footsteps coming toward her and a man's voice beside her. And she flushed as she saw it was the man who had been so rude to her in the train that morning.

"Pardon, Madame, for today," he said, and there was something so childlike and submissive in his simplicity that he touched her.

She said, "Please don't think of it." And then as he waited she went on quickly. "It's so wonderful here, isn't it? The desert seems to speak. The sound of palms moving, the footsteps in the sand. And that song—the desert is filled with life."

"I—I hope you find it so, Madame." Boris Androvsky spoke with tortured slowness as though it were an effort for him to speak at all. Then he bowed, stiffly, as one who has not been taught such little courtesies, and walked quickly away.

She saw him again later that evening in the dance hall where Batouch the guide had taken her, staring at the girl dancing to the slow beat of tom-toms.

The dancing girl's heavy dark eyes darted around the room as she swayed on the floor, her slumbrous smile following her eyes when she singled out an Arab in the watching crowd. Painted toes as scarlet as her painted lips moved toward him in the sensuous rhythm of the dance, and Domini sensed the attraction between these two and the love and hate interlaced that held them.

This was living, this thing they felt, the dancing girl and the Arab. Words they had spoken, kisses they had shared came alive between them as they stared at each other, and then the man tore (Continued on page 77)





She's fun these days, is Joan Crawford. She faces life with a grin. Bringing the same zest to a game of badminton as to her screen rôles, she almost always wins. You'll like this gay new Joan.



Joan Learns to Play!

By
Jerry
Asher

The Glamor Queen's best friend among Hollywood writers gives you an intimate close-up of the new "Crazy Crawford," now as gay as she used to be gloomy

DON'T look now, but Joan Crawford is really a little crazy. Or haven't you heard? Someday I knew it would happen. For years I've stood patiently by, watching, waiting, and hoping for the mighty Crawford to show the tell-tale signs. (Misery likes company, you know). Occasionally I've seen Joan make a feeble attempt at magnificent madness. But no one would take her seriously! Try as she would, Crawford couldn't convince 'em that she is a trifle tetchèd. Poor Joan, just dying to be her silly self and everyone else so much crazier—they insisted that she be the sane one.

You know Crawford the ar-teest. And you know Crawford the woman. Now, I give you—Crawford the clown! She's been one for years, but it's just recently that she's been able to do anything about it. You know how it is with movie stars. And perhaps with Joan more than anyone else. The saints forgive me, but I too have been guilty of taking her as seriously as she

used to take herself. I knew not what I was doing. It took the Declaration of Independence, ten dollars worth of fireworks, and a moonlight night to bring me to my senses.

For years Joan had wanted to play. But she's never actually known how. Before she became a star, she had her fill of dancing, night clubs, and boy friends. Some people might have called that playing. To Joan it meant a means of escape from that driving ambition, that took her through the various stages of screen development. You've seen Joan with gardenias to the left of her. You've seen Joan with gardenias to the right of her. (And gardenias to you). You've seen her unhappy in divorce and more recently, happy in love. You've seen her put her house in order. You've seen her career taking on a new importance. From a restless, dissatisfied girl, you've seen her change into a poised young woman.

Now wipe that worried look away, I'm not going to try and tell you there's another "new Crawford." There couldn't be. There have been so many already, Joan is still trying to live down a few dozen of them she has never known. But she has at last reached that span in life where she can accept that gay abandon, which has always been such a strong part of her nature. Learning



Glimpses of Joan at work and at play. Above, an intense scene with Melvyn Douglas. Center, a party on the set given for SCREENLAND's Jerry Asher, seen at left while Joan licks a finger.



Bob Taylor is Joan's new screen heart-throb in "The Gorgeous Hussy," above. Left, the "bundling scene" from Crawford's new picture, which is amusingly described in our feature story.

to indulge in delicious delirium has been just as difficult as struggling to be a successful star. It's the beginning of a freedom for Joan that she has never known before. Now that she's actually learning to play, she's the maddest maid in town, and she loves it!

Fourth of July Eve, Joan and Franchot entertained with a buffet supper. Her guests included Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, Jean Dixon, Lynn Riggs, Francis Lederer, Mary Anita Loos, and myself. In the past Joan was always so busy being the hostess, she never appeared to be really enjoying herself. This evening started out building up to anything but a let-down. In the first place Joan ate so much, in the middle of the meal she took off her tight belt, hung it over the back of her chair, and went to it again.

As a rule Joan never entertains on week nights, because she has her hairdresser come to her house and give her a water wave. This isn't combed out until the next morning, so she isn't presentable for special guests. But suddenly Joan decided that something had to be done. Unless she had to get up early and go to work, there was no reason why she couldn't be having a little fun—hairdresser or no hairdresser. So she went down and ordered herself a wig. It's so perfect, even her best friends didn't know the difference. Now if she wants to do her hair up on old rag curlers, she can still look like a glamor gal, quicker than you can bead an eyelash.

So on this famous fourth, Joan, wig and all, set out to have fun. After dinner, Franchot disappeared. In a few minutes he returned, his arms loaded down with fireworks. Everyone made a grab for them and raced out into the garden. Foremost leading the mob, was pyromaniac Crawford! (Consult your psychoanalyst on this one). Grabbing a roman candle in each hand, Joan waved them in mid-air as she danced around the pool. Next she planted dozens of long sparklers in the grass. Lighting them all at one time, she whirled in and out among them.

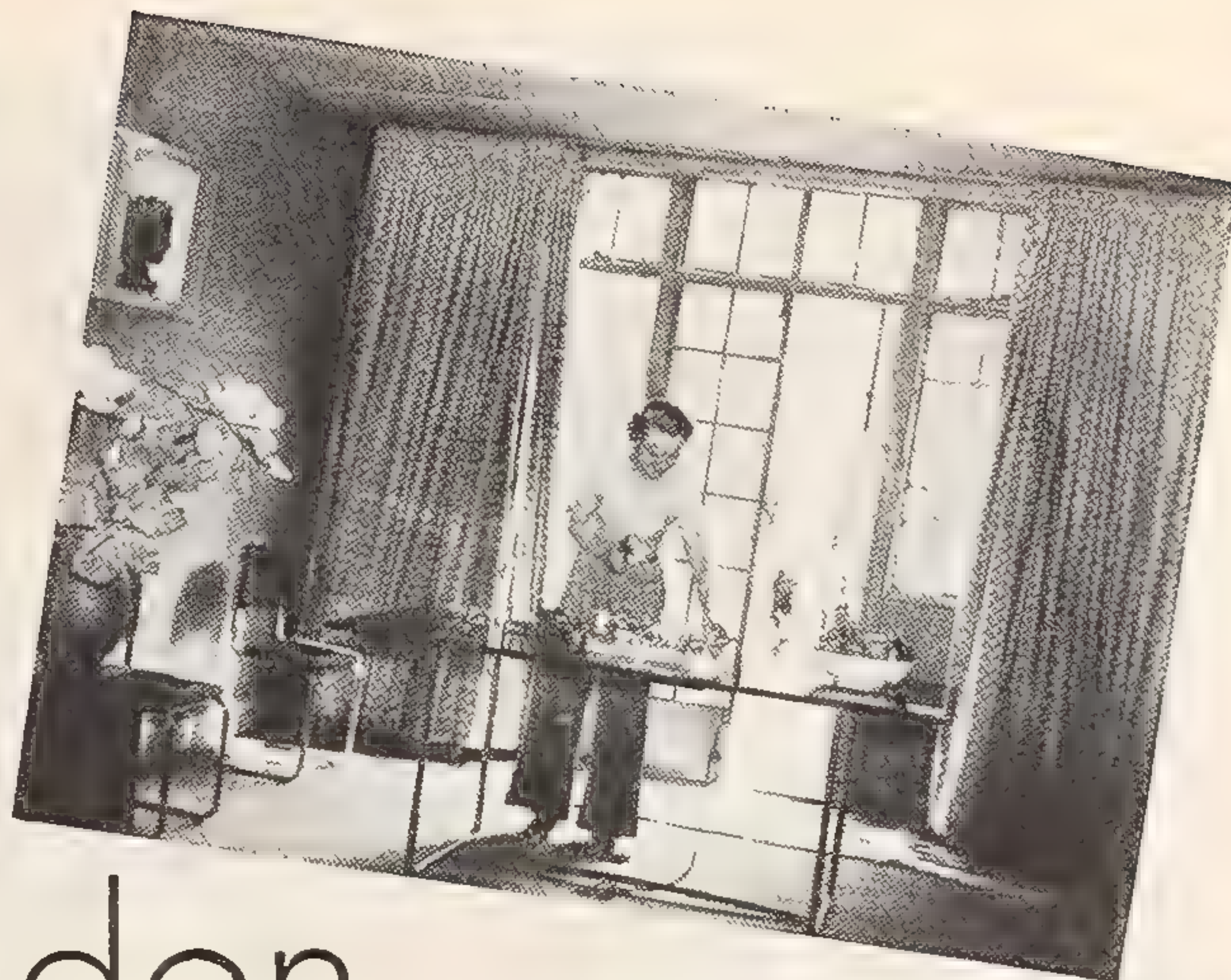
When Franchot lighted the first super-super sky rocket, Joan called out gaily to Barbara, "How'd you like to send another message to Garcia?" "I'd rather send it to Zanuck," said Barbara drily. And Joan went back to her pin-wheels. Finally the smoke of battle cleared away and everyone dropped with exhaustion. "Pupchen" and "Baby," the Tone daschunds, thought it was safe to come creeping out of the bushes. Looking so guilty, as if the fourth of July was entirely their fault, the dogs joined the party. Overhead a moon that might have been just what the prop man ordered, stood out in silver perfection. Suddenly Joan jumped to her feet.

"How about a moonlight swim?" she challenged. Not waiting for anyone to back her up, Joan dashed into the bath house and put on her favorite powder blue rubber suit. Like a young Diana she stood there in the moonlight, poising on the edge of the spring-board. Then zoom! Down to the bottom she went and started swimming across the pool. Suddenly a strange looking object arose to the surface. "Pupchen" and "Baby" took one look at it and went mad. Barking furiously, they tore along the side of the pool, snapping at the object as it went floating by.

Just then Joan came up for air. "I've been scalped," she laughed hysterically. Between two fingers she held up the water-soaked wig, that was the saddest looking hunk of hair ever to grace a movie star's head. "Pupchen" and "Baby" took one good look and fled back into the bushes again.

Never before has Joan entertained so much and had such a wonderful time sharing her home with her friends. On Saturday nights, after running a movie, everyone usually sits around the little theatre and talks. Always before Joan has sat back and listened to the others. Now one of her favorite pastimes is doing impersonations. The amazing thing is that she possesses a wonderful flair for mimicry. (Continued on page 90)

Anna Lee's Home In Old London



IN BANKSIDE, where the very cobblestones have echoed to the tread of Shakespeare, Johnson, and Goldsmith, is the home of a popular new movie star. She's blonde, young, vivacious. Her name is Anna Lee and she is one of England's youngest stars, whose current screen appearance is opposite Boris Karloff in "The Man Who Lived Again." Previously she scored hits in "First a Girl" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Shortly after she married Robert Stevenson, brilliant young director of "Nine Days a Queen," she decided to do something about a home where she could loaf in the grand manner or entertain *à la mode*.

Anna, who loves the bizarre quality of the waterfront and the picturesque oddities of the river banks, went up the Thames toward the Tower and on the south side of the river found Bankside, with its maze of cobbled alleys, little lanes, old buildings, and great warehouses. In Shakespeare's day, this quaint, little out-of-the-way spot was the original "Theatreland" of London and the sites of the Rose, Hope, Swan, (Continued on page 76)



We've shown you many stars at home, but never in such a picturesque setting. Here's a very modern British blonde, living in a house that echoes the London of Shakespeare's day



On the south side of the River Thames is quaint Bankside, the original "Theatreland" of London in Shakespeare's time. Today, Anna Lee lives in an old house, formerly a tavern, now remodeled into a modern dwelling, yet retaining all its old-world charm. Left, Anna's home in its waterfront setting. Other pictures show her roof garden, above; the living-dining room; and, at top left, her view across the Thames to St. Paul's Cathedral.

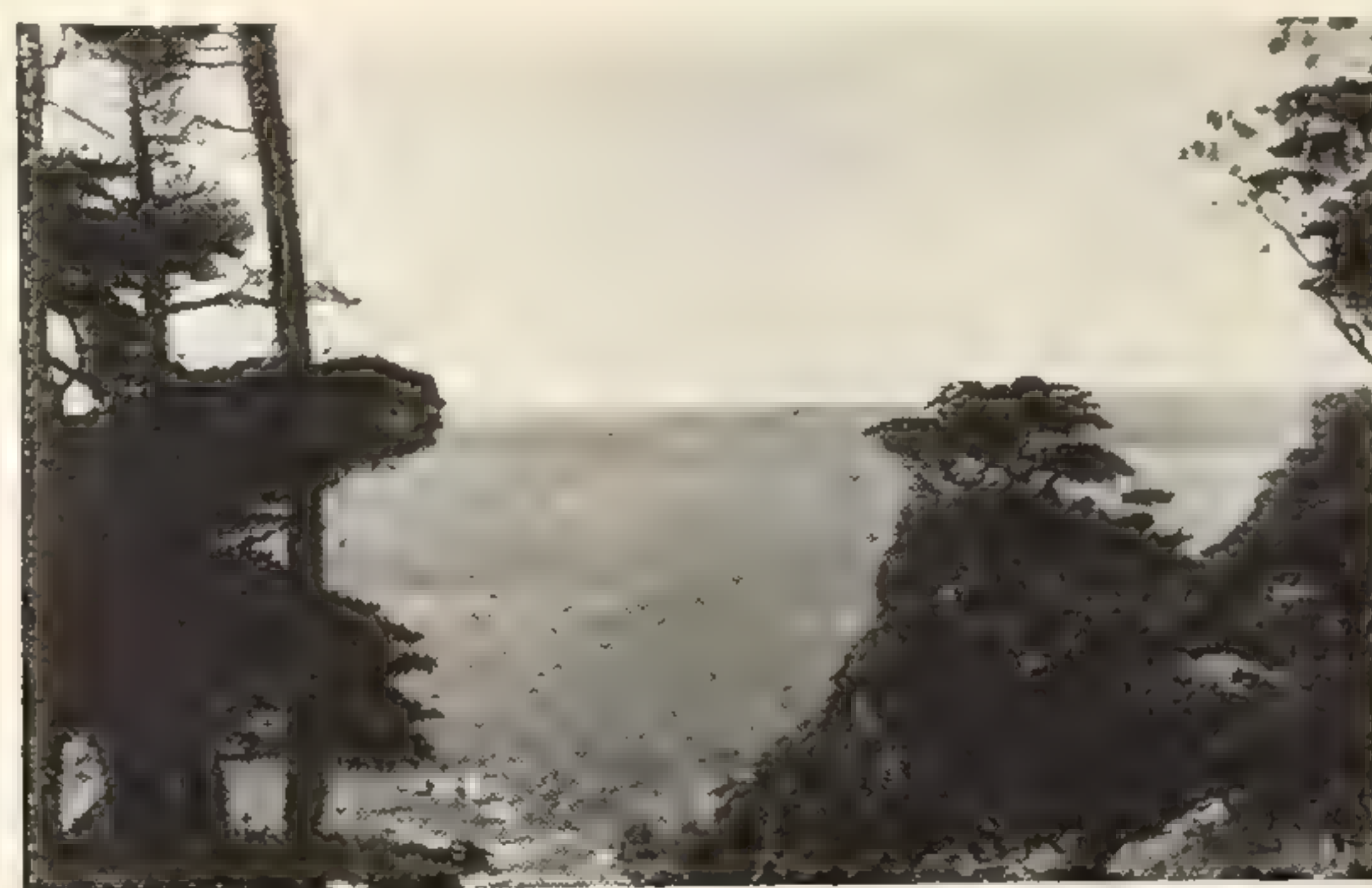
Dick's

Personal slants as well as camera angles are revealed as Dick Powell shows his snapshot album to illustrate his tips to camera fans. A two-in-one feature

By
Ruth Tildesley



Dick has been riding his camera hobby for three years. Here are some results. Upper right, silhouette made at Del Monte. Below it, Mary Brian in one of many informal shots by Dick. Right, a scenic view made at West Point.



IF YOU are a friend of Dick Powell, ten chances to one he's got your picture! Took it himself, too, with his little camera. Your picture, with all the others on that roll, occupies one page of his photograph albums.

If your picture wasn't especially good, that spare print may be the end of it; if it was anything like what he tried to get, he'll have "blown it up" to a size that will bring out its best points—anywhere from 3 by 4½ to 8 by 10.

"I've been shooting pictures for three years, and everything I've got so far that was really good has been an accident," he confessed, upsetting another bulging box of prints onto the floor of his sun-room.

He was sitting on the floor, clad only in a pair of brief blue trunks and a fine case of sun-tan, his blue eyes, matching the trunks, startlingly light in his browned face.

"Most pictures taken by amateurs are accidents, if they're good," he went on, pawing through the heaps of

prints at my feet. "That's because the amateur is in too much of a hurry. That's my chief fault, I know. I see something I want, suddenly, and I grab my camera and shoot it—the way a hunter in a jungle might shoot a tiger—and after I see the print I discover that the light wasn't right, or I didn't use the right speed, or I forgot about the background.

"Once in a while I surprise myself by having a swell shot. But sixty per cent of the stuff I get isn't worth keeping. And why not? Too much of a rush!

"Taking pictures is a purely mechanical thing. If you will stick to the rules, you'll get what you're after. Every camera or kodak you buy has its own little book of rules with it. Show me the amateur who pays the least attention to them! He takes his kodak, points it at something, clicks the jigger or squeezes the bulb, and that's that. The light may be all wrong for what he wants,

Candid Camera Diary

he may not have the focus, and the background may be bad. He could know these things, but he doesn't take the time.

"He's like me. No tiger is going to jump out at us if we don't shoot it quick, but we're excited. We can't wait.

"That's one reason I'm strong for what are called candid camera shots—you know, where you shoot people on the run. You can get good stuff if you walk up toward your subject, who is walking toward you, unsuspectingly. Then you stop and shoot. They don't know you've shot, if you don't tell them to stand still. This shot of Ginger Rogers and Hazel Forbes was taken on the Warner lot when they didn't notice me. This one—" he handed the two snaps up to me from the muddle on the floor "—was taken a minute or two later, when Joan Blondell had joined them. By that time Ginger had caught on."

Shots like these, of course, can't be made with a box kodak, but must have a high speed camera.

One thing you should watch, if you want to take good pictures, is the background, according to Dick.

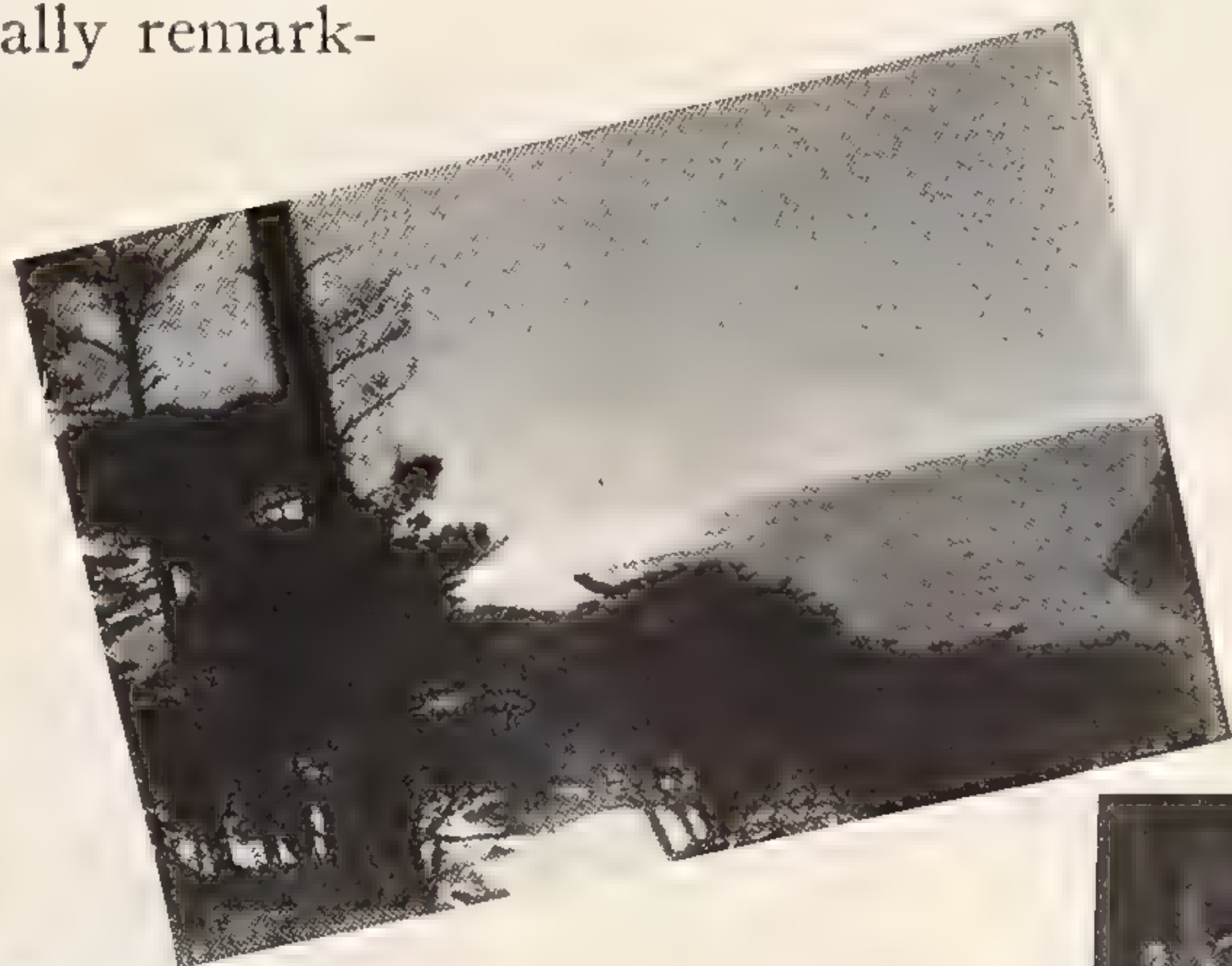
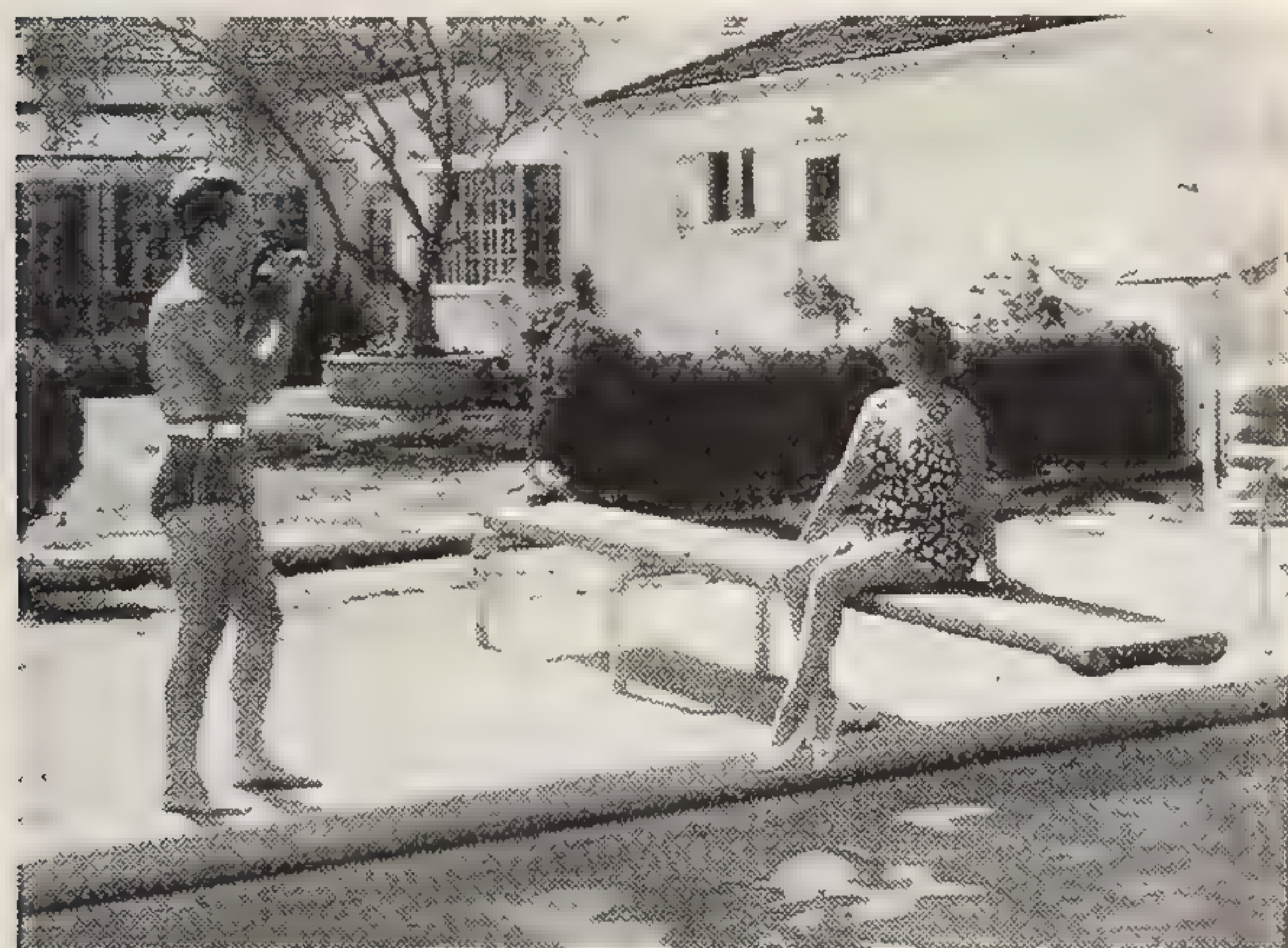
"If the girl you are trying to shoot is a blonde, a contrasting background will bring out her hair. If she's a brunette, be sure her head isn't lost against a lot of dark foliage. This shot of Mary Brian isn't especially remarkable as a picture, but it illustrates the point.

"The thing that fogs a lot of amateur camera fiends is color. A red pillow looks dark to them, so they think of it as dark, and out it comes—light gray! Different kinds of film will give you different gradations in color. The place where you buy your film will explain all this to you, if you'll only ask them—and listen.

"I often take pictures on the set, because I like to keep a record of everything I do, both in stills and in home movies. I've kept my own stuff on every picture for the past three years. The set is already lighted for me, so all I have to do is to shoot what I see. It's best if your subject doesn't happen to know you're shooting her. In this one of Kay Francis, she had no idea I was anywhere near her.

"Most amateurs don't think of bothering with all the speeds on their cameras. They don't bother with the light stops on their cheap box cameras, either. They just run about hit or miss, the way I do when I'm in a hurry.

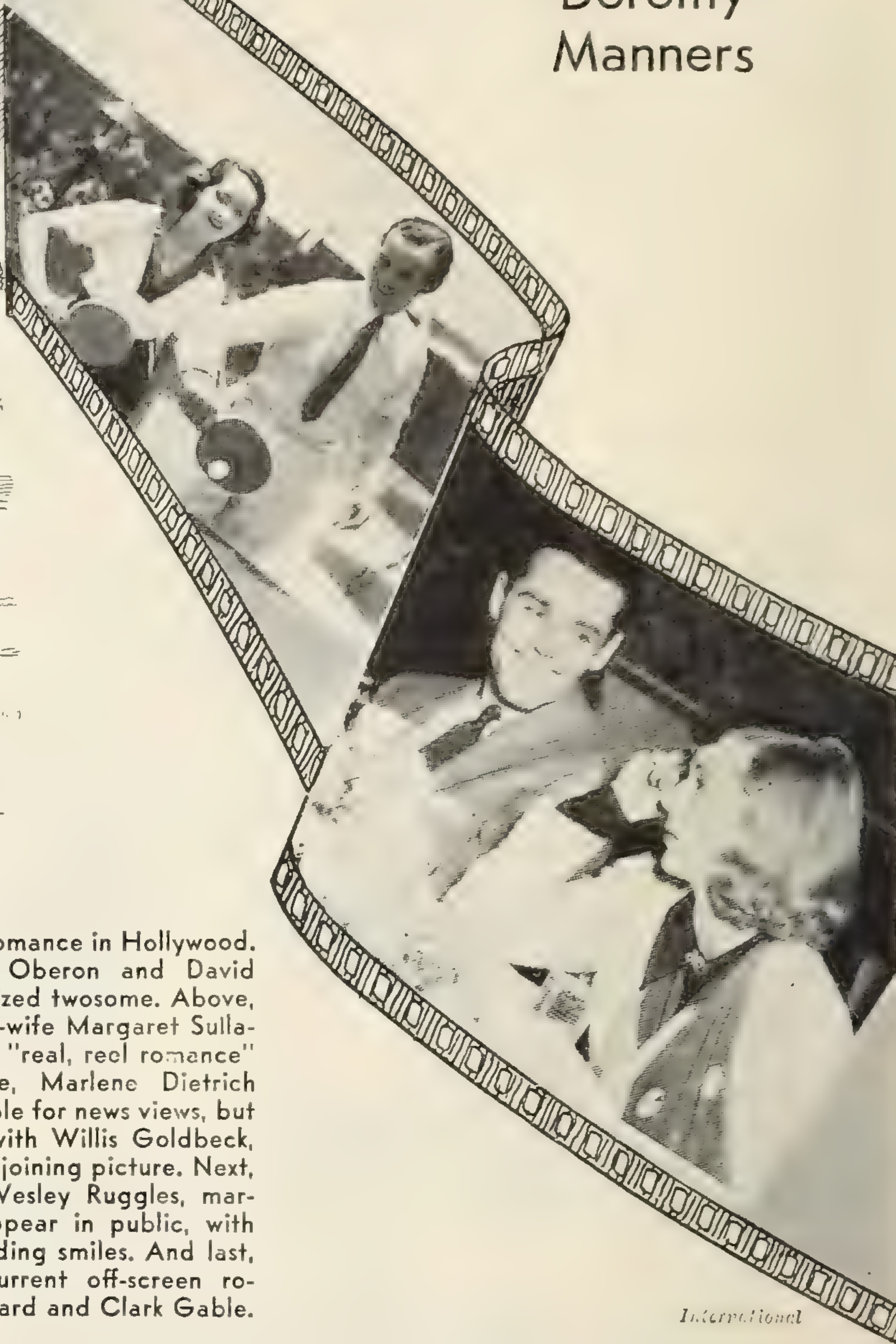
"But now and then it occurs to me to follow the rules. I find if I follow the instructions in the little book I can figure out exactly what speed (*Continued on page 70*)



Dick likes unposed shots of people, like this one of Kay Francis, below, and the two of Ginger Rogers and Hazel Forbes, bottom, and next to it, Ginger and Hazel joined in their stroll by Joan Blondell. Left, two scenic shots at Del Monte. Extreme left, top to bottom, Dick shoots one of Joan Blondell beside his swimming pool; a silhouette; and at bottom, Dick's idea of good composition, a candid shot aboard a boat, on a fishing trip.

Hollywood's

By
Dorothy
Manners



HOLLYWOOD is playing a brand new game with Cupid.

Poor old Cupid! For years he's been coming in mighty handy. First, he gets all the romancers on the front pages when they fall in love; and then *he* lands in the dog house when the divorces start cropping up. It has been going on like that for a long time.

But now, they've found a brand new use for off-screen romances other than blurbing them in newspapers and magazines and over the air. They've got Cupid sitting in the box-office, trading close-ups of the latest private life love stories for the price of admission, and raking in the shekels while the world gets a private showing of how the two newest romantics look in synthetic moonlight.

It would be Hollywood to put romance on a paying basis! For your entertainment and contemplation this Fall, the screen will reflect such interesting off-screen twosomes as Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor in "His Brother's Wife," Dick Powell and Joan Blondell in "Stage Struck," and just by way of reverse action, you will be seeing how an estranged wife performs in her director-husband's most ambitious film when little Arline Judge steps into her first close-up in Wesley Ruggles' "With Banners Flying."

Of course, it might be argued that these happy combinations of casting were purely accidental if it weren't for the fact that half the Front Offices of Hollywood turned green with envy when the trade papers started carrying the returns on "The Moon Is Our Home." The mere fact that producer Walter Wanger was the first to hit

Marquee lights aid romance in Hollywood. Left above, Merle Oberon and David Niven, widely publicized twosome. Above, Henry Fonda and ex-wife Margaret Sullivan, who started the "real, reel romance" vogue. Across page, Marlene Dietrich poses with Clark Gable for news views, but seldom is snapped with Willis Goldbeck, author, with her in adjoining picture. Next, Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles, married but harried, appear in public, with Fred MacMurray adding smiles. And last, the most intense current off-screen romance, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable.

on the bright idea of capitalizing on a very intriguing "private life" romantic tangle when he put Margaret Sullivan ex-Fonda and Henry Fonda in his gay little picture, has not exactly closed the eyes of other producers to the idea there might be some interesting romances drifting about their own home lots.

In place of trying to manufacture romances between two players who were meeting for the first time, (as was done with Robert Taylor and Janet Gaynor during the filming of "Small Town Girl"), why not get the *Romeos* and *Juliets* who were interested in one another to start with? Unreeling real love certainly holds more possibilities for drama and sex appeal than trying to create the idea where only the most platonic friendship existed. Even the comedy was enhanced! Remember the big laugh line for those in-on-the-know when Margaret Sullivan asks Henry Fonda in "The Moon Is Our Home": "Don't you remember me? I am the girl you married!"—and now they are saying she will probably be the girl he re-marries.

Studio propinquity, however, did not work out to such a story book finale with the teaming of those two swell

Box-Office Love Code

Ex's, Carole Lombard and William Powell in "My Man Godfrey." Now that the picture is finished and Bill has returned to M-G-M and Jean Harlow, and Carole has gone from Universal back to Paramount and Clark Gable, there isn't even a wisp of a whisper to the effect that working together stirred any fond memories in either stellar breast. Of course, in the beginning everyone had held his, or her breath waiting to see if there would be any indications that Carole and Bill would love-scene themselves into another Sullavan-Fonda romance. But the breath-holding was all in vain.

They had a lot of fun together, Carole and Bill. They had a lot of laughs. They talked about their dogs, and their diets, and did Handies; but where there is so much humor and lack of self-consciousness there is usually little romance afoot. You can never tell, though. It might have been an entirely different story if Clark Gable hadn't been so prominent in Carole's thoughts during the making of that picture. They do say Bill Powell was awfully, awfully glad to see his gorgeous blonde ex-wife again and they also say that Carole occupied a particular place in his heart that will never be quite touched again!

So far, none of the off-screen flammers and ex-married couples

has balked at the idea of screen teaming, though Dick Powell did grow so irritated over the advertising "slogan" that he and Joan Blondell were Hollywood's latest love birds, that it was removed from the exploitation sheets, even if they won't be able to keep it out of the reviews, the gossip columns and the minds of the beholders.

With Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor out on the set of "His Brother's Wife," *it must be love!* They are so generous with each other they're both turning down-stage to give the other the camera break. And Barbara's already given Bob a wrist watch and Bob has given Barbara a star sapphire pin and a handsome bracelet just by way of celebrating their first film together.

Though the commercialization angle of teaming the newest dancing partners and private love birds for public showing is comparatively a new wrinkle in the local love game, it is only honest to say that Hollywood has been more or less conscious of the box-office love code for some time.

One of its most amusing manifestations is the way local reporters flock to the "big name" attractions in a rumored romance, either to deny or to confirm the happy state. Boston and Kalamazoo may consider it ethical to seek out the lady on such a delicate subject, but with the box-office what it is in Hollywood, they've reversed the Emily Post by practically insisting that the biggest and most important name involved call the shot!

That is why so many movie gentlemen are quoted at length in the newspapers and magazines on why they are, or are not going to marry the current lady of their choice. Not long ago, (in spite of the fact that he appears to have changed his mind since), Henry Fonda gave out with a little essay titled: "I Am Not Going to Re-marry Margaret Sullavan" in the same magazine issue with Dick Powell's declaration: "I Am Going To Marry Joan Blondell!" It is conceded by everyone who has been in Hollywood over six days and understands the workings of (Continued on page 93)



Unreeling real romance is the latest idea for adding allure to films, and private-life twosomes have the call as love teams in pictures



ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGIA WARREN

Distant Star

By Margaret E. Sangster

PART III

CAROL said: "Why don't you marry me, Bill? You might do very much worse, you know."

Bill Banton flushed. The flush started at his chin and worked up slowly to his hair line. He said: "Have you gone nuts, Carol? I wouldn't marry you, or anybody else."

Carol queried, "Why not?"

Bill said: "I haven't anything to offer a woman. Let's drop the matter, my dear."

Carol asked: "What do you mean, you haven't anything to offer? You're the best looking guy I ever met—no, I won't shut up!—and you have the brightest future of anyone in Hollywood."

"Except you," Bill threw in.

"Baloney to that," Carol said. "And you aren't a chicken chaser, and you save your money, and—"

"And I have a bum foot, and a useless leg," Bill said grimly.

*Please Turn to Page 87 for
Resume of Preceding Chapters*

"My legs," Carol told him, "will even things up, as far as that goes. Eugenically speaking, our children wouldn't have to worry."

Bill made comment through clenched teeth.

"I'll not have a wife who's sorry for me," he said.

Carol surveyed him with eyes which were like warm wine. Her lips were curved sweetly.

"I've never been sorry for you, Bill," she said, "not even when you were selling papers at your stand by the gate! I always thought you were swell. After you hit tops in your first picture I thought you were sweller—but you were in the money then, and I wasn't, and I'm darned if anyone will ever be allowed to confuse my motives. Now," her smile was a glint of sunlight, "I'm in the money, too. And I'm proposing to you."

Bill said gruffly, "Forget it!"

Carol leaned forward to pat Bill's hand. Her fingers were little—they were small-boned and babyish. Bill remembered, suddenly, the slender tapering fingers of Mavis Dorian—Mavis who was making quickies now for the Sellenburgs—and mediocre quickies, at that!

Maybe Carol caught a glimmering of his thought, for her smile was a trifle strained as she withdrew her hand, as she said:

"Well, leap year isn't over yet!"

They were combing the classics—fine-tooth combing them—to find pictures big enough to wear the Bill Banton label. Every once in a while they threw in a 1936 model to make up the average. Bill liked the classics best—he wasn't at ease in modern love scenes. Fortunately he didn't have to play many love scenes; he belonged in



"Oh, Bill honey!" Carol exclaimed, "can't you understand one syllable words? I want to be near you." Bill asked, "Why?" Carol's mood changed: she snapped: "To keep the other gals away."

Love is just about the same in hectic Hollywood as it is in any other town. This warmly human romance concerns three famous film stars, but in its essential emotions it could be about you!

character parts. His lack of romantic feeling, however, didn't hold down his feminine fan mail. Bill had letters and letters—baskets full of them—which offered him a haven from the world's strife, and a warm shoulder on which to rest a weary head.

It wasn't only fan mail, either, that sought to change Bill's monastic scheme of things. Woman drifted toward him as—forgive the old simile—moths drift toward the flame of a candle. Women, with one exception. For Mavis Dorian was as aloof as ever, and as scornful, and as remote.

Bill had tried—had tried desperately hard—to cement the breach between Mavis and Ultra Alta films. He had gone—a tragic, unsolicited messenger—to the president of the company, explaining, as well as possible, the complexities of the woman's temperament.

"She's fine, and sane, and beautiful," he said, "underneath her temper. And she's wonderful to work with. She gives me inspiration, the sort of inspiration that you don't find everywhere. I'll be a bust, playing opposite anyone else."

The president said in his chill voice: "Don't be absurd, Banton. I saw her hit you, in the 'Czar Crip' cabaret scene. It never got a man anything to turn the other cheek—not with women like Mavis Dorian. As for the way you work together—the director and the electricians and the sound men have told me another story. They say she treats you like a dog. Gives you inspiration, huh? Gives you a constant taste of hell would be more accurate!"

Bill hadn't found anything further to say. After all, Mavis *had* treated him like a dog, and had done so very publicly. He bowed his way out, thinking: "I probably

have a persecution complex. But I can't bear to have her get a rotten deal."

He had gone, next, to Mavis. And though she hadn't wanted to see him, he forced an interview.

"Won't you tell them that you're sorry?" he begged, spiritually on his knees before her. "Won't you ask them to give you another chance?"

"Me and who else?" Mavis sneered. It was at an hour before noon, and she looked a trifle haggard. "Don't think I'll come back crawling to Ultra Alta. Crawling—" her eyes fastened on Bill's crippled leg—"isn't my meat. I've had other offers, better offers. Ultra Alta can go to the devil. So can you."

Bill turned away, believing in the bright fiction of "better offers"—believing so utterly that he did not mind the personal brutalities which Mavis had dealt out to him. It was only when he saw in a gossip column that Mavis had signed with the cheap Sellenburgs to do "quickies"—signed a picture-to-picture contract with one of the least important of the companies—that his heart sank.

"I suppose I ought to feel that she brought it on herself," he said miserably, in the fastnesses of his soul, "but I don't feel that way at all!"

His answer to Mavis and to fate and to himself was that he doubled his morning order for gardenias—sent anonymously to Mavis Dorian. It was his *beau geste*.

If the Winchells and the Sobols began to link the names of Banton and Kelly, who could blame them? For Carol and Bill were together a good part of the time. They lunched *a deux* on the lot; they went as a couple to the Trocadero and the Ambassador. When Bill attended a party—this happened (*Continued on page 87*)

**YOU DON'T "SEE" THIS
PICTURE...YOU LIVE IT!**

THE GREAT LOVE DRAMA OF THE GREAT
WAR!... fired with the inspired acting of
the year's most impressive cast!

FREDRIC MARCH • WARNER BAXTER
LIONEL BARRYMORE

**THE
ROAD
TO GLORY**

with
**JUNE LANG
GREGORY RATOFF**

Directed by Howard Hawks
Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson



Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

STAR-GREAT! EMOTION-MIGHTY! THE STRANGEST DRAMA EVER LIVED!

There's an old Hollywood saying—as old as Shirley Temple, anyway—that any actor cast in a picture with Shirley or Frank Morgan might just as well relax; he hasn't a chance. Now Shirley and Frank, the worst, and best scene-stealers in all Hollywood, are together in a new picture, and it's just another case of Greek meeting Greek, and may the best actor win. The pictures on our page show Shirley as a dancer; as a juvenile Simon Legree, probably whipping Mr. Morgan to a fine frenzy; and finally, in two scenes with the older, but no wiser trouper. The battle's on.



Two Of Our Best Troupers

Those top scene-stealers, Shirley Temple and Frank Morgan, fight for first honors in "The Bowery Princess." Who'll win?



Ted Allen



Steady Eddy

All that romance-publicity about Nelson Eddy is grossly exaggerated. The big singing blond is sincere about his career, takes his job as seriously as any business man, is devoted to his mother, and is docilely preparing to play opposite Jeanette MacDonald again in "Maytime."



C. S. Bull



Scotty Welbourne



Bashful Brent

Maybe he doesn't look bashful here, but what a time we had cornering him for these informal camera studies! George Brent is box office, but he can't be bothered living up to his billing. Actually the most athletic of all our stars, he spends most of his time at the beach or in his plane.



What Are You Made Up For?



Nino Martini is doing "The Gay Desperado" act for Ida Lupino, top. Charles Laughton is playing "Rembrandt," at the left. Center, H. B. Warner as Chang in "Lost Horizon." Richard Arlen, at the right, shivers for "The Great Barrier."

The great impersonations of your gelatine darlings range from the sublime to the ridiculous. Give the usual three guesses; then see our key for clues



Joan Blondell takes to bangs and a poke-bonnet—why? "Stage Struck," maybe. Jean Muir goes heavy-lidded and glittery in a glamor pose, right.



Bette Davis, above, obligingly poses with Black Beauty, Jr., the cameraman's pet. Later, she "walked out"—well?



Gene Raymond wears a mustache and a monocle in "Walking on Air" for the first time in his career, and we hope the last. Gene, in the picture, is required to pose as a foreign count, so don't blame him too much. The sweet-faced, oldish lady at the left is really none other than your good friend, Gertrude Michael, who makes up like this for "The Return of Sophie Lang." Far left, Humphrey Bogart, Warners' latest import from the stage, probably longed for the dear old days on Broadway when he was required to don a diver's suit for his new film, "Three in Eden." Eden, huh!





Alfredo
Valente

Public vs. Private Life!

Joel McCrea makes masterful
love to Jean Arthur—for their
new picture, "Adventure in
Manhattan"

But after office hours, Joel goes home to his pretty
wife, Frances Dee, right. And Jean, after sharing
scenes like these at left with Joel, becomes Mrs.
Frank Ross, and very happy, too.



Marital Mix-Up!



Fred MacMurray, on his honeymoon with Lillian Lamont, left, and Jean Parker, newly wedded, right, become a new screen love team for "The Texas Rangers"



Hollywood is famous for its romances; but how it scrambles its twosomes! The new and very pretty Mrs. MacMurray, above and right, went on location with Fred and watched him make love to little Jean Parker, shown with Fred below.



Jean Parker's new husband, George MacDonald, newspaper man, above with his bride, accompanied Jean on the "Texas Rangers" location trip, where Jean was Fred MacMurray's leading lady in the King Vidor picture of life in the old Wild West.





John Miehle

Across the top of the pages, you see Marion Davies, really going to town for the "Coney Island" novelty number from her new film, "Cain and Mabel." Clark Gable turned prize-fighter for this picture, but he wouldn't dance; so the clever Sammy White, whom you remember with Irene Dunne in "Show Boat," is Marion's lucky dancing partner. Across our two pages below, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are seen in their "Pick Yourself Up" number from "Swing Time," their next picture. Of course you know it's Eleanor Powell limbering up for "Born To Dance," center.

Dance= Mad!



Ed Stone





Graybill,



The way Hollywood is stepping, we expect any day now to see May Robson and Lionel Barrymore do a buck and wing



The Luckiest Girls and Boys in the World

Discovered in the search for talent and charm, these youngsters are being given every chance to win Hollywood fame and fortune. Will they stay "glorified"?

Talented Frances Farmer wins the critical approval of Director Howard Hawks and Cameraman Toland, and is cast in "Come and Get It," for which she is seen in character close-up at left.



Andrea Leeds, right, in a revealing pose, glances at a close-up of herself. Andrea was discovered in a college film, and makes her movie debut in a Samuel Goldwyn production soon. Left, Tony Martin, newcomer, who plays the lead in "Back to Nature," is also lucky.





Michael Whalen, above, marches to stardom. Below, Kathryn Marlow, discovered by Samuel Goldwyn singing in a dance band, in costume and close-up.



Looking up to top of page we find Robert Cummings and Olympe Bradna, featured in "Three Cheers for Love." Immediately above, Sonja Henie, ice-skating champion who is now in pictures. Left, reading up, Patric Knowles, Anita Colby, Janice Jarratt, John Payne, and Jean Madden—all lucky.

Found: "Lost Horizon"

James Hilton's beautiful book turns up in Hollywood in the tender hands of Frank Capra, director, and Ronald Colman, star, supported by a perfect cast of stellar players

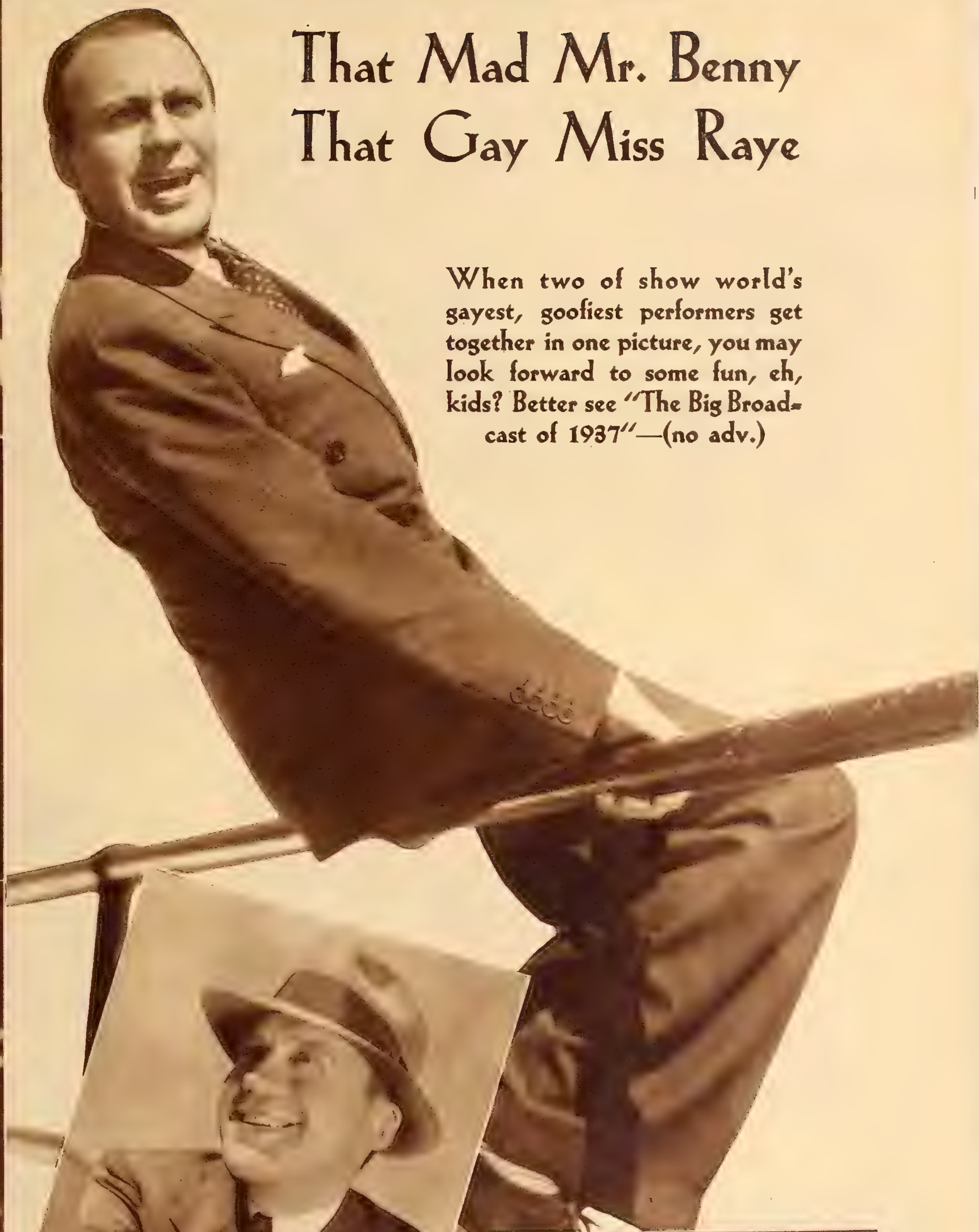


Portraits
by
Alfredo Valente

The author himself says the film version of "Lost Horizon" improves upon the original! James Hilton helped Director Capra achieve the rarely sensitive synchronization of literary style and cinema technique. Colman, playing the rôle of the idealistic diplomat transported to Shangri La, lamasery in Tibet, where life becomes a poem of loveliness, is supported by Jane Wyatt, shown with him above; Margo, as the Chinese girl; John Howard, H. B. Warner, and other fine players.

That Mad Mr. Benny That Gay Miss Raye

When two of show world's gayest, goofiest performers get together in one picture, you may look forward to some fun, eh, kids? Better see "The Big Broadcast of 1937"—(no adv.)



You know Jack Benny, the droll quipper of the radio and an occasional film. You met merry Martha Raye in "Rhythm on the Range," with Bing Crosby. Now these two talented zanies join an already assembled "dizzy dozen" including Burns and Allen and Bob Burns, (no relation), for Paramount's craziest big new show. Here are pictured Mr. Benny in his latest moods; and Miss Raye, living up to her title of "Queen of Swing."





At Home With Anne Shirley

As unpretentious as its unaffectedly simple mistress is this attractive little home located in Hollywood. Anne Shirley wisely chose a practical but lovely bungalow when she invested the earnings of her work as a screen star. Above, a general view of the house. Right, Anne plays some table tennis, and further right, the lady of the lovely little house greets you at her doorway. Below, the living-room; and right, the glassed-in patio.





Hollywood's most wholesome young heroine has built with her movie earnings this pretty little home, that sparkles with cheer in a setting of stellar mansions



At left above, a full view of the cheery sun-room where you see Anne seated on the divan. Left, some frolicking on the lawn with her pet collie, Laddie; and near left, Anne tunes in the radio beside her bed in the all-white bedroom, which the star designed and decorated herself. Lower left, a view of the dining room; and below, a long view of the bedroom.

All photographs of Miss Anne Shirley at home made especially for SCREENLAND by Fred A. Parriah, RKO-Radio



Paul Muni, as Wang Lung, the farmer; and Luise Rainer as O-Lan, his wife, in Irving Thalberg's production of Pearl Buck's famous novel, "The Good Earth," recreate with amazing fidelity the Chinese characters, as seen in the portraits on this page. Not only are their marvelous make-ups painful to wear, but the exacting austerity of their rôles calls for the highest standard of art from Mr. Muni and Miss Rainer, and they fulfill their obligations nobly. Real stars.



Frank Tanner
M-G-M



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "The Good Earth"



Young Love

It's different in real life than on the screen. Take, for example, Bob and Betty Young, a true romance with a thrill and a heart throb

By Ida Zeitlin



HE'S not a star. He hasn't blazed his way to glory, (only to vanish in a shower of sparks). He's never had to defend himself against the massed attack of fans, screaming for a lock of his hair or a button off his coat. He hasn't once cried: "Hands off my private life!" He's gone his quiet way, without any need or desire for dramatics. He's never been listed among the ten best box-office bets, but part by part has emerged as one of the most thoroughly likeable of our younger leading men. Time and again, when he's lost the girl to the star, you'll hear the feminine contingent murmuring as they leave the theatre: "Sorry Bob Young didn't get her. He's such a sweet guy."

The impression created by a screen personality isn't always borne out by a private encounter. The case of Robert Young works the other way around. Your liking will be increased a hundredfold by a talk with him—by his unconscious revelation of the boy he was, the young man he is. Protected by an instinct for the fundamental decencies, he has steered his course into the harbor of a job he loves, a marriage he's happy in. He tells the story with a candor that has nothing to conceal, a simplicity that isn't ashamed of honest feeling, an openheartedness refreshing as it is rare. It's the kind of story they write movies about in Hollywood, but seldom live.

He was sixteen—a shy, sensitive, inarticulate boy in high school—and he had to go back to one of the lower grades to take a subject he'd missed. He couldn't understand why his eyes kept turning toward one Betty Lou Henderson, aged thirteen. Her nose turned up, and he



Love on the screen: left, Robert Young in a scene with Florence Rice. Love in real life: above, Bob and Betty Young, one of Hollywood's happiest couples.

didn't like turned-up noses, and he didn't like bobbed hair and he didn't like the clothes she wore. Besides, she was always laughing, the silly kid, as if life were a joke. Life was real, life was earnest, darn it, life was a tough nut to crack, not something to be forever giggling about. Yah! So when—friendly with him, as she was with everyone—she asked him to explain a knotty point, he gazed down at her with the superiority of sixteen and said: "Shoo, fly!" And didn't know why his ears turned red, nor what the strange rumbling in his chest might signify.

They both tried out for the school play and, curiously enough, were cast as hero and heroine. Betty, whose buoyancy and natural friendliness nothing could damp, was nevertheless a little chilled by her hero's stiffness. Mrs. Mullen, the coach, wise in the ways of youngsters, saw through them both. "What are you afraid of, Bob? Unbend a little. She's a girl, not a roaring lion." Feeling an awful fool at first, Bob tried (Continued on page 68)



ROMEO AND JULIET—M-G-M



THE MOST important and impressive of the new season's films, "Romeo and Juliet" is the triumph of Norma Shearer's brilliant career. She is a ravishingly lovely Juliet, whose sensitive beauty will remain in your memory as perhaps the most exquisite portrait in all the motion picture gallery. It is chiefly because of Miss Shearer's performance that I heartily recommend "Romeo and Juliet." It is a lavish, handsome, rather overpoweringly massive production, curiously stylized in some of its scenes, tremendously moving in others. Director George Cukor of "Little Women" and "David Copperfield" has here turned his talents in a new direction, evolving a sometimes strange blend of screen and theatre techniques. He is handicapped by some of his players, notably Leslie Howard as a rather bored Romeo and John Barrymore as a roaringly boring Mercutio. The balcony scene is beautiful to see but never quite believable. The potion scene, on the other hand, is thrillingly done. Always, Norma Shearer is a radiant, a perfect Juliet. Basil Rathbone is next as a magnificent Tybalt. C. Aubrey Smith is excellent. You must see this—it's food for appreciation.



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



RHYTHM ON THE RANGE—Paramount



BING CROSBY'S very best picture! I take it all back, Bing, about your bee-stung lip—or maybe you read that Open Letter? Anyway, you're your grand old self in this one, first and inimitable crooner of the screen. Crosby as a cowboy is no error in casting; he's a ridin', ropin' fool, although I must admit that his big moment occurs at Madison Square Garden, where as a rodeo star he croons *Empty Saddles*. And what crooning, and what a song! There's the highly sophisticated excitement of a rodeo in New York; there's the clean sweep of the open spaces when Bing escorts his prize bull back to the range, and incidentally courts the pretty Eastern heiress, charmingly played by the beautiful newcomer, Frances Farmer. But the highest spot of the whole picture is the jam-fest on the ranch, with Bing, Bob Burns, the big bazooka man, and Martha Raye tearing the wide open spaces even wider with their swing stuff. This Martha Raye is a great eccentric comedienne, overworked here, but sure to ascend in screen importance. She bounds around like crazy, she's terrific and sometimes terrible; but you'll like her. It's all a vast lot of fun.



GIVE ME YOUR HEART—Warners



KAY FRANCIS follows her *Florence Nightingale* with another elegant performance, that of a high-strung, wayward and wilful, yet gallant lady in this screen version of the London stage hit, "Sweet Aloes." Kay, having definitely decided, apparently, to go in for acting in earnest, here discards all her mannerisms and nonchalance and hurls herself into her best modern rôle. She's still the most imperiously beautiful woman in pictures, but she can forget the fact and make you forget it, too. There is a real tug at the heart-strings in this story of the English girl who tosses her hat over the windmill, but who is brave enough to give up her baby to her lover's family, while she goes to America to make a new life. Of course she meets the handsome American, George Brent, marries him, and tries to forget; but—she can't; and the big drive to it all is the re-appearance of the lover, his wife, and the child in her life. I promise you rarely satisfying entertainment. A perfect cast surrounds the star, with Roland Young superb in a humanly humorous rôle, Henry Stephenson excellent, and Frieda Inescort exquisite. You'll like the new young Englishman, Patric Knowles.



THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS—Reliance-United Artists



NOW HERE'S a grand picture! Take the family; don't miss this superb filming of J. Fenimore Cooper's classic. What a movie it makes! The daring days when the French and British were fighting for power, and the Indians were putting on their war paint for one side or the other, live again, thanks to director George Seitz' splendid skill in recreating the stirring scenes. *Hawkeye*, "best scout" of his time; *Uncas*, the good Indian brave; *Magua*, the bad Indian; the British Colonel's lovely daughters at Fort William Henry—all eloquently pictured, and warmly realized. Escape stuff, but how refreshing, is the race for life with warrior canoes. Give me a good, old-fashioned Indian fight any time as a respite from gangsters' brawls. This picture is opportune, and it will make millions for its smart "independent" producer, Edward Small—and deservedly. It's fresh, clean, and thrilling; and it gives Randolph Scott his great chance at last as *Hawkeye*—inspired casting; and Scott is the *real* new big bet of pictures if he gets more rôles like this. Bruce Cabot, Binnie Barnes, Philip Reed, Heather Angel, Henry Wilcoxon—all swell, in order named.



GIRLS' DORMITORY—20th Century-Fox



THERE'S a high foreign flavor to this screen story of life in a girls' school—in fact, if the picture had been made abroad, it might be hailed as "a gem," "a little masterpiece," and all those familiar phrases usually reserved and trotted out for cinematic importations. As it is, Hollywood has adapted and directed with skill and good taste this continental piece; cast in its principal rôle a new French actress, and surrounded her with a carefully selected cast of important performers such as Herbert Marshall and Ruth Chatterton. If you can accept the premise of a middle-aged professor winning the love of one of his pupils, a girl in her teens, you will find "Girls' Dormitory" an interesting picture. Herbert Marshall, of course, makes the professor more convincing than any other actor could have done; and Simone Simon, the newcomer, is so piquantly delightful she may convince you too. Simon gives a really poignant interpretation of an adolescent in love; and director Irving Cummings has handled the more delicate scenes with care and imagination. Miss Chatterton is sincere and moving as the teacher who loves, and loses, the dreamy professor.



MARY OF SCOTLAND—RKO-Radio



HERE is a "Must" picture if there ever was one, and we have quite a few this month. The mere fact that "Mary of Scotland" is directed by John Ford, who gave you "The Informer," that it is adapted by Dudley Nichols from Maxwell Anderson's stage play which starred Helen Hayes; and that it co-stars Katherine Hepburn and Fredric March, is more than sufficient, I should think, to send you to see it. And it is well worth seeing, for with the exception of "Romeo and Juliet" it is by far the most impressive production of the season, with beautiful "pictures" to please the eye, the fine sound of the bag-pipes to thrill the ear, and some splendid performances to satisfy the soul. Fredric March, to my mind, is *Bothwell*, *Mary's* robust lover, to the life, with Douglas Walton also very nearly perfect as *Darnley*, her weakling husband. Hepburn may realize *Mary Stuart* for you; she didn't for me. Always she was Hepburn, striving to smooth with an efficient technique her too-brittle personality; never the warm, lovely woman I want *Mary* to be. But you must see for yourself. Certainly here is a motion picture that is very definitely a credit to the screen.



MY AMERICAN WIFE—Paramount



A GAY and charming romantic comedy, which I urge you to see because it gives Francis Lederer his best rôle since "Pursuit of Happiness," and Ann Sothorn her first chance to shine in—too long. It's a cleverly concocted piece about the ingratiating Count who marries the American heiress—but there the resemblance to all similar stories ends. *This* Count turns out to be more American than his wife, her mother, and in fact her entire family with the exception of her grandfather, who is a plain, unvarnished, wild and woolly Westerner of the old school. As played by Fred Stone, this character will cause chuckles in audiences throughout the world, for you feel that though there never was a Westerner like Fred, there should be; he's a good idea. Lederer and Stone become pals, to the exclusion of the American bride and her society-mad family; and the way in which the Count learns to ride wild horses, chew tobacco, and roll his own cigarettes is so amusingly related that you forget how obvious it all is, thanks to Mr. Lederer's quite authentic charm. Ann Sothorn, prettier than ever, if possible, is a joy as the girl. Billie Burke shines.

SCREENLAND

Glamor School

All photographs of Miss Virginia Bruce posed especially for SCREENLAND Glamor School by Milton Brown, M.G.M.



Tunics if you're tall and slim, like Virginia. Black ciré, if you've a good, clear skin, as she has. Left, her first and favorite Fall frock. Top, left: close-up of her narrow-brim hat with charreusse butterfly; top center, the narrow brim again, and shallow crown, ribbon-trimmed; and top right, silly and gay tiny navy blue "spaghetti bonnet." Right, a dream-dress designed for dancing evenings, in pale pink chiffon, fine and "floaty."

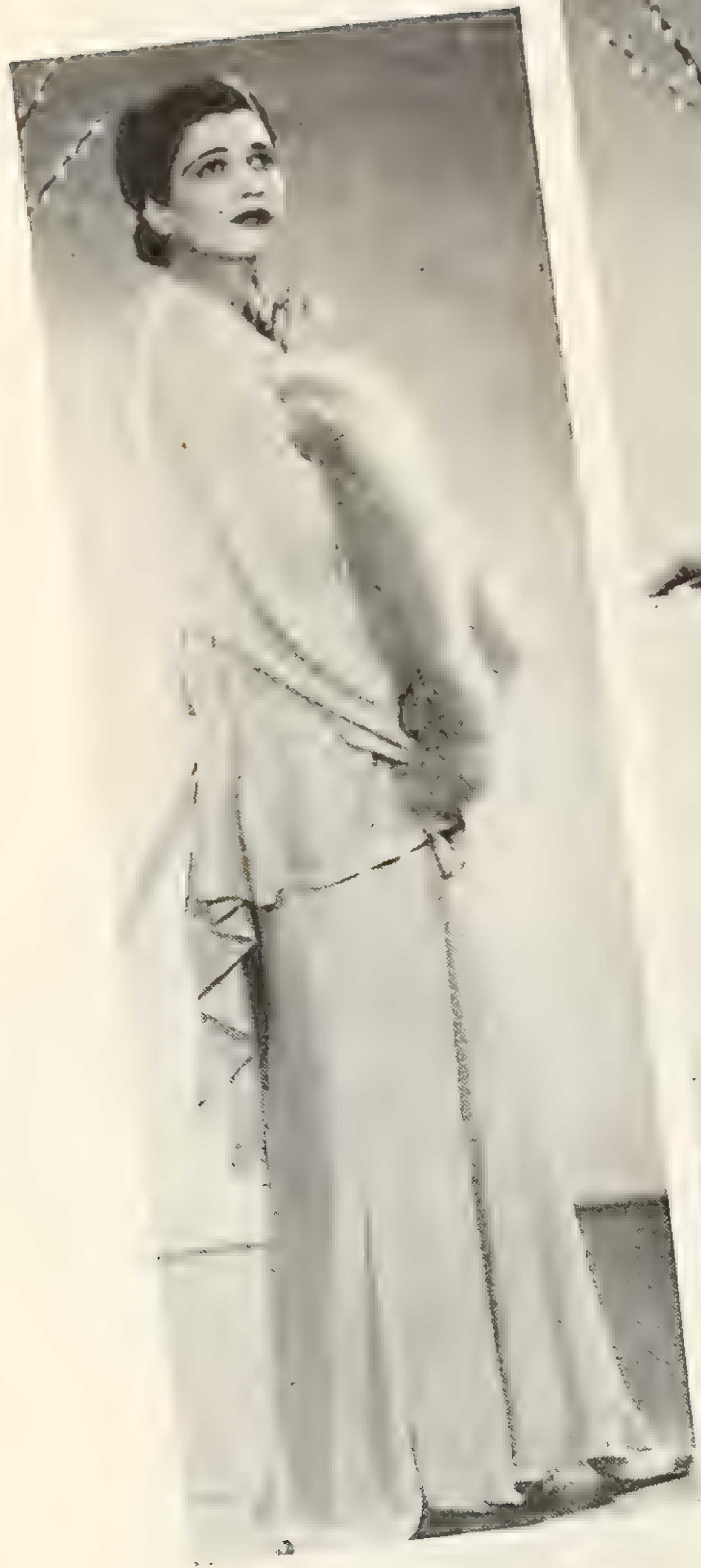
She's that *rara avis* in screen circles—a dazzling blonde beauty with conservative ideas in clothes! Borrow Miss Bruce's cleverly conventional style slants

Edited by

Virginia Bruce



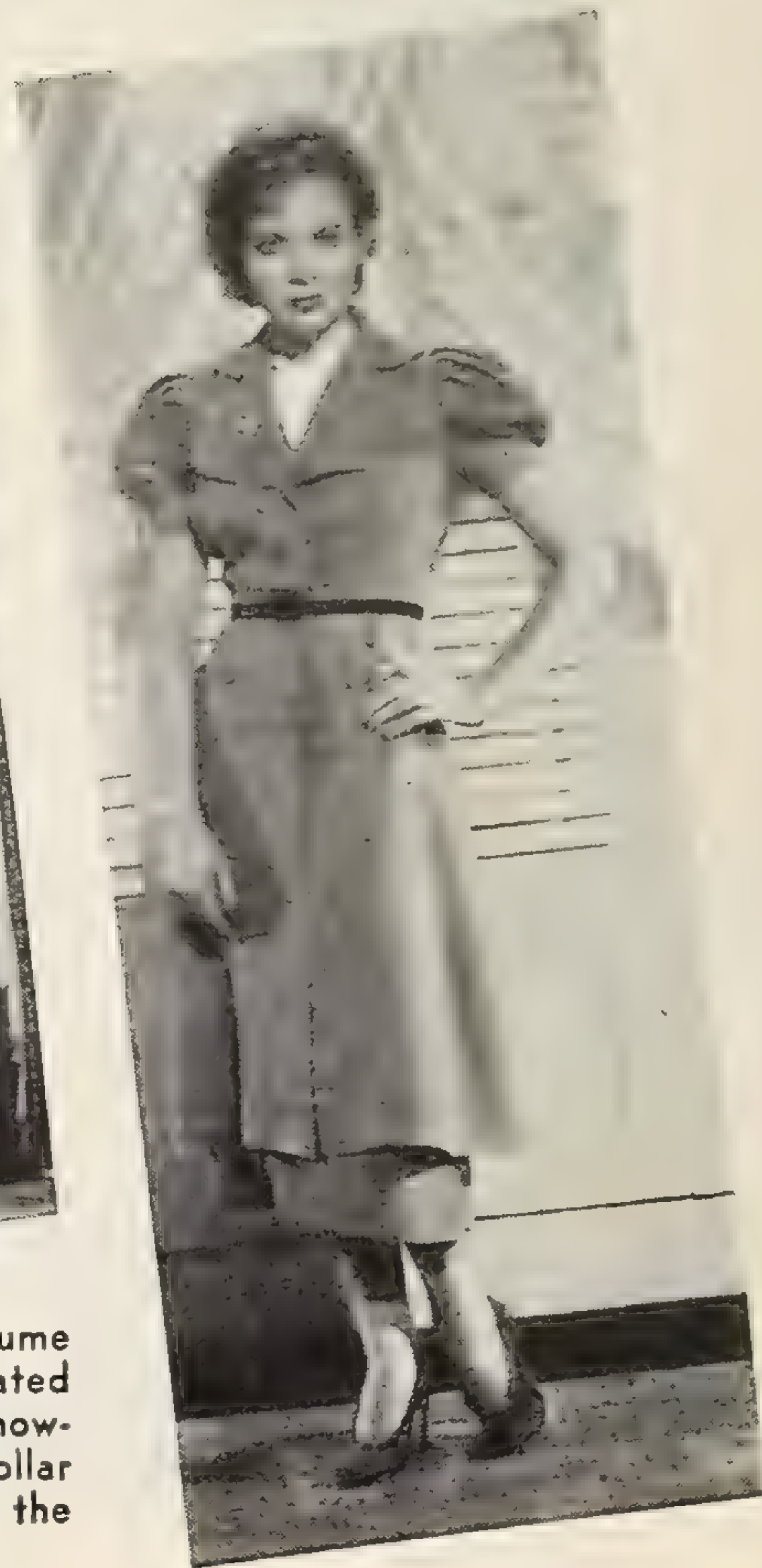
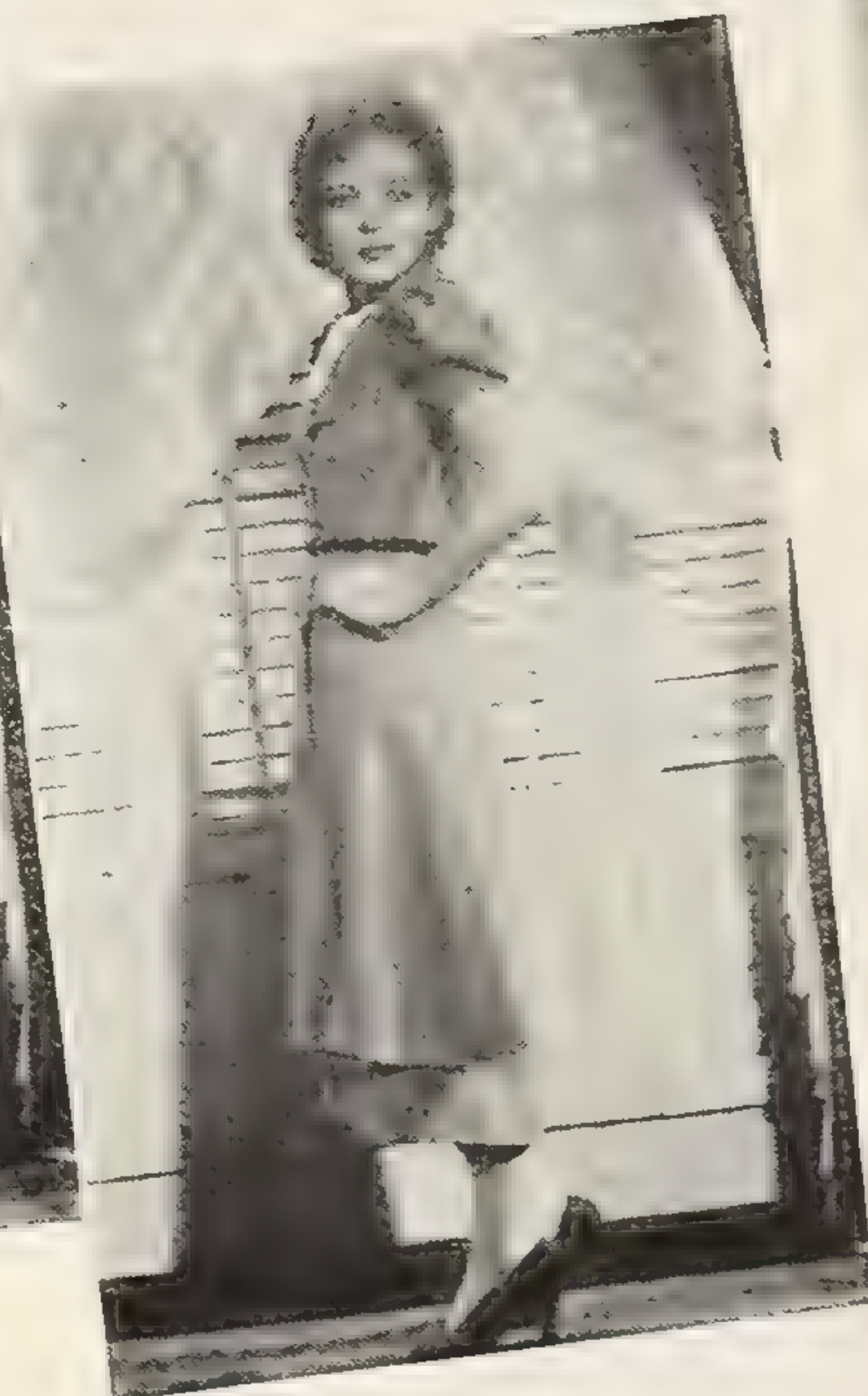
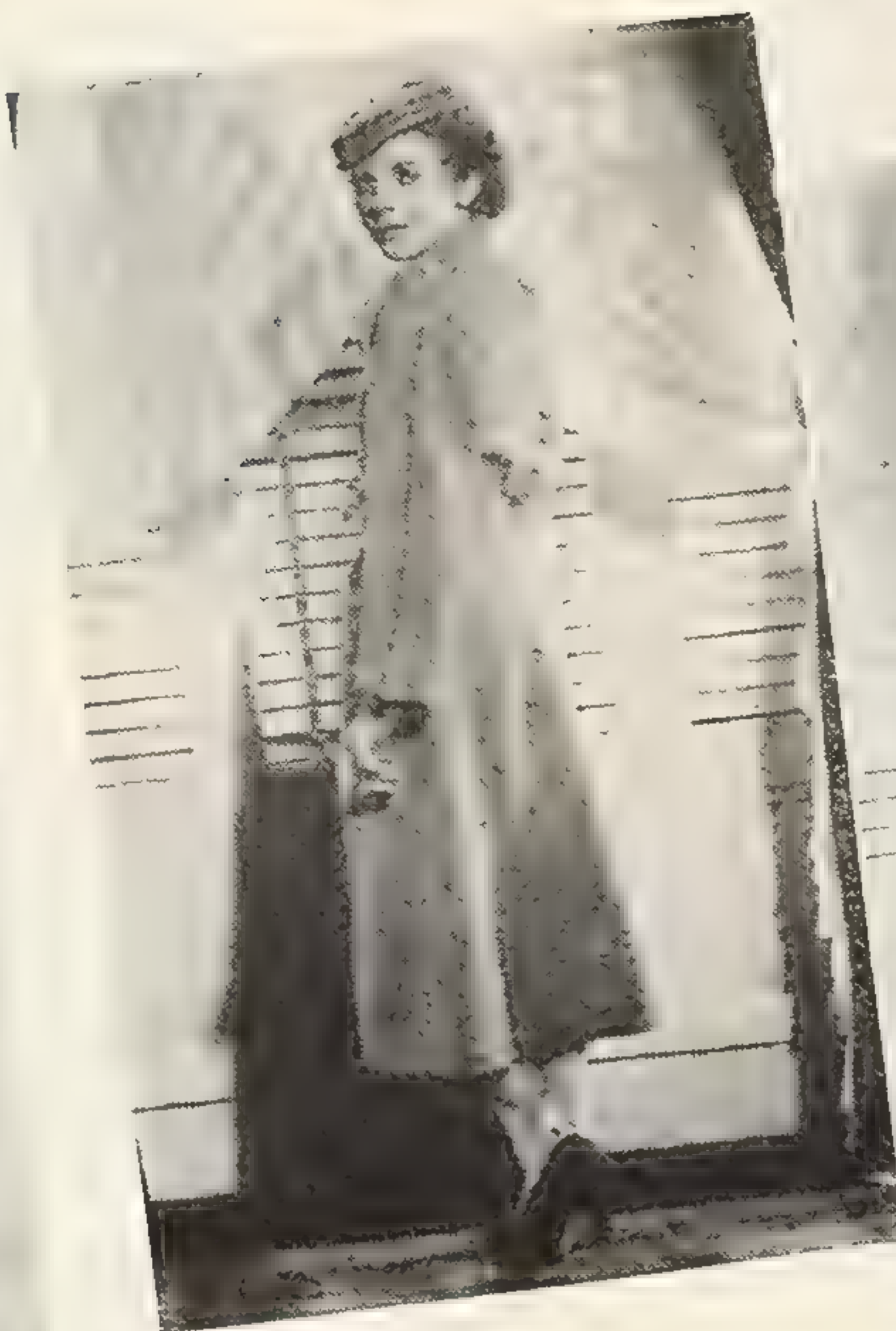
Beauty in black taffeta tunic gown, right, dotted with blue and silver; left, in silk-embroidered white. Top, left: and again, the tunic—this time a street dress of navy blue crepe. Top, right: very simple, her bark-brown rough crepe frock. See her sensible walking shoes? Only for evening does Virginia wear high heels—smart gal!



Kay Francis graciously models for us two "Action" views of the lovely hostess gown designed by Orry Kelly especially for Kay to wear in her new film, "Give Me Your Heart." Beautifully cut on diagonal lines to make both the trailing skirt and tunic top, with the squared sleeves trimmed with double bands of blue fox below the elbows. See the graceful sweep of the sleeves as Miss Francis poses in the two exclusive portraits at left.

Elmer Fryer

Swing Styles!



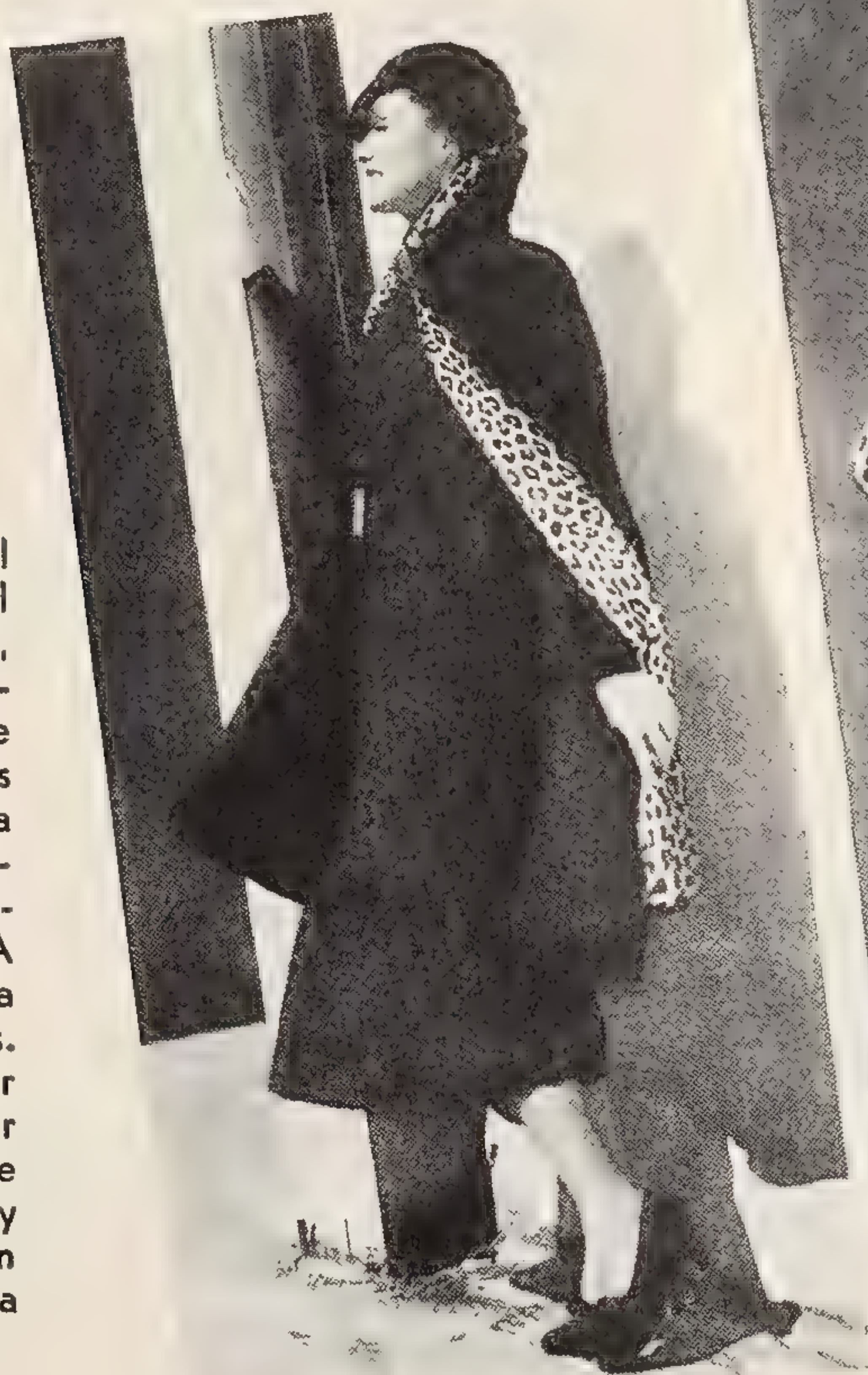
Ida Lupino, in "The Gay Desperado," wears the costume pictured above: green tweed coat with cartridge-pleated square shoulders, frog fastening; next, another view showing swing skirt. Right, the dress, with large scalloped collar and puffed sleeves. Right center, "Action" view of the dress. Designed by Omar-Kiam.



Eugene Robert
Richie

Gertrude Michael, left, shows you the Suit of the New Season, a gay thing of dark green jersey trimmed with black Persian lamb and highlighted with black braid frogs. You note that frogs are croaking right merrily to usher in the Fall season. Gertrude's hat is a Cossack turban of black Persian lamb, matching the suit trimmings. Above, Miss Michael silhouetted in another slant on her new suit.

SCREENLAND brings you "Action Fashions," posed by the world's most highly paid models, the movie stars



Swinging into the Fall fashion parade is Gail Patrick, at right, in a black, leopard-bordered ensemble to catch and hold the roving eye. Gail's dress is black wool crepe with a pleated bodice and clusters of pleats which provide fullness to the skirt. A belt of self-fabric has a buckle of dull gold bars. Her cape is three-quarter length, with leopard collar turned up to frame the face. Her hat is a jaunty black felt which tips down over one eye and has a wisp of black veil.



C. Kenneth Lobben



Wide World

Irene Dunne, above, with her mother, was the new *Queen Mary*'s first Hollywood passenger. Joan Bennett, below, with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Brisson, smiles for the English photographers at Southampton. Edward G. Robinson arrives in England to star in "Thunder in the City," his first British film.

Keystone



Keystone

Stars



EXPECT I'm developing a bass voice and a nautical roll these days, so regularly am I walking the gangplank in search of screen stars. There was one afternoon when the *Queen Mary* arrived with a glamorous cargo of celebrities that made her spacious sun-deck look like Hollywood Boulevard afloat and nearly created a riot among the ardent fans who had gathered on the quay.

As the great liner glided into Southampton Docks a saucy little paddle-steamer nipped right under her mighty bows flaunting a banner emblazoned "Welcome to the Two Show Boats." For the first English copy of the film was on board, escorted by Irene Dunne in person, so cool and poised in a dark blue suit with a silver fox cape and a delicious turquoise satin hat half-covered by a spotted veil.

"I love sea voyages," she said, "You get such a sense of peace and rest. I didn't do much beyond read and sleep—I'm not a sportswoman, you know. I went over the ship's hospital, of course, and had long talks with the surgeon and the nurses. Now I'm writing home to tell my doctor husband all about it. I always consider I've two careers: one on the films and the other as his assistant! I shall visit several of the big London hospitals while I'm here on my month's vacation and take notes of their methods for him."

A little farther along the deck was Carl Brisson, sun-bronzed and hatless, being photographed with Joan Bennett who wore a pin-striped coat and a quaint tall pointed hat with a cross of white ribbon in front. Her blue eyes crinkled at the corners as she laughingly announced she was no longer "Sweet Little Blondie No. 1."

"I've been myself in pictures far too long," she explained, "and when you're yourself at home and in the studios too you grow pretty fed up with You! So now I've decided to go tough. My parts in the next three films lined up for me in Hollywood are all characters I can get my teeth into, honest-to-goodness hard-boiled girls."

While virile Carl showed her the jade cigarette-case he had won as first prize in the ship's tennis tournament, I said "We're pleased to see you," to red-haired Nancy Carroll and vivacious Frances Day and then hurried along to investigate a masculine huddle which resolved itself into smiling Director James Whale and debonair Walter Wanger.

"We haven't come to work," they declared with one

At Sea



Sailing, sailing—for gay visits, for work in British studios, or just for fun! Read about the ocean adventures of your celluloid idols in this breezy feature

By Hettie Grimstead

voice. "Just to look around." Before I could ask for further details my hand was grasped by our own Jack Buchanan who had hurried back from America to act in a musical film called "This'll Make You Whistle," all about a young man engaged to three girls at the same time.

As Jack escorted me below we met a regal procession, tall Hedda Hopper sweeping along in magnificent sables and followed by a posse of stewards bearing her trunks. Other interesting luggage was being unloaded, too. A consignment of Sylvia Sidney's favorite books had come express from Hollywood for the modernistic Park Lane apartment the little star is making her home while she films over here. A parcel of shoes was for Leslie Howard, motoring with his family in Scotland just now.

Another sunny day I greeted genial Edward G. Robinson, arriving to act in a film, "Thunder in the City," in which he has the characteristic part of an American racketeer who jumps into English society by marrying the daughter of a bankrupt peer. The same ship brought Henry Fonda to be the hero of Britain's first all-color film, "Wings of the Morning." He borrowed my newspaper and exclaimed in genuine surprise: "Why, girl, I'm all over the front page!" Nice modest man, spending most of the voyage swimming in the pool and reading detective novels.

In the alleyway we glimpsed Richard Barthelmess snatching a few hours away from the sets to meet his wife and children. Young-looking and vital as ever, Richard is making an historical costume film at Twickenham Studios, playing a Royalist traitor who brings about the fall of Napoleon. A few yards away Virginia Cherrill was also welcoming friends from New York, wearing bright pink linen gloves to match her loose coat.

(Continued on page 75)



Keystone

Henry Fonda, above, waves his greeting upon arrival in England. The Queen Mary makes her screen debut in "Dodsworth," with Ruth Chatterton and Walter Huston. The two pictures below show replicas of a stateroom and the sports-deck of the new sea-queen, built for the picture.



Second-Guess Star

June Lang, who prepared for a career as a dancer, tells the thrills experienced by a girl Hollywood decided to transform

By Tom Kennedy



Hollywood's second-guessing in action! Note the transformation that takes place as the girl who was June Vasek, in the small picture, develops into a glamorous, Hollywood type, as revealed in the large portrait of June Lang, as she appears now.

HOLLYWOOD is second-guessing again! And how Hollywood loves to do that. Just let the studio bosses discover right on their own lot a girl their scouts have signed because her Dresden-doll colorings, perfectly proportioned features, and petite figure are the perfect complements of an ability to execute intricate ballet and tap steps acquired after long and arduous study under masters of the dance, and, *presto*, the orders go out to change her style, make her an actress. It's an actress she should be, if she and her mother thought she should be a dancer. The first-guessers are always wrong, according to Hollywood. And often Hollywood is right. Certainly Hollywood is always fascinating when it resorts to the abracadabra that accomplishes these transformations.

We have just been talking to a girl who is the subject of this Hollywoodian magic, and can say that there is nothing cruel about the process so far as the subject herself is concerned. In fact this girl is even more thrilled about it than Hollywood is—and with good reason.

It's only a couple of years ago that you read in *SCREENLAND* about a group of newcomers on the Fox lot who might be the "stars of tomorrow." Therein was reference to one June Vasek, identified at the time as the albino blonde who led the ballet in a sequence in "I Loved You Wednesday," and who made such an impression even in a cast headed by such a dominant trouser as Warner Baxter. Further description of the girl imparted the added details that she was five feet,

three and one-half inches tall, and weighed 104 pounds.

June Vasek later became June Lang, and under the latter name you have seen her in several pictures; the ill-fated "come back" effort of Gloria Swanson, titled "Music in the Air," "Captain January," "The Country Doctor," and now in an entirely different type of part in "The Road to Glory."

Hollywood accompanies its feats of metamorphoses with the drum-beating. Publicity is a necessary part of the magical change from a mere show girl to a beautiful actress. And clever are the ways of the publicity men when they are given the word to create a stir in the papers about the new personality the studio is developing.

So June Lang was *discovered* by a prominent New York sculptor to be the possessor of the very first "modernistic" figure he had seen. To the fanfare of popping flashlights came June Lang, the young starlet, to pose for the sculptor, and the newspaper cameramen and reporters followed little June around town getting pictures and descriptions of the girl with the "modernistic figure."

It would have been an exciting experience for an established star, so you can imagine what thrills were June Lang's when she saw New York for the first time to be met by the press, out in force; and shown every sight this city boasts; from skyscrapers that every visitor may observe, to the night clubs that can be known only to those with well-fed bankrolls.

June Lang is no longer "albino blonde." She's very becomingly a golden-haired beauty whose fair complexion and very blue eyes find that tint a harmonious frame for their sparkling loveliness. She's still five feet, three inches tall, and still weighs (Continued on page 96)



You can count on make-up to help bridge the gap from sun-tanned abandon to svelte formality, screen beauties find

By
Elin Neil

Autumn Make-up "Musts"

JEAN MUIR and Olivia de Havilland, among Hollywood's most buoyant young devotees of outdoor sports, agree that now's the time to conduct a leisurely stock-taking of post-Summer complexions.

I'm not going into a long and intricate discourse on how to get rid of your hard-won tan, if you've acquired one that's getting a bit tiresome now that nights are lengthening and new Fall clothes are on your mind. Most tan fades out naturally in two or three weeks after the sun's rays stop burning. You can hasten the process, of course, with a bleaching cream or lotion. Freckles present a more complicated problem, but there are excellent freckle creams to bleach them into oblivion, too.

That temporary fading-out period can be minimized much with make-up. You've probably been using a deep sun-tan powder if you took your tanning seriously. Don't put it on the shelf yet and change to lighter powder immediately. Keep it, and add a supply of powder the shade you expect to wear in Winter. Mix a small amount of the two shades and gradually increase the proportion of the lighter as your tan fades out. You'll want your powder deeper for day-time than for evening, as artificial lights detract from complexion color. So it's a good idea to have two powder "blends" going at once—one for daylight and one for evening.

A rather interesting fact about powder is that the trend toward darker shades all-year-around has been steadily growing as women have become more adept in the art of make-up. Powder grows darker while rouge and lipstick grow brighter or richer but much more sparingly applied. It's generally felt now that powder should be darker than your natural skin tones and rich in color. This avoids the obviously "powdered look" which a lighter-than-skin shade gives, and it adds to the illusion of softness and fineness of texture. Women who want to look pink and white are getting almost as scarce as the Dodo bird. Darker powder helps conceal blemishes, too.



Olivia de Havilland, at top, advises plenty of sleep for pulchritude, and Jean Muir, above, likes sun, wind and rain as beauty aids. Both are skilled in the art of make-up.

Rouge and lipstick shades are growing brighter as Fall gets under way. Don't blame the waning sun entirely. It's partly because darker costume shades are coming back, and they take more color to brighten them up than the whites, pastels, and white-enlivened dark sheers that have been in the foreground this Summer.

"Prophetic Pink," worn in combination with wine tones, is one of the newest innovations for Fall. Beauty experts advise using make-up to accentuate the wine tones rather than the pale pink, as the latter is an accessory note and make-up should be ruled by the dominant color in the costume. For the wine tones—Dubonnet, May Wine, and whatever new names will be invented for them—rouge and lipstick should favor the (Continued on page 86)

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD



Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne forget the Irish rebellion that forms a dramatic background for their new film together, in a moment of romance transcending patriotism. That's life!

THE Bob Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck friendship continues to flourish. For her birthday, Bob gave Barbara a beautiful jeweled sport bracelet of flexible gold. Barbara couldn't wait to give Bob his gift, so he's already wearing it. She gave him a platinum tuxedo watch, the dial designed in oriental sapphires and diamonds.

MERLE OBERON and Norma Shearer, besides being neighbors at Santa Monica Beach, are also very close friends. When they entertain, invariably the same

group of people are invited. Just to save time, which is so precious in Hollywood, Merle and Norma have decided that they will issue joint invitations, when they want to get their mutual friends together.

IT'S an emerald-cut diamond at the Robert Youngs'. When questioned, Bob said there was no special occasion. He's just been making wonderful progress and decided to treat his wife to a nice gift—for putting up with him!

MAUREEN O'Sullivan should feel very flattered. Clarence Brown, who has many a screen triumph to his credit, predicts that Maureen has yet to prove what she really can do. Brown feels that some day Maureen will astound everyone with her great talent and he is hoping for a chance to help her.

FRED ASTAIRE is so ambitious that he's got himself in a spot. Besides making pictures, creating his dances, making recordings and composing songs, Fred was asked to sign for twenty-six weeks of broadcasting. Work and music have been Fred's whole life, and it was just too tempting to turn down. Now he's discovered that he can't possibly do all the things he's contracted for and the radio sponsors refuse to let him go. And they say that movie stars lead an easy life!

IT TOOK all the executives and the prayers of Allah to induce Gary Cooper to take a sock at Madeleine Carroll, for a scene in their newest picture. As a rule, Gary is a pretty agreeable sort of a guy, but when it comes to picking on women—Gary's western chivalry asserts itself and as far as he is concerned, art can be hanged.

JUST in case you might be interested in what happens when star meets star, this is what occurred when a mutual friend brought Margaret Sullavan to Joan Craw-

Keep in step with the stars!
Here's all the news and
views of the latest

By Weston East

ford's house for lunch. For a long time Joan has admired "Peggy" on the screen and hoped that she might meet her. When it was finally arranged, after the introduction, the two girls stood looking at each other for a moment and then Margaret Sullavan said: "I never knew you had so many freckles."

FRANCIS LEDERER, who never ceases to astound Hollywood, gave a famous hostess the shock of her life. Francis had been invited to a dinner party. The day before the party he called up, offered his apologies and explained that he must cancel the dinner because he had to attend a Boy Scout meeting! When the hostess recovered her composure, Francis explained that he was the honorary sponsor of a troop that had been named after him.

BELIEVE it or not, but when the studio wants to send Garbo her script, they have to send it to her best friend, (a writer on the lot), who in turn, relays it to Greta's house.

A LITTLE bird tells us that the studio is a little concerned over Anne Shirley's interest in Owen Davis, Jr. Not that Owen isn't a perfectly respectable young man, but there are great plans in store for Anne, who is still in her teens. The studio doesn't want her to become entangled in any heart interest that might interrupt what promises to be a brilliant career.



Acme

Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. F. D. Griffin, were among the celebrities at the "Anthony Adverse" premiere.



Wide World

Mrs. Clark Gable, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., and his bride, Myrna Loy to you, attending the gala premiere.



Acme

Jimmy Stewart seemed shy, but Virginia Bruce smiled gaily as this couple arrived for the big movie opening.

LISTENERS-IN have been surprised to hear Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster doing scenes on the radio, from "The Barker." The broadcast came from the Music Box Theatre, where Gable and Dietrich appeared recently. When Claudette was approached to do the play, that started her one-time romance with Norman, it was her suggestion that he be asked to recreate his original rôle. While they were waiting to go on the air, Claudette stood in the wings and talked to Norman about his wife, Sally Blane, and their new baby. When they did the same play ten years ago, they used to stand in the wings. It was there that Norman asked Claudette to marry him.

GUESS who eventually broke through the dignified exterior of Ronald Colman and found him a delightfully amusing person? It was none other than little Margo, the vivacious Mexican actress, who appeared with Ronnie in "Lost Horizon." It took a long time for them to get acquainted, but now they are good friends. When Margo had a day off, she visited the set wearing one of those silly turned up hats that sit on the back of the head and feature long streamers. Colman took one look at it and kiddingly asked her if he could try it on.

CONTRARY to other actresses, the more work she does, the more weight Gertrude Michael gains. In between pictures she is taking a rest cure—to lose weight.



Vic MacLaglen sets a good example of "chin in, chest out," as he trains his cast-mate, Billy Burred, in soldiering.



International

Stepping along the happiness trail we find here that newly-wedded pair, Irene Hervey and Allan Jones. Best wishes!

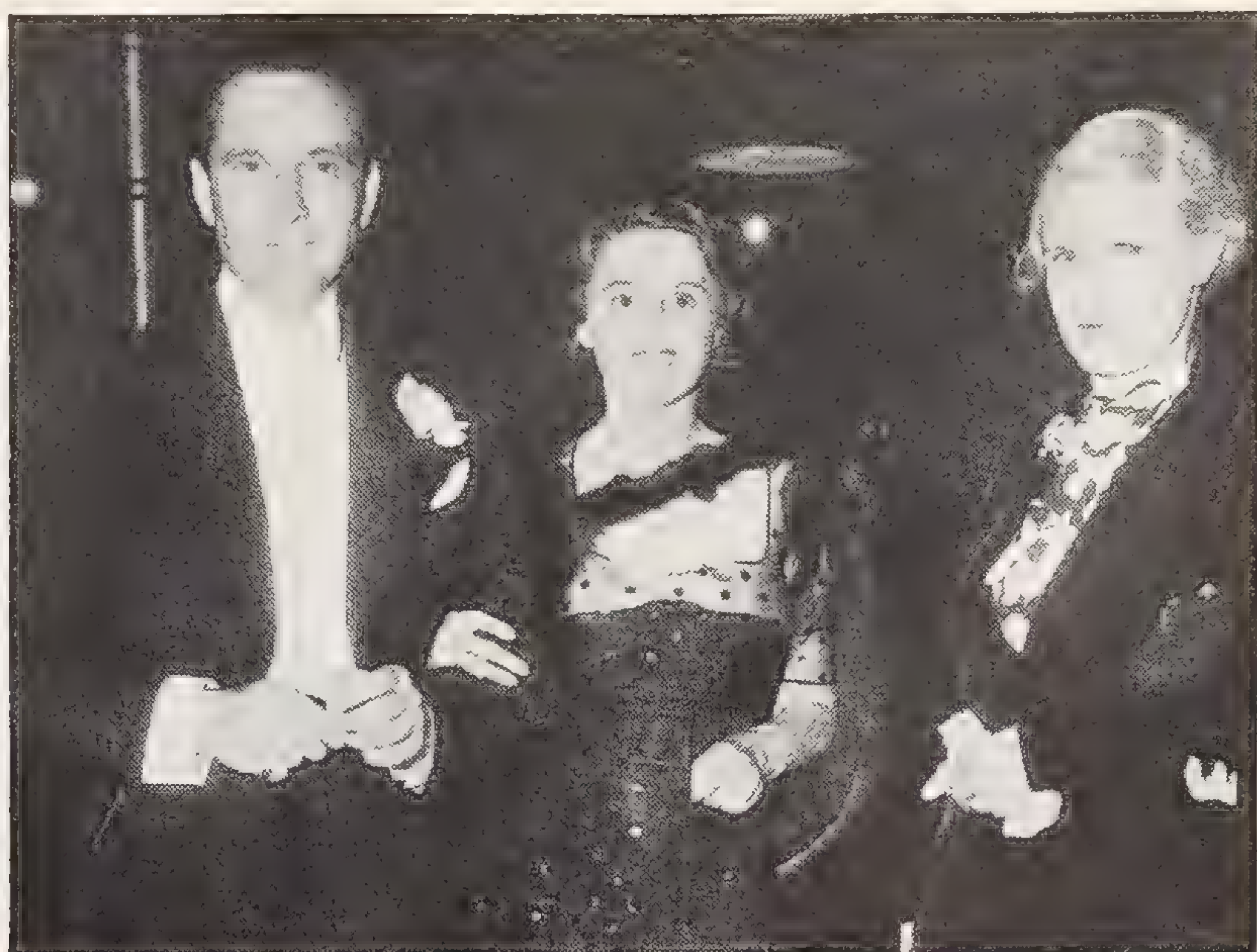
WHEN you see Bing Crosby in the future, take note that he does not rate star billing when his name is flashed on the screen. It's Bing's own desire, however. He thinks the name of the picture is much more important than the name of the star. A clause has been inserted in his contract, that specifies his name appear in the same sized letters, as the rest of the cast.

WHEN you see Eleanor Powell's new picture, you're going to see that excellent comedian Sid Silvers, playing one of the best rôles he's ever had on the screen. Oh, yes, I forgot to mention—Sid is the writer on the story and wrote himself in a good part.



Acme

The co-star of the show, his wife, and a companion couple attend the "Mary of Scotland" premiere. Above, Ralph Bellamy, Kay Johnson, Fredric March and Florence Eldridge.



Wide World

It's another big premiere night for Freddie March as he and his wife, Florence Eldridge, accompanied by Princess Zu Lowenstein, arrive for the first showing of "Anthony Adverse."

WHEN a star's mother likes the current boy friend—that's news. Eleanor Powell's mother thinks Jimmy Stewart is about the nicest boy she has ever known. And Eleanor seems to share the opinion. In the meantime, Jimmy still pursues the vivacious Ginger Rogers and is very often seen in her company. There are those on the inside, however, who insist that Ginger is seriously interested in someone much closer to home.

JOAN CRAWFORD is still laughing over a note from the humorous Una Merkel. The next day after Joan had entertained Una and her husband, Ronald Burla, at a buffet supper, she received a package. It contained a note and one of Joan's sterling silver monogrammed match boxes. This is what Una wrote: "Dear Joan: I found this in Ronnie's coat pocket after we got home. If you find anything else missing, please let me know and I'll search his pants. Love. (Signed) Una."



Serious? Anne Shirley and Owen Davis, Jr., are terribly interested in each other these days. They even like to read the same headlines.

JUST when everything was running peacefully on the "Garden of Allah" company poor Marlene Dietrich had the shock of her life. Sitting in the projection room watching the all-color rushes, Marlene looked up and suddenly saw herself turn a weird shade of green. There was no accounting for the transformation. It was just one of those unexpected phenomena that at first present themselves in any new medium of expression. The scene was taken again, exactly the same way. And it turned out perfect, and Marlene later left for Europe in high spirits.



Life sure has its puzzling angles for Frank McHugh, especially in his screen assignments. Here's Frank figuring winners in "3 Men on a Horse."

GARBO has had her first fittings on "Camille" and is so delighted with Adrian's costumes she can hardly wait to start the picture. Robert Taylor, who is to play *Armand*, refuses to be excited over the prospect of making love to the glamorous Greta. He appreciates the faith the studio has in him but confides that the only important thing is that he gives a good performance. Incidentally, the new Metro



The poignant drama of "Valiant is the Word for Carrie" is heralded in this advance scene played by Gladys George, Charlene Wyatt and Jackie Moran; the latter as PAUL.

dressing-rooms are ready for occupancy. Billie Burke, who has just been signed to a long-term contract, is having a suite decorated and designed to her taste. But Garbo still sticks to the old building, where her dressing-room is the last of a long row and has a private stairway.

FRED MACMURRAY didn't realize that he was also bringing an interior decorator into the family, when he asked Lillian Lamont to be his wife. Lillian has decorated a Beverly Hills apartment that is the last word in artistic beauty. Prior to her marriage, she was a dress model at Magnins. Now she is taking domesticity so seriously, she insists that Fred drive her to the market, rather than telephone for the groceries.

AT THE Santa Monica Swimming Club recently, a group of screen juveniles were kidding Jackie Coogan about the recent sale of the entire Coogan household. "I went to the auction because I wanted to buy that little cap you wore in 'The Kid,'" said one, amusingly.

"That's in the family vault," answered Jackie. "But why didn't you buy my cradle instead?"



Everything seems to point to success for the screen version of "Craig's Wife," as author, Mary McCall, Jr., Director Dorothy Arzner, and star, John Boles, get together on the studio set.



Here's a new one! Fred Astaire, for the first time in his long acting career, dons burnt cork. Recognize him? Sure you do in the scene above, with John Harrington and Pierre Watkin.



Mary Carlisle and Lew Ayers offer convincing proof that, according to how a girl feels about it, it's a good idea to beware, or be near, the sailors. Mary chooses to be near.

WITH seventeen hundred celebrities on the stage, the Actors' Fund benefit, (to build a home in Hollywood), sponsored by Daniel Frohman, was an undertaking for which Hollywood can well be proud. One of the most exciting acts on the mammoth stage was an exact reproduction of the hitch-hiking scene from "It Happened One Night." Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable donated their services. Dozens of cars raced across the stage, while Clark unsuccessfully gave them the thumb. When Claudette showed her shapely limb and a rattle-trap flivver jerked to a halt, the driver turned out to be director Frank Capra. However, the gag topped itself when the mechanical wreck refused to start again. Gable had to get out and shove.

CARY GRANT'S Sealyham "Archie," (that's Cary's real name), is the hero of Santa Monica Beach. When two great Danes suddenly tore at each other's throats, everyone ran for shelter. "Archie," who was tied up in his own yard, became so excited he broke away and went to the rescue. Barking furiously and snapping at the Great Danes' legs, he succeeded in diverting their attention. They forgot about each other and started chasing him.

WHEN Madam Maria Ouspenskaya arrived in Hollywood, to create her original rôle of the Baroness in "Dodsworth," the famous Russian actress was met at the train by director William Wyler. It was the only time Wyler saw her and of course she was wearing the simple tailored things, (and monocle), that belong to her private wardrobe. The first day of shooting, the "Baroness," with her pompadour, jet hat, and quaint costume, walked on the set. Wyler rushed forward, took her by the arms, introduced her around then showed her to her private, portable dress-



Here's the very latest evidence that little Sylvia Sidney has not lost her power of portraying emotional appeal, even in far-off London.

ing-room. All this time the "Baroness" had been trying to get in a word. Finally, she pinned Wyler down. "This is all very nice," she said, (in perfect English). But I'm not Madam Ouspenskaya, I'm her stand-in!" And the best part of the story is, that no one would tell Madam, for fear she might be offended. When she finally heard about it, she had her first good Hollywood laugh.

THE day after the special preview of "Romeo and Juliet," the studio called Norma Shearer and asked her to come in for some interviews. Norma begged off that day because she was teaching Irving Thalberg, Junior, to swim. One day Juliet, the next a Santa Monica life guard. Isn't Hollywood a weird place!

FRED STONE had an experience recently that is so funny, it's almost pathetic. No one in the industry is more representative as a father and actor than the beloved Fred. His life has never been touched by scandal. He is worshipped by the younger set, who flock to his house to visit his lovely daughters. And above everything else, Fred has never been a drinking man. In his current picture, he is called on to drink a glass of beer. He drank exactly one glass—did the scene perfectly in one take—and got so dizzy he had to sit down and rest.

(Continued on page 97)



Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Lady Hardwicke survey the American scene on arrival in America. Sir Cedric will play in "Green Light."



Back from London—and welcome, too—comes Helen Vinson, who has been making films there, and watching husband Fred Perry win a lot of tennis titles. With the star is her mother.



"Mike fright" is something they've forgotten about in Hollywood. See how Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas look the microphone right in eye, or ear, or whatever a mike has, in this "set" shot!

Does Success Spoil the Stars?

Continued from page 21

way Luise Rainer was "made," but success, particularly success built upon a fluke, shouldn't go to her curly head. I had the misfortune to sit behind her at the preview of the latest Kay Francis picture, "Give Me Your Heart," which, if you have seen you know to be a very serious, beautifully done picture with Kay giving the performance of her career as an emotionally unstrung neurotic. Three times during the picture Beverly rose noisily from her seat and walked out of the theatre. When one of the actors came on the screen she hissed so lustily that everyone looked at her in disgust, (could she by chance have thought this lovely modern play an old-fashioned melodrama?). And then she drove me, not to mention everyone else around her, completely insane by talking at the top of her voice, (not a whisper in Roberts), to two girl friends who sat back of her. I fear me that Beverly is taking too seriously all those flattering things that her studio is saying about her, (just to make Bette mad), and that this spurious flattery has gone right to her head. Success is a poor excuse for bad manners. Wonder how she'd like to have Kay Francis talk loudly through all *her* best scenes in "God's Country and the Woman?"

When Alice Faye first came to Hollywood she was one of the cutest, sweetest, most obliging little girls on the lot, and nothing was too much bother for Alice to do to co-operate with the studio and with the press. But lately they tell me that Alice has been reading her publicity and all the lovely things drooled about her in magazines and newspapers—and believing them! We can almost hear Alice saying to herself, "Why, I *am* just like that, really.

My, I say clever things, don't I just! I'm not a hot cha dancer any more, I'm an actress. Tell Mr. Zanuck to wait." (Beulah, peel me a grape). So now, Alice that cute kid who can dance like nobody's business, has moods and temperament. She can't be bothered unless it's Terribly Important. But something tells me that Alice must have a sense of humor under that mop of blonde hair and some day she'll sit down and die laughing at her elegance, and then she'll be a swell person again.

Ida Lupino is another girl who is awfully impressed with her importance just now. It seems that she is under the illusion that she is a "genius." If you happen to be a member of the press it is much easier for you to get Garbo to speak to you than Ida, even though she's met you dozens of times. Rochelle Hudson, they tell me, is another who has illusions of greatness when gracing the cinema. But we don't have to worry about Beverly and Alice, and Ida and Rochelle—they're awfully young, and when the thrill and excitement die down and they get used to money and adulation they'll realize that after all movie stars are no great shakes, particularly in Hollywood.

Freddie March and Adolphe Menjou will both confess that there was a time early in their career when success got them. Freddie went in for swank and elegance in a big way, (he was known as the veddy social Mr. March), and thought he should be seen at all the Right Places, and know intimately all the Right People—and then one day he looked at himself in the mirror and found that he had circles under his eyes and the beginnings of a paunch. He called off the Right People, they'd been

boring him for sometime anyway, and adopted two darling babies, and kept normal hours and hired himself a trainer. Today you couldn't find a grander person in Hollywood, or anywhere else, than Freddie March.

Just recently a writer told me that she had had an interview with Adolphe Menjou and he greeted her with the most unexpected comment. "The last time you came to interview me," Menjou said to her, "I remember that I was pretty nasty to you. Please accept my apology." It seems that several years ago when he was a big star at Paramount he was striving hard to live up to his stardom and taking his success very hard. The worry of it made him sick and grouchy. Then he vanished from pictures for a time and while he was on the outside looking in he got a new slant on things. When he returned to the screen as a featured player he was happier than he had ever been as a star, and if you listen to the people who work with him you'll be convinced he's even grander than Freddie March.

Bing Crosby and George Raft came to Hollywood just a few years ago, two swell guys trying to get ahead. Well, they got ahead all right. And it begins to look as if they got a swelled head into the bargain. Bing, who was so eager for a "break," now won't come into the studio to discuss business matters, but insists that anyone who wants to see him can follow him around the golf course. And Georgie, who not so long ago was so glad to get a part, any part, walked out of the production of "The Princess Comes Across" because he didn't like Carole Lombard's choice of cameraman. (Now, Georgie, it really is more important for the woman to be beautifully photographed than the man, isn't it?).

But taking it all and all, success has changed more people for the better in Hollywood than for the worse. Ginger Rogers was just a cute redhead when she made her first success in pictures, but today Ginger is one of the most charming, gracious, accomplished and talented young stars in Hollywood. She couldn't have progressed so far without success—and the money that it brings. Dick Powell is another who has improved himself tremendously both mentally and emotionally. Virginia Bruce is still another who came to Hollywood with little more than a pretty face. But she has studied hard and could easily be Hollywood's social leader now if she wished. She didn't like her speaking voice, so she studied daily until she changed it. She was so embarrassed when someone had to do her singing for her in "The Mighty Barnum" that she started vocal lessons at once, and rumor hath it now that Jeanette MacDonald had better look to her laurels on the Metro lot, as Virginia is ready to take on the most difficult musicals. Bob Taylor and Olivia de Havilland were just two green kids from school when they hit Hollywood and "knew from nothing." Poor Bob didn't even know how to dress, and history relates that when Mr. L. B. Mayer found that Bob was potential star material he called him in his office and selected the material of his new suits for him. He wasn't taking a chance on Bob's taste. But Mr. Mayer doesn't have to worry now. Bob's taste in everything including girls, (no, no, thank you, Miss Stanwyck) is perfect.

So I suppose we'd better go on record right now and state that we approve of bigger and better successes. Don't you agree?



Chic and colorful! Dixie Dunbar wears a violet velvet dressing robe, trimmed with chin-chilla, to harmonize with the apricot and white decorations of her bedroom. Swank, eh?

Jean Arthur is the type of girl most admired today, say our reader-authors as they vote the clever, and very charming Jean into the honor niche of our department this month.



Salutes and Snubs

ONE-LINE SKETCHES

Here's a line—my version—on some of our film favorites:

Janet Gaynor: Puck teases a butterfly. Carole Lombard: The Duchess goes slumming. Irene Dunne: Queen Anne's lace. Miriam Hopkins: A tomboy at a horse-race. Loretta Young: Moonlight and magnolias. Madge Evans: Little Sister plays grown-up. Katharine Hepburn: Tom Sawyer dons a dress. Joan Blondell: A peppermint stick. Marlene Dietrich: Camille with yellowed pages. Margaret Sullavan: "The Littlest Rebel" at twenty. Joan Crawford: Sophistication takes a holiday.

Marian Morris,
612 S. Front St.,
Conway, Ark.

FINDS JEAN JUST RIGHT

Jean Arthur in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" is exactly as I imagine Jean herself—clever, intelligent, modern from her tricky hats to smart shoes, and yet old-fashioned in ideals of love and loyalty. It's the type of girl most admired today, and best portrayed by Jean.

Nan Pierson Hitt,
Fuller, Idaho

VOTES STARDOM FOR STEWART

James Stewart is too good an actor to be playing secondary parts as in "Small Town Girl" and "Wife Versus Secretary." He would be ideal as *Bibbs* in a screen version of Tarkington's "The Turmoil" or as the hero of Hardy's "Jude the Obscure." Let's make a star of this talented newcomer.

Betsy Holt,
3620 Free Ferry Drive,
Fort Smith, Ark.

The audience talks back. Let your voice be heard!

Everybody is interested in what everybody else has to say about screen stars and film productions, and that goes double for Hollywood, where "audience reaction" is valued, not only as an index of past performances but as a guide to future endeavors. So please speak up! The stars, the producers, directors, and scenarists are waiting to hear from you. This department affords the medium of direct contact with your favorites, the sure way to make your Salute or Snub register with Hollywood. Write your letter now. Please try to limit it to fifty words, but write as many letters as you please. Address to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

STANDER UPS ENTERTAINMENT

My Salute is for Lionel Stander. Maybe it's his voice or maybe it's his beetle-browed face, but he's something new in comedians. I don't believe I'd like to see him starred, but he makes a grand stooge, bolstering up weak movies and making good ones swell.

Miss O. Oneal,
4062 39th St.,
San Diego, Calif.

AULD LANG SYNE

Often of late I have been surprised and delighted to see old favorites I had almost forgotten, and whose names once burned brightly in lights over the theatre. It's nice to see them again! Let's all give them a big hand for a successful come-back.

Mrs. C. C. Shelhart,
5338 Linden Ave.,
Long Beach, Calif.

WE KNOW, WE KNOW

I have been an ardent admirer of Robert Taylor ever since I thrilled to his grand performance in "Society Doctor." Since then I have never missed one of his pictures, so you can understand how much I look forward to seeing more of them.

Rosebelle Johnson,
2932 Center St.,
Miami, Fla.

CLEAR THE WAY FOR CLAIRE

Let's do something about Claire Dodd! No actress can get ahead playing second-fiddle parts or minor leads in murder mysteries. If Hollywood would give Claire the opportunity she deserves the producers soon would see a new and very popular star in their midst.

Barbara Lloyd Jones,
Grand Junction, Colo.

STRIKES UP THE BAND FOR BRIAN

What are producers doing to Brian Donlevy? He would be the sensation of Hollywood if only the producers would give him a chance to play opposite glamorous stars—just as popular as Gable or Taylor or Cooper. How about it, fans?

Harry Ralph Coppola,
1261 Broadway,
Watervliet, N. Y.

ALINE AS "ELIZABETH"

Why isn't Aline MacMahon given bigger and better rôles, and more pictures? An accomplished actress, distinctive personality, versatile, and possessed of a delightful sense of humor, Aline deserves important parts in important films; the lead in "Elizabeth the Queen" for instance.

R. L. Chapman,
249 Corbett Ave.,
San Francisco, Calif.

JIMMIE, THE WELL-LIKED MAN

Hats off to Jimmy Durante. I saw him at one of his personal appearances at the Palladium, and later went to request his autograph. Nothing high-hat about Jimmy, he has a smile and a friendly word for everyone. I'm proud to have shaken hands with such a grand person.

Irene Fricker,
88 Penrose St.,
London, S.E.17,
England

TO HANK AND JIMMY

They're really grand actors, are Henry Fonda and Jimmy Stewart, and here's why: Both are as natural as the young men

you and I meet every day. Here's one gal who'll patronize any theatre showing your films, Hank and Jimmy.

Virginia Gilliland,
5321 Kimbark Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

SALUTE TO JEANETTE MACDONALD

May I toss the rarest, loveliest orchid to Jeanette MacDonald? Thanks! Jeanette has done excellent work in the past, but she tops all her previous performances in "San Francisco," in which her beauty, glorious singing voice, and superb acting form a thrilling combination.

Muriel Marks,
2104 Aqueduct Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

BAXTER BOOSTER

SCREENLAND has always been first to give a newcomer a "break," so we fans are looking forward to an early interview with Alan Baxter, who gave such a splendid performance in "Mary Burns, Fugitive." We also hope Hollywood gives him more opportunities to show his ability.

Verne E. Oberreutter,
5926 S. Talman Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

JOAN A FASCINATING PUZZLE

One of the most glamorous stars in film-dom, I think, is Joan Crawford. Possessing a strange, dramatic beauty, Joan is an enigma—tragic one moment, gay, laughter-loving the next. A very beautiful puzzle.

Anne Taylor,
6301 Bullard Dr.,
Oakland, Calif.

TO AN "UNKNOWN"

Salute to an unknown, (to me), character actor in "Pursuit." No slapstick; no trick umbrellas; just a sad-funny blunderer reminiscent of the Immortal Charley. Like "Mr. Pim" this comedian, with his dog, perfume, merely "passed by"—but he stole the show.

Margaret Burks,
7 Somerset Drive,
Great Neck, N. Y.

HERE'S TO THE FILM SCOUTS

My regards to the talent scouts, who deserve much praise. These wizards who produce movie wonders have kept us on a merry-go-round with a supply of ability, new personalities and surprises to stimulate our interest in pictures. I like to give credit

where due, so the talent hunters, though paid to hunt, get a Salute from me!

Robert Faulkner, Jr.,
1920 Manhattan St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

SALUTES TO SUNDRY SCREEN STARS

Claudette Colbert's clever charm.
Hugh Herbert's humorous hilarity.
Greta Garbo's glorious grandeur.
Ben Bernie's breezy banter.
Warren William's wily wit.
Sylvia Sydney's seductive smile.

Edward Stolte,
860 Beech St.,
Abilene, Tex.

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONES DEMAND

If any actor deserves to be Saluted it is Allan Jones, who should get the compliments for his splendid work in "Show Boat." Won't you, Hollywood, put him in many more pictures, and won't you, SCREENLAND, publish more stories about Allan?

Miss Betty Smith,
78 Central Ave.,
Montclair, N. J.

Young Love

Continued from page 51

to unbend. Before very long he found, to his own amazement, that he liked unbending, especially with Betty.

So boy met girl and began going to dances with her, to parties at the homes of friends, to week-ends chaperoned by Mrs. Mullen. Betty laughed Bob out of his moodiness, out of his adolescent gloom and self-consciousness. He discovered that if life was real, it could also be gay in spots. "If it hadn't been for her," he says, "I'd have probably wound up with whiskers and a flea in my ear, peering through telescopes for something that wasn't there."

"What do you want to do, Bob?" Mrs. Mullen asked him on the eve of graduation.

"You stuck my nose in the grease-paint," he grinned, "and I can't get it out. I want to act. But I've got to find myself a paying job."

"You find the job," she told him, "and I'll take you over to the Pasadena Playhouse. You can work in the day-time and get your dramatic training at night."

For four years he lived a double life, clerking by day, acting by night. The deeper he stuck his nose into the grease-paint, the more he loved it. They gave him better and better parts. With his eye on Broadway, he was saving what little he could out of his salary. Highstrung to begin with, he all but ruined his health with nervous strain and overwork and lack of sleep. He had no time, no thought, no energy for anything else—not even for Betty.

Besides, Betty was going to college—finding new interests, making new friends, meeting new boys. She was active in her sorority. Her lovely voice won her the lead in the college musical three years in succession. She still found time to drop in and see his mother, who was devoted to her. They'd run in to each other now and then. "Hello, kid, how goes it?" "Grand," she'd smile, and her smile still warmed his heart. But there was a girl in Pasadena, and she'd met a boy at college, and their ways had parted.

Bob was working with a Building and



Dolores Del Rio has a new type of rôle in her English film, "Accused," as shown in this still, above.

Loan company when he got his first professional offer. Moroni Olsen had seen him at the Playhouse, and sent him a wire, asking him to join the company on a fifteen weeks' guarantee.

"I'll never forget it," says Young, the remembered excitement of that day shining in his eyes. "It was the first step into heaven, and yet I was worried about quitting my job. I'd have taken any risk for myself, but I was contributing toward expenses at home, and I didn't want to make things harder for the family. I remember I walked round the block six times, then phoned to my sister."

"What'll I do?" he asked her.

She was younger than Bob, and terrified at the thought of influencing his decision. "Suppose I advise you wrong," she wailed. So he walked round the block six more times, and went back to the office.

"What's wrong with you?" asked one of his fellow-workers, an older woman who

had retained her sympathy with youth. He told her.

"All right," she said, "if it's advice you want, I'll give it to you. I'm twice your age, and look at me—stuck in this coop and likely to stick here forever. I never did one of the lovely, silly things I dreamed of doing, and now it's too late. You'll never be young again, Bob. Get out and take your chance. You can always find a job as good as this one."

That was all he needed—one push in the direction he was panting toward. He dashed in to the boss. "I'm quitting," he announced breathlessly. "I'm an actor now."

"Oh—you're an actor now," his employer grunted. "I might have known how this damfoolishness would end—chasing out to Pasadena every night, instead of learning a solid business that would get you somewhere. Go on, go on—only don't come back here for a job when they throw you out." (N.B. The Bob Young business is flourishing. The Building and Loan company drooped and died. Proving that the tortoise doesn't always win the race.)

He returned from his tour with enough money to pay some debts. Otherwise his state wasn't appreciably improved. But he'd fallen in love with Carmel, and the Carmel Little Theatre had asked him to join them. He managed to get himself a job in a bank there. His family hated to have him go, but refused to put any obstacles in his path. His brother drove him up. Seventeen miles this side of Carmel the car broke down. They had to wait five or six hours to have it fixed. "Come on back with me, Bob," his brother urged. "What good will this do you? You'll barely get by on your salary. You can get work in the studios as an extra, and be better off. Come on back with me, kid."

Family ties were strong. Carmel beckoned, but his brother was right. This was just a lark. It wouldn't advance his career. He spent those six hours in an agony of indecision, then wired the bank: "Changed my mind. Going home."

It proved a crucial turning. Morris Ankum, a director at the Playhouse, had been

boosting him to an agent who needed juveniles. "Only I don't know whether you can get him," Ankrum said. "He's gone to Carmel."

Wires and letters sent to Carmel remained unanswered. "He's ignoring me," mused the agent. "He must be good." The more elusive he proved, the higher rose his stock. And for two weeks—while Bob cooled his heels at home, wondering whether he'd been a fool to change his plans—the agent was making a frantic effort to locate him. He finally phoned Ankrum. "Find me this ghost of yours before I go nuts."

Ankrum phoned the Young home. "Where's Bob?"

"Right here," said Bob. Explanations followed. "I'll go right down."

"No!" yelled his friend. "Wait a couple of days."

"What for?" inquired the simplehearted Bob.

"You've got him thinking you're John Barrymore Arliss. Wait two days more and he'll *know* you're Garbo."

"And if you think two days can't feel like three months," says Young, "just try that trick some time." But the two days passed, and Bob was bowed into the agent's office and treated like a pearl of great price and taken to the studios to see the casting directors.

"Do us a favor," they said at M-G-M. "We're testing a girl, and we need a man. Will you make the test with her?"

"Do *you* a favor!" blurted Bob, forgetting to make a noise like John Barrymore Arliss.

The agent was well pleased. "There's always the chance," he said, as they left the studio, "that somebody sees it, and says: 'Who the hell's that?'"

Two weeks later he phoned. "Come right over. We're going to Metro."

"What for?"

"Sign a contract. They saw your test and said: 'Who the hell's that?'"

"It was like being hit with a baseball bat," Young tells you. "I was perfectly calm, because I was only half conscious. When they gave me the contract, I had just enough wit left to look and see how much I was getting. Then they said: 'Sign here,' and I signed. Then I went home and whooped my head off."

"I was kind of lopsided with excitement for a while. Here was all this money. What was I going to do with it? So the first thing I thought of was getting married."

When he told his mother he was engaged, her face lighted up. "Betty!" she cried. That was funny. Betty was in his heart—like one of the family—but somehow he'd never thought of her that way. Besides, she was interested in another boy. No—it was the girl he'd met in Pasadena. He could see that his mother was disappointed, though she didn't say much. After all, Bob's marriage was his own affair.

Whether that cry of hers planted a doubt in his heart or whether it would have happened in any case, he doesn't know. But it wasn't long before he and his fiancée realized that they'd made a mistake and broke their engagement.

One evening a few months later the telephone rang. "Can you come right over?" Betty's voice was asking a little tremulously.

"I've got to talk to someone, Bob," she said when they were alone together, "and my mother's too close to all this. It's got to be someone outside whom I can trust, and you were the only person I could think of."

She told him about the boy who wanted her to marry him. She told him how she felt and how she didn't feel. She couldn't be sure whether this was love or not. Bob was three years older, three years wiser.



Gertrude Michael, who recently left Paramount, begins her first film under a starring assignment with RKO in this scene with Erik Rhodes. Director Edward Killy stands behind the star, who has Walter Abel as her leading man in the picture.

"If you really loved him, Betty," he told her gently. "You wouldn't need my advice."

"I've tried to be honest with myself about it since," he said, "and I think I was a dog in the manger. It flashed through my head that I'd be losing her. I wasn't conscious then of wanting to keep her for myself. But I couldn't bear the thought of losing her either."

At any rate, Betty finally gave the boy up. The scrupulous Bob kept away till she'd made up her mind. Then he began phoning her again and taking her to dances. "It was almost as if I were realizing for the first time that she was the only one, and had been the only one all along. So I promptly said to myself: 'There's just one thing to do about this, and that's to grab her while the grabbing's good.'"

So ten years after a boy sat in the classroom, his eyes stealing toward a dark curly head across the aisle, he proposed to its owner. And this time the girl needed only her heart's counsel to tell her what to say.

Bob's mother received the news happily, but with no sign of surprise. "I knew all along it would never be anyone but Betty," she said serenely.

The marriage is three years old. Carol Anne is two. Her father hasn't yet recovered from the miracle of her birth. "I sometimes find myself sitting and staring at her in absolute wonderment. I can't realize that she's mine. I know I'm a wide-eyed hick about things in general—flowers and babies and—love," he said with a trace of embarrassed shyness. "Sentimental, and a little gushy maybe, though I try to keep it inside where it belongs, instead of spilling over. Just the same," he added, "I don't want to get blasé." Then, with a sudden, wide grin: "I like it this way"

"People talk so much about how impossible it is to stay happily married in Hollywood. I used to laugh at that. I used to think that a marriage clicked or didn't. I still believe that the responsibility lies with the individuals themselves. But there's no use denying that there *are* more temptations in Hollywood, and that you've got to watch out for them."

"I happen to be the kind of guy who's always loved a home, always wanted a family. I'm not taking any bows for that. I'm lucky to have been born that way. I took our happiness for granted. We were

in love, we married—it's in the bag, I thought, and there it stays. But my wife said something to me once that opened my eyes."

"Do you think I tag you, Bob?" she asked. Except for one day, they've never been separated. When he goes on trips, she goes along.

"That never entered my head," he replied.

"Because if you didn't want me to go along," she explained, "wild horses couldn't drag me. But I don't think it hurts to watch your happiness, and we're only human. Looking at it only from the business standpoint, where would we be if women didn't think you were nice? And if no man ever gave me a second glance—well, that wouldn't be so pleasant either. Suppose you went away, and found you liked being single again—figuratively speaking. Or suppose I stayed home and somebody said: 'Bob's away. Come on out with us.' And suppose I met another man and was attracted. And suppose there was another meeting or two, then a kiss, and bang! there goes our marriage."

Bob lifted her chin. "You're smarter than I took you for, young lady," he said. "And you'll go right on tagging me."

"It all comes down," he said, "to what you want most. If it's glamor and excitement and freedom, then that's what you take. If it's a wife and a home and children to love, then you start building for that. I sometimes look at my wife and think how much surer we are of each other than when we married. Because of what we've shared together, because of my respect for the qualities I keep discovering in her, because of the little things we've given up for each other. If there's any formula for a happy marriage, then—I don't know how else to say it, trite though it sounds—it's the golden rule, seeing the other's viewpoint, putting yourself in the other's place, giving up little things in order to keep the one important thing sweet and sound. I don't want to make a noise like a preaching prig," he finished a little helplessly, "but that's the only way I know how to put it."

"Sorry Bob Young didn't get the girl," say the ladies. "He's such a sweet guy." Don't waste your sympathy on him. He *did* get the only girl who matters. He's getting the only things from life that matter. *Because* he's a sweet guy.

Dick's Candid Camera Diary

Continued from page 29

I should have, what light I'll need and so on. It's often difficult to get a mountain in your background in focus, because you pay too much attention to your foreground figures. I remembered this in this particular shot of myself and Margaret Lindsay up at a placer gold-mine. Someone else shot the picture for me, but I worked it out in the first place. I like the downward shadows in this.

"You can take pictures of yourself if you like, and I've done it, but it is difficult and not very satisfactory. You have to conceal the bulb in your hand and squeeze it. But first you have to get everything under control—focus, light, speed, etc., and know exactly where you are going to be."

Have you got a filter for your camera?

"They make them now to fit any kind of camera," Dick assured me, looking like a cross between *Tarzan* and a five-year-old playing with his blocks—he had that absorbed intensity.

"Most night scenes at the studio are taken by day, using filters on the cameras to make the scenes appear dark," he explained, "Red filters will give you enough darkness to look like night. I took this moon-rising effect with a red filter when it was actually the sun going down. When the light seems excessive, I sometimes use a green filter. It seems to bring out colors that would otherwise be washed out."

"If you take pictures by the sea or any kind of water, when the sunlight is bright, don't forget to pull out all the stops on your box kodak so that you'll have less light. Sometimes you can correct the lighting when you print the negative by using a filter, but I don't know what you can do if a print is too dark."

"Now this picture of the men in the boat fishing—that's my idea of a swell picture! I used a filter on the top of the boat to give contrast to the light sky."

"My pet pictures are always pictures of scenery. The first thing I look for in them is good shadow. That's what makes a picture. My favorite shot is this one of a country road flecked with shadows, the tree outspread over it."

"I go for good silhouette stuff, too, in scenery. These pictures taken on the Seventeen Mile Drive at Del Monte are nice."



Dick Powell and Joan Blondell enact one of the many amusing scenes their new film, "Stage Struck", provides.

The dark trees against the water I got by shooting after three in the afternoon and using a dark filter. I like to concentrate on some specially twisted or wind-blown tree, or on the trail of the sunlight on the water. The dark filter will often make it seem to be moonlight.

"Get your interesting object—like the cannon and the big trees in this West Point picture, dark against a light background."

There are tricks for every trade, and some of the tricks for the picture business can be used by amateurs.

"If you happen to want a man to appear taller than he is, get on the ground below him and shoot up," advised Dick. "Just the other way around if you want a girl to seem smaller, shoot down on her. I

haven't figured out any way to lessen width yet. I'll tell you if I do."

"I like to get *above* my subjects if I'm shooting a group. An informal party around a card table, kids playing ping-pong, stuff like that—an overhead shot will be lots more interesting."

Talking about tricks, Dick has a favorite one.

"My pet effects are done with clouds," he confided, riffling through a third box of prints. "In California it's often difficult to get clouds because there aren't any for months and months. When I was at West Point for a picture, I put in a lot of time shooting clouds—beautiful, soft, fleecy things and dark, angry, threatening ones. All this bunch here are clouds."

"Now when I'd like to have some clouds in a picture, all I have to do is to print a cloud negative into the negative of the one that lacks them."

"I haven't tried it yet, but I'm convinced I could create a delightful London fog by printing one of my denser clouds over a negative of a street scene. I hand that idea on to SCREENLAND's readers."

Look at one of your own prints. Is it pretty good? What can be done to improve it?

"Sometimes you can get an entirely different effect by cutting off the foreground and blowing the thing up, using a dark filter on the sky, or centering the attention on what was formerly the side of the picture," said Dick. "Lots of times when you catch someone on the run a few extraneous people or objects appear in the picture. You can block them out with a little trouble."

Home movies are another hobby of Dick's. He uses color film for this, as a rule, and enjoys experimenting with lenses.

"I've got three lenses," he gloated, barging into his bedroom where he keeps his darling cameras, and issuing forth with the camera. "This is a wide angle lens that permits shots that would take in the corner of this room without distortion, and this one is a long distance lens that would give me a close-up of all those umbrellas out there by the pool. This is the lens that comes with the camera. It's a great hobby, but it sure helps keep me poor!"



Ann Sothorn joins the army of Hollywood film stars who "kodak as they go." Ann's making a candid camera shot of Gene Raymond with his mustache, and her director, Joseph Santley.

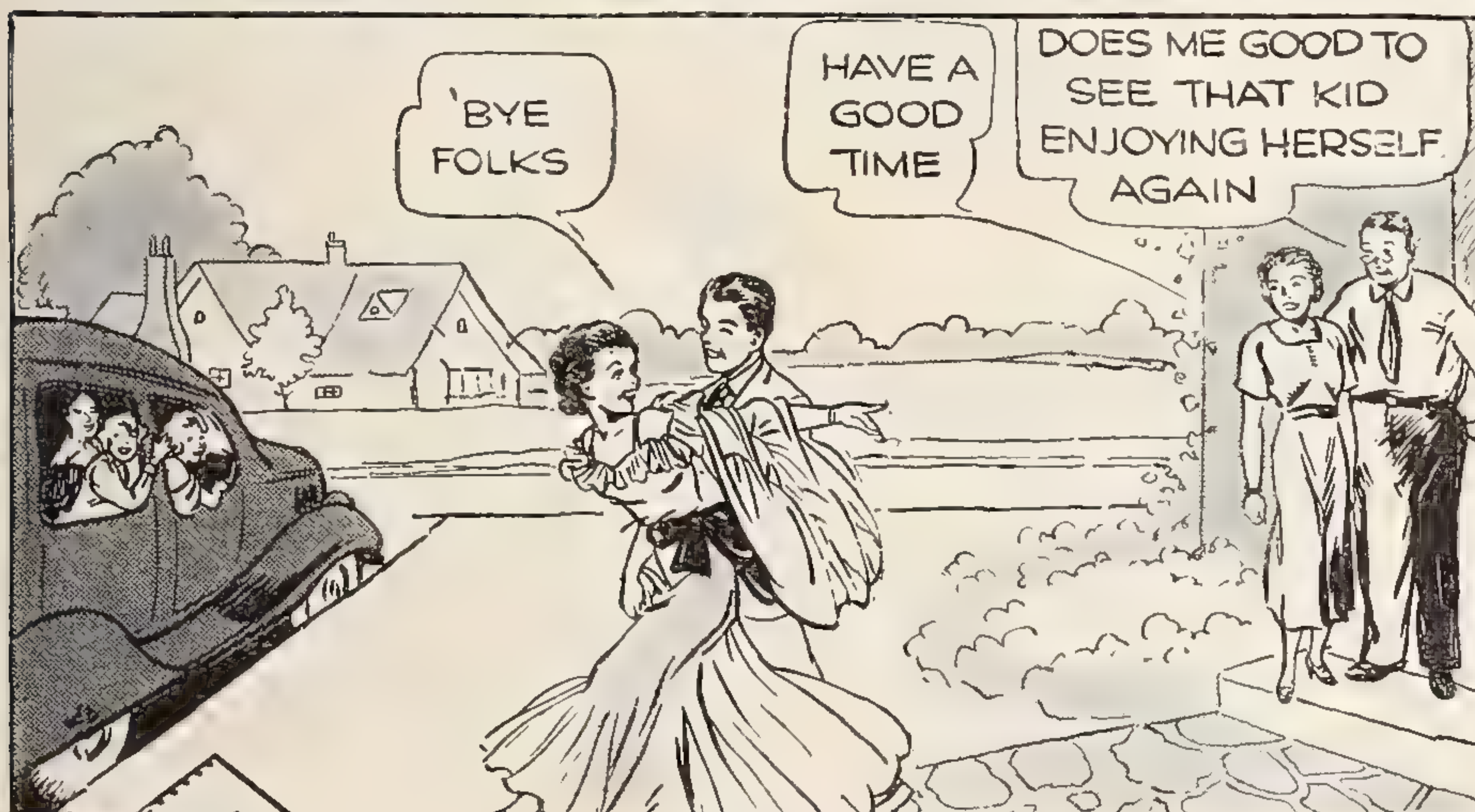
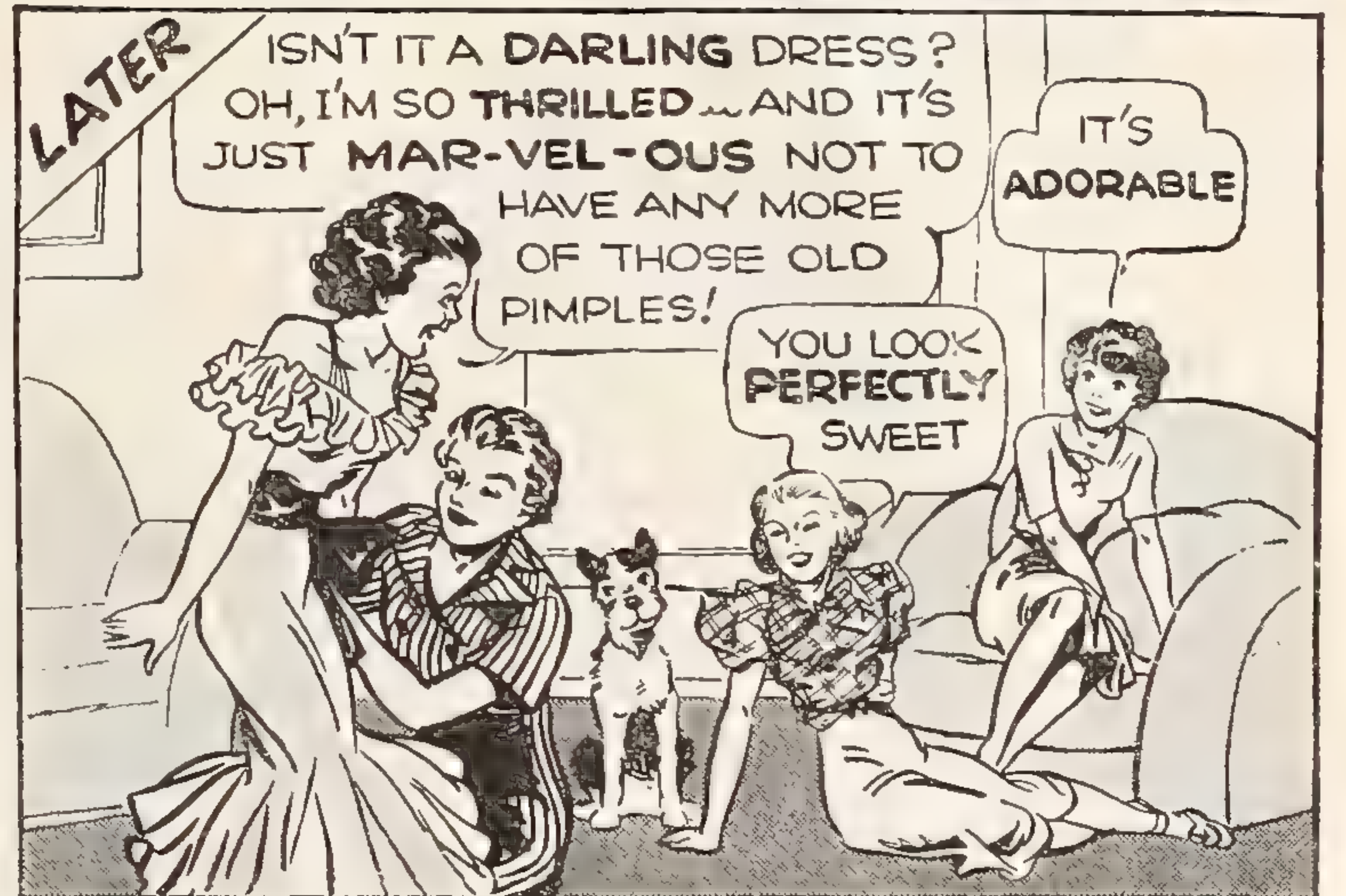


And here's Ginger Rogers all eager for approval of the snapshots she made on the "Swing Time" set, as she proudly displays her collection of prints to Musical Director Nathaniel Shilkret.



**NOBODY ASKS
ME OUT
ANYMORE!**

**HER
PIMPLY
SKIN WAS
THE
REASON
FOR SARA'S
'THIN TIME'
UNTIL -**



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

**Don't let Adolescent Pimples make
YOU feel neglected and forlorn**

PIMPLES are often a real calamity to girls and boys after the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire system. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

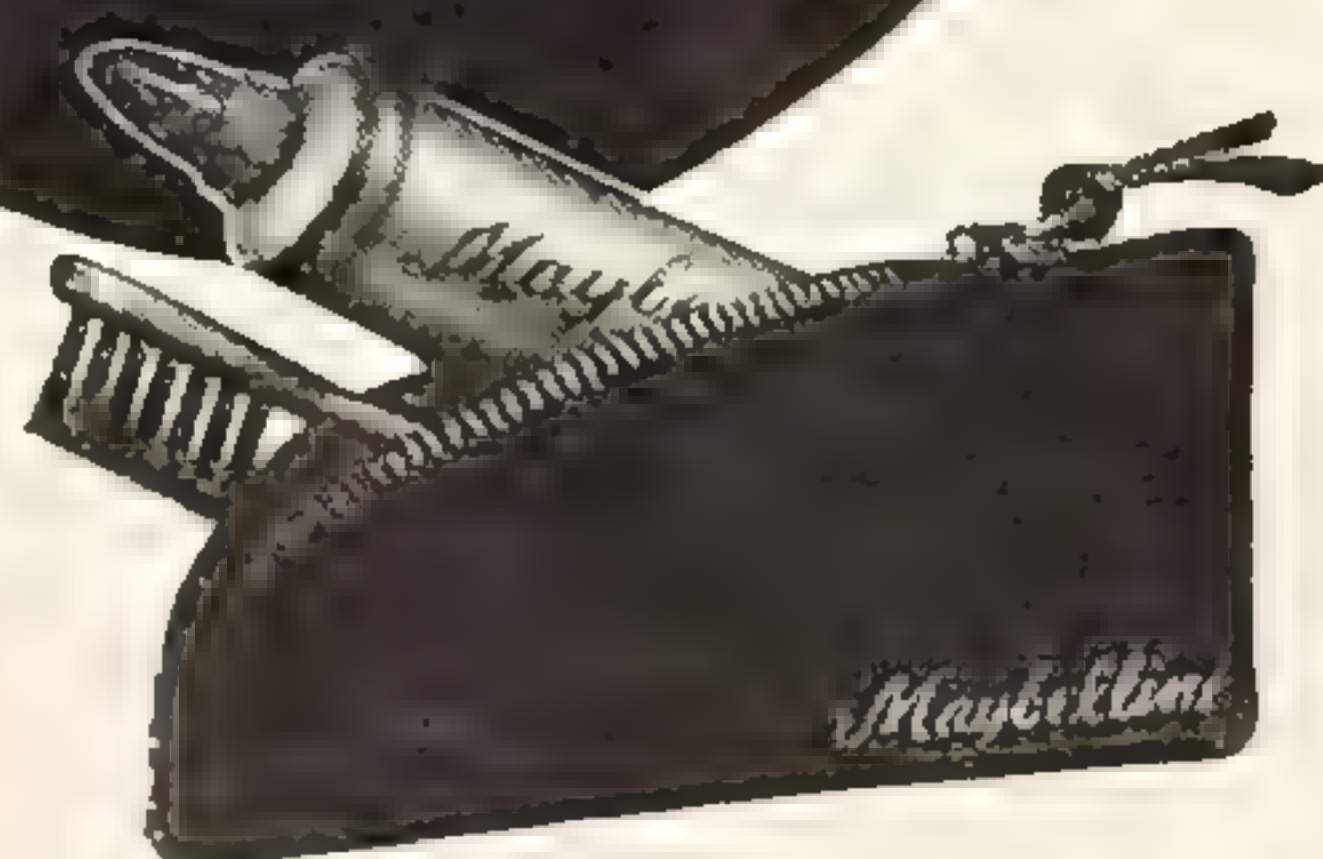
Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is an effective remedy for adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly*—a cake about one-half hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

Eye Make-up in Good Taste



Maybelline Cream Mascara — Black, Brown and Blue — with brush in dainty zipper bag. 75c



SOME are born beautiful — others acquire beauty. If you aren't a *natural* beauty, then the most natural thing in the world is to *acquire* beauty. Encourage yourself! Begin with your most important beauty feature — your eyes. Make your eyelashes look twice as long, twice as luxuriant — quickly, easily, with a few deft brush strokes of Maybelline. Dark, soft, silky lashes add a sparkling depth to eyes, which heightens the whole charm and expression of the face. Do as the most exquisitely groomed women of Paris and New York do — choose pure Maybelline Mascara, in either the new Cream form or the ever-popular Solid form.

The smoothness and ease of application of Maybelline Mascaras, their naturalness of color and lack of gumminess, have won them unequalled popularity among beauty-wise women the world over. Tear-proof. Harmless. Not beady on the lashes.

Open your eyes to a new and lovelier beauty — with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Obtainable at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes at leading ten cent stores. Try them — you'll discover a totally new and enjoyable beauty experience.



Maybelline

The World's Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids



Neither soap nor oil —
Drene shampoos hair to
glistening beauty!

WE don't know what's in Drene to make it do the things it does for hair. That's the secret of the makers, Proctor and Gamble of Ivory Soap fame. All we know is that our own personal hair felt so clean and looked so lustrous, (much more flatteringly blonde, too), that we're ready to shout Drene's praises from the housetops! Our hair was so manageable that rolling it into curls was a simple pleasure instead of the tortuous home-work it usually is. Half a tablespoon of Drene makes a sumptuous lather which rinses out completely in almost no time. There's neither soap nor oil in this shampoo, we're told. But whatever its magic ingredients are, it certainly does a job!

JUST imagine the luxury of bathing in a silky white liquid topped with twelve inches of foam and bubbles! You can, very easily, by dropping a handful or two of a new concentrate into the tub before you draw your bath water. It's called "Pasteurized Milk Bath" and was created by Helena Rubinstein from a combination of herbal juices, tonic mineral salts from well-known spas, and pasteurized milk. It softens the hardest water and cleanses the skin deep down into the pores. You'll emerge feeling wonderfully refreshed and exhilarated. It leaves you with a clean, fresh fragrance that clings and a fine invisible film of powdered milk that keeps your skin satin-smooth.

THERE'S a whole series of treats for tired complexions in a package of Lavena 2-Minute Oatmeal Facial. This new beauty aid uses powdered oatmeal, which has been proved to have a remarkably beneficial effect on every type of skin. You simply make a paste of a little Lavena and water. Smooth it over your face and leave

Femi-nifties

Head-liners in Beauty



Lavena 2-Minute Oatmeal
Facial brings new beauty to
complexions.



Loose powder vanity gratis with
each box of Luxor face powder.



Always prepared for lip repairs
thanks to "Clipstick" by Rolane.

it on two minutes. Then wash it off with cool water. We miss our guess if you're not simply delighted with the soft, smooth feeling of your skin! This treatment is especially good for normalizing an oily skin and clearing up blackheads or blemishes. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a little lubricating cream afterwards for the best results.

YOU'LL find a good bargain in a box of Luxor face powder, simply for its excellent quality at a surprisingly low price. But now there's an extra dividend in a pert and most efficient little loose powder vanity that comes with every box. Personally, we feel that loose powder vanities are extremely important to consistent make-up, as the powder you use for repairs should be the same as that which you keep on your dressing-table. Luxor face powder comes in a variety of popular new shades so you'll be sure to find one that is just right for your own particular coloring.

SOMETHING new and very grand for eye beauty is the Winx eyelash comb and mascara applicator. It's a fine comb, curved to the shape of the eyelid, atop a convenient handle. You spread a thin line of mascara across the center, just below the edge of the teeth, and apply it immediately to the lashes. This one simple motion distributes the mascara evenly and smoothly to each lash, separates the lashes so each one stands out individually, prevents beading, removes excess mascara and curls the lashes piquantly up. It can be used with creamy, cake, or liquid mascara. You'll find it at five-and-ten cent stores.

BANISH lipstick rummaging with a shout of glee! "Clipstick," made by Rolane, clips right on to the mirror pocket of your handbag, so you know just where to find it whenever you need it. The tricky little clip, similar to that on a fountain pen, is attached to a case that's as attractive as your heart could desire — black and eggshell. The lip rouge goes on easily and evenly. And it's adherent without being drying. The shades are Raspberry, Light, Vivid, and Tamiami, a brand new shade of dark brown and red that is ever so flattering worn with a green or brown costume.

TYPISTS VOTE UNDERWOOD FIRST

...in "BLIND" Touch Test!



Operators recruited at random, working on masked typewriters of all makes, choose the Underwood for "Touch"



"The Machine of Champions"

UNDERWOOD engineers clicked when the idea was proposed. "Let us take eleven different machines," said one of them, "embracing all makes. Let us mask them so that even their own makers wouldn't know them. Then let us call in strange typists from different employment agencies throughout the city, ask each girl to operate each machine and then vote for her choice without knowing its name."

Thus the Underwood "Blind" Touch Test developed as an engineer's experiment. Thus day by day strange operators trooped in and took their places at a test board from the face of which the key-

boards of eleven masked typewriters of all makes protruded. And one by one as the typists operated the machines, they registered their opinions concerning the performance of each on a blank provided for that purpose.

Girls who frankly stated at the outset that they had operated and preferred a competitive make of machine cast enthusiastic votes in favor of No. 11.

Girls who had stated in writing on their employment application blanks that they had never worked on any but a competitive make of machine helped

swell the total of votes that piled up for No. 11.

And to these girls we now make known for the first time the fact that No. 11 was a stock model Underwood Standard Typewriter, brought to the peak of touch perfection as are all Underwoods, by Touch Tuning* before it left the world's largest typewriter plant at Hartford, Conn.

The Underwood is first in speed, accuracy, durability, simplicity and lightness of touch. Every Underwood Typewriter is backed by nation-wide, company-owned service facilities.

* **Touch Tuning** means the individual adjustment of each key on the Underwood to the requirements of the finger that strikes it. It not only regulates key tension but carriage speed and type bar responsiveness.



THE NEW
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Underwood Elliott Fisher
Speeds the World's Business
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CHIC is a luxurious polish, yet it comes in an extra large bottle that makes your love of sumptuousness a real economy. With Chic only 10c, you can afford several lovely shades. Chic applies satiny smooth. It never chips or peels and its jewel colors range from natural to exotic. With Chic Polish Remover, plain or oily, and Chic Cuticle Remover, a Chic manicure takes less time than a "make-up." Chic gives the ultimate in quality, speed of application, luminous smart tones; in an over-sized bottle that will satisfy your desire for both beauty and value.

Chic Manicure Requisites at
all Five and Ten Cent Stores

10¢

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee



The screen continues to honor Shakespeare, and Elisabeth Bergner's newest film effort is ROSALIND in "As You Like It." Mackenzie Ward plays TOUCHSTONE in the scene above—an advance still from the picture, produced in England.

Celia B. Your favorite, Herbert Marshall, is one of the most sought after leading men in pictures. His wife is Edna Best, a popular English actress, but they are separated. No, Mr. Marshall is not a cripple as you've heard. George Raft is an American, married but separated from his wife. His next film is "Yours for the Asking" with Dolores Costello Barrymore, Ida Lupino, Reginald Owen, James Gleason and Lynne Overman. In one of George's recent films, "It Had to Happen," Rosalind Russell played opposite him.

Evelyn W. Tom Brown's name is really that. He was born on January 6, 1913, in New York City. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, and has blue eyes and medium-brown hair. In 1929 Tom played in "A Lady Lies" and has been concentrating on screen work ever since. Mady Christians was born in Vienna, on January 19, 1902. She has blonde hair, grey eyes, weighs 127 pounds and is 5 feet 6 inches tall. She was in pictures in Germany and came to America, playing in several films.

H. C. No, Phillips Holmes has not left the screen—his latest release is "House of A Thousand Candles." Douglas Walton is with RKO and he appears with Katharine Hepburn in "Mary of Scotland." Joan Crawford's next picture will be "Gorgeous Hussy." Others in the cast are Robert Taylor, Melvyn Douglas, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, Alison Skipworth, Ian Keith, Lydia Westman, Bulah Bondi and others. What a cast and what big names! "The Gorgeous Hussy" will be reaching the theatre screens soon.

Myrtle L. George Murphy and Eleanor Whitney were dancers on the Broadway stage before going into pictures. George is married and his wife is with him in Hollywood. Donald Cook can be reached at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Frances M. No wonder all eyes are on Henry Wilcoxon, with his 6 feet 2 inches, 190 pounds, brown hair and hazel eyes, and a face that's hard to forget—but who wants to? Henry, who is just plain "Biff" to his intimate friends, was born on September 8, 1905, in the West Indian island of Dominica. He was seen on the London stage by Cecil DeMille and asked to come over and play on our movie lots. His marriage recently in Los Angeles to Sheila Browning, young actress, was quite a surprise to many of his Hollywood friends. His portrayal of *Richard the Lion Hearted* in "The Crusaders" and *Marc Antony* in "Cleopatra" appealed to the movie critics and the fans alike, so we'll see more of Henry over here. While in England recently he made a picture with Anna Sten, titled "A Woman Alone."

Rose-Marie. Many of you fans have been asking me about Leon Janney, who appeared in "Courage" in 1930. He played with George Arliss in "Old English," and in "Doorway to Hell" with Lew Ayres. In 1931 he was starred in "Father's Son," with Irene Rich and Lewis Stone. He was on Broadway with Queenie Smith in "Every Thursday" and played in two Theatre Guild productions, "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles" and "Parade." Last season Leon played in "Mulatto." Leon was born on April 1, 1916, in Ogden, Utah.

Francis. Talking with your movie theatre's manager might have some weight in getting your favorite star to make a personal appearance there—you might try it. Please understand, though, that many of the popular stars still refuse to make personal appearances. Edward Robinson maintains a home in Hollywood and New York City. After completing "Bullets and Balloons," Eddie went to England to make a film.

Stars At Sea

Continued from page 59

Still another morning I sat in a steamer chair beside Chester Hale, the soft-voiced man who has been M-G-M's dance director for the past two years. He told me Garbo was his favorite pupil—"she works conscientiously at all the steps I prescribe and those long limbs of hers move with a natural flowing movement that is exceedingly graceful in a dance measure." Years ago Chester was dancing in a London revue and had to pick a partner from the chorus for an incidental sequence. He chose a dark-eyed little girl called Jessie Matthews, who shivered with stage-fright and said she'd never never be able to keep up with him!

One more of my seafaring expeditions was in a Government troopship, with blonde Anna Lee and a battalion of The Queen's Regiment and Director Raoul Walsh borrowed from Hollywood to ensure that Gaumont-British's new screen epic of English Army life has that dashing *Flagg-and-Quirtish* touch. After that I went to meet Charles Laughton, coming back from Holland where he went to absorb atmosphere for his portrayal of *Rembrandt*, studying the famous painter's canvases in the Hague museums and frequenting the tiny canal-side cafés where he drank and talked.

I hardly recognized Charles at first as he plodded down the gangplank adorned with a beard and bushy mustache. But it looks like being a most unusual period film and Alexander Korda is actually directing it himself in the palatial new studios he has built in the wooded countryside between London and Oxford. Elsa Lanchester plays the kitchenmaid who sat for so many of the Dutch master's pictures and Gertrude Lawrence also has a part.

It poured with rain the day Ann Harding arrived in the *Duchess of Atholl* but the star was smilingly happy and eager to discuss the two British films she is to make. She stood chatting on the damp deck regardless of her grey woolen coat. "I don't worry about clothes," she said. "This suit cost me thirty dollars and I bought it four years ago. I wear it because it is so comfortable—look! It's darned at both the elbows. I often find clothes that suit me in modest priced shops. I hate those sumptuous establishments with haughty salesgirls and frozen mannequins."

Characteristically interested in practical things, Ann spent many hours of the voyage from Canada on the ship's bridge where the Captain initiated her into the mysteries of navigation. She's a first-class sailor and not even the roughest weather kept her from the sports deck. One day she played shuffleboard so vigorously her lovely hair fell loose to her waist.

Yet another marine-cum-screen occasion was the departure of Richard Arlen and a Gaumont-British unit for the Rockies, to shoot the outdoor scenes for "The Great Barrier," story of pioneering days of the Canadian Pacific Railway. They sailed in the liner *Empress of Britain* and when I went along to Richard's stateroom I found him playing ball around the blue and gold chairs with Ricky Junior while Mrs. Arlen endeavored to unpack the collection of lumber-jackets he wears as the railroad foreman.

"Designed 'em all myself," said Richard. "What do you think of this one now? Double-breasted, body-fitting, hundred per cent he-man style!" He shouted with laughter, tossed his son another ball and hoped he would be able to continue making these outdoor films because of the sporting opportunities he got whilst on location.

The stately white *Empress* is a favorite



**SHE HAD HIGH HOPES
FOR HERSELF IN
NEW YORK, BUT...**



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with success—with romance? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special

penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!



MAKES TEETH CLEANER AND BRIGHTER, TOO!

DICK POWELL picks most YOUTHFUL LIPS



HERE ARE THE LIPS DICK POWELL SAW



Read why
screen star
chose the
Tangee lips
in Hollywood
Test



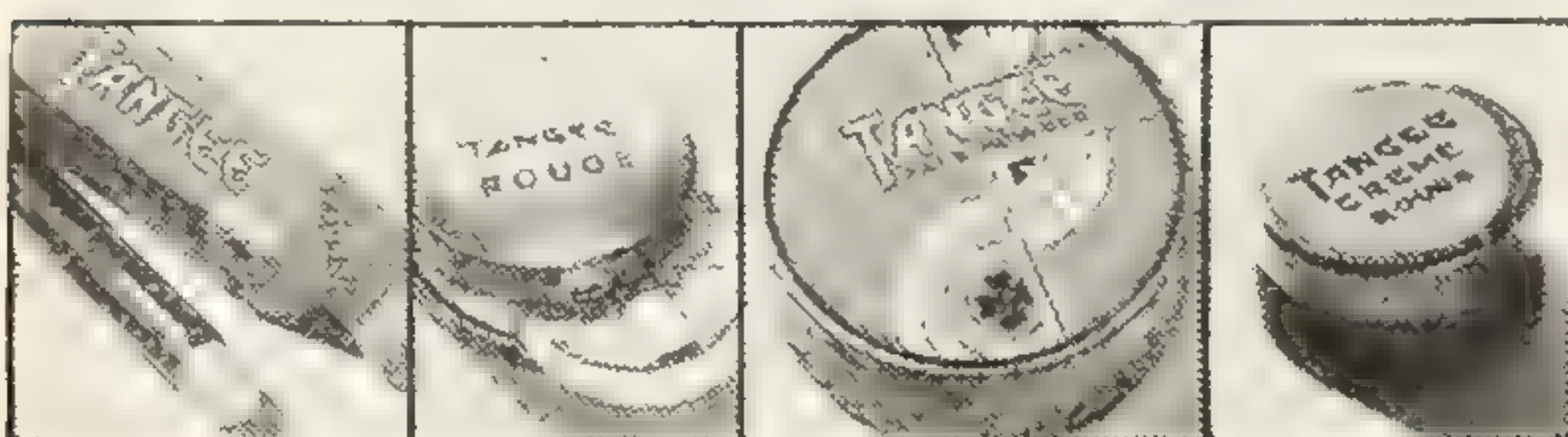
DICK POWELL makes the test between scenes of "Stage Struck", produced by Warner Brothers-First National studios.

Dick Powell looked at "all three"...and chose the girl with Tangee! "Her lips looked so fresh and youthful," he said. Millions of men agree.

Make your mouth appear more youthful. Be more attractive. Try Tangee lipstick. Orange in the stick—it changes to blush-rose on your lips due to Tangee's magic color-change principle. Tangee never coarsens your lips with that ugly "painted look"—because it isn't paint. Your lips stay soft, youthful, appealing.

Get Tangee. Two sizes—39c and \$1.10. Ask for Tangee Natural. Beware of substitutes. If you prefer more color for evening wear, use Tangee Theatrical. For quick trial, send 10c and coupon for 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
New ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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ship with the stars. Loretta Young crossed the Atlantic in her and had her first foam-bath in the beauty parlor. Janet Gaynor was another passenger. She enchanted the seamen by unexpectedly appearing in their mess-room in the fo'c'sle and signing all the autograph-books and photographs they handed her. And the stewardess who attended her cabin still cherishes the beautiful handbag that was Janet's parting appreciation of her services.

When Ciceley Courtneidge came back from Hollywood last spring the sprightly comedienne, so boisterous on the screen, astonished her fellow-travellers by passing most of her time quietly embroidering a tapestry picture of the *Empress*. Now this hangs on the wall of John Loder's new flat,

for Ciceley sent it to him as a wedding present the other week when he married pretty Micheline Cheiran, nineteen-year-old French screen actress he met while filming in Paris this summer.

Grace Moore crossed the Atlantic in the *Ile de France*, which she always uses for the romantic reason that she first met her husband Valentin Parera on board. The same white and gold suite is invariably reserved for her and filled with the scarlet roses she likes so much. And of course there is a special grand piano, which the ship's musical director comes to carefully try over every morning, making certain that rough waves and salt air have not impaired its claim to the honor of accompanying La Moore's daily scales.

Anna Lee's Home In Old London

Continued from page 27

and Globe Theatres still stand where the famous playwright first produced his works. It was to Bankside, by way of a boat across the broad river, that 17th Century gentry came for glittering first nights of "Hamlet" and "Midsummer Night's Dream." And it was to Anna's house—then a tavern called "The Cardinal's Hat"—that they came to savor the fine wines of the carte d'hotel after the last curtain call.

This house as it stands today was originally built for a sea captain, but for two hundred years it had a singular and varied career. For some time it was used for smuggling. On a dark night, brandy was brought up the river, slipped down the narrow three-foot passage which runs under the house and then passed through a special hatch, still existing, which communicated with the enormous cellars. In Victorian times it became a storehouse for mahogany furniture, then much in vogue. After that it was successively a public house, a coffee house, a factory, and a tenement of four flats. After seven years of non-occupation, Anna Lee and her husband took possession of this odd, almost quixotic, little house with its old-world garden and its magnificent view of the spires of every one of Christopher Wren's churches in London.

There was so much here of precious antiquity that Anna felt she couldn't change, so much that she loved almost reverently, that she planned for a long time before she set about renovating and adding. And so, although she finally yielded to the economy and briskness of the modern, the antiquity of the house is still revealed in the fireplace of the sunny lounge. This is of rounded brick like an oven and was designed to allow the small climbing boys of the 18th Century to scramble up and clean the great chimney. The top story of the house, too, remains untouched and it is here that the star's husband has his den and study. In this upper world is also her roof garden from which she looks down on to her other garden which is the only private garden within a quarter of a mile of the Bank of England.

The subtlest thing about this house is the intermingling of the modern with the old. Each room impresses one with its absence of chairs and the skilful way in which the furniture blends harmoniously with the *décor* of the multi-shaped rooms. The walls in the lounge room are in off-white with wine-colored curtains. With a writing table of glass, floor-level bookshelves, and divans in white linen fabric, the room reflects the charm and chic that



Pretty Anna Lee, British beauty, will be seen with Boris Karloff in "The Man Who Lived Again."

is Anna Lee. The carpets are of soft green pile and seem to flow like a tide through the rooms and up the picturesque 18th Century staircases.

Upstairs in Anna's bedroom, an enormous expanse of brilliant shining mirror reflects the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. Fawn-colored curtains adorned with grotesque patterns of deer and buck hang by her low bed. Set in the wall are original lights copied from a wagon-light design, which automatically light up as they slot out from the wall. Before her King of mirrors, Anna does her beauty exercises and keeps herself fleet and trim.

The dining room is dimly-lit and unassuming. Here one dines in cool simplicity on a table of black bakelite. On the walls is an odd collection of weird, barbaric masks which the actress accumulated on her travels. There's a quiet air about this room, and friends who dine here love to linger long after dessert and coffee have been served. The garden adjoining is paved and leads out to the busy wharves where the actress feeds the hungry gulls that whirl about her blonde loveliness.

Here, then, near the storied quays of the quiet-flowing Thames, is the home of a new and glamorous movie personality. And in her decision to live in this delightful corner of old London, Anna Lee reveals herself as a young lady who will always be on the romantic side of life.

The Garden of Allah

Continued from page 24

his eyes away from her and laughed loudly.

It all happened in a moment. The quick flash of the dagger in her hand and the man's cry as she plunged it into his arm. And now it was she who laughed and the place was caught in confusion.

Domini felt a strong hand grasp her arm, and looking up she saw it was Boris and neither of them spoke as he propelled her through the crowd. Only when they stood outside under the stars and he looked down at his hand still holding her did he seem conscious of what he was doing. Then he drew his hand away, quickly, as if he had been stung.

"She loves him, so she tries to kill him." Domini was still shaken by the thing she had seen. "It doesn't seem reasonable, does it?"

"I know nothing of such things," Boris said shortly, and then the words he had had such difficulty with before came rushing from his lips. "I tried to explain today, it's hard for me. I am not accustomed to—" He pulled himself up sharply as though he had veered away from some unseen danger and went on more slowly, more carefully. "Whatever I have done, was not done out of rudeness. That's all I can say. It was not done out of rudeness."

Her smile answered him, and they walked back to the hotel together. Once his hand brushed against hers and it was as if a little flame ran between them and they could no longer meet each other's eyes.

Neither spoke, but the night was full of that unspoken thing that lay between them, and when they reached the hotel Domini said shyly, "I'm riding tomorrow to the oasis of Sidi-Zerzour."

She waited for his answer but it did not come, and the next day when she arrived at the oasis and he was not there, she knew that slowly, oh so slowly, she was beginning to live again.

Strange, the things being alive did to her. Feeling her heart turn. Feeling joy that was not really joy at all and pain that was not really pain. Looking at a small Arab boy playing at the edge of the stream and suddenly without volition at all, taking him in her arms and pressing her cheek hard, against his.

It was so Boris saw her when he came, the child in her arms and her face even more bewilderingly white and soft against the small brown one. He sat beside her and again there were no words, only that speaking stillness that held them in a little world of their own.

It was Batouch's shout that drew them



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THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

A Selznick International Picture
Released Through United Artists

THE CAST

Domini Enfielden.....Marlene Dietrich
Boris Androvsky.....Charles Boyer
Count Antconi.....Basil Rathbone
Father Roubier.....C. Aubrey Smith
Irena.....Tilly Losch
Batouch.....Joseph Schildkraut
Sand Diviner.....John Carradine
De Trevignac.....Alan Marshal
Mother Superior.....Lucille Watson
Hadj.....Henry Brandon

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back to the oasis again. He had made coffee and set it on the table before the stream, but now he stopped as he was pouring it into their cups and pointed toward a man riding across the desert.

"Who is he?" Domini asked, for she saw that he wore the native burnous and that he sat his saddle as only an Arab could. "An Arab chief?"

"Oh, no, no!" Batouch's excitement punctuated his words. "He's Count Anteon. An amazing man, Madame. Twice a year he dashes away into the desert on a pilgrimage and then, Madame, there are times, would you believe it, when he sits in the garden of his home in Beni-Mora, just sits there like a stone statue, sits there and *thinks*."

Yes, Domini thought afterwards when the man had dismounted and come over to them, yes, she would believe that this man would sit like that. Just sit and think. And again that feeling of being a child swept over her at the knowledge she saw written in the tall Italian's face. This man was wise above other men. Even then she knew he could tell her many things.

"Tell me," she said, and it did not seem strange that she should question this man she had never seen before, "how soon does one get over the sense of expectancy in the desert, the feeling that something marvelous is going to happen?"

"Never, really," he answered slowly. "I've been going into the desert for twenty years now, always expecting the marvelous — and always finding it!"

There were so many things to talk of to this man as he joined them over their coffee, but the questions came always from Domini and the answers from Anteon, for Boris sat apart, still and brooding; and an impending sense of doom hung heavy over his heart, that had forgotten sorrow for a little time alone with Domini.

Even when a group of native girls came over to them, at first shyly, then chattering and curious as they stared, Boris sat apart until one of them bolder than the rest, attracted by the thin silver chain around his neck, tugged at it suddenly and pulled a small wooden cross out of its hiding place under his coat.

Amazing the thing Boris did then. With a quick jerk he broke the chain and rudely he held the cross out to the girl.

"You want it? Here, take it. It's yours."

Contemptuously he threw it into the stream and strode furiously away as the girl's nimble fingers went darting after it.

"Curious man," Anteon said as he looked after him. "A man who fears to acknowledge his God is unwise to set foot in the desert." And then as Domini looked up at him questioningly he went on, "The Arabs have a saying, 'The desert is the Garden of Allah.'"

All the peace that had come to Domini was gone now. Quickly she stripped a ring from her finger and held it towards the giggling girl.

"Look, would you like it?" Somehow the words came lightly as she touched the cross. "I'll give it to you for this."

The girl snatched the ring and ran away giggling, and Domini's fingers closed around the cross. She knew then that it was as the Mother Superior had said: she had found herself here in the desert. Today it had been disappointment she had found first and then that tender brief joy. Now it was fear. And tomorrow, what would she find then? Domini held desperately to the cross in her hand.

But in the days to come she forgot everything save that she was with Boris and that it was good to be with him so. And little by little his eyes lost some of their torture.

"Something's happened to me," he said once, and her heart sang as she listened. "I can breathe again. I can feel sun and wind again. For the first time I can bear to live in the world. You've done that for me, Domini, Domini!"

He took a quick step toward her and she waited, a little frightened and a little expectant. But as he reached her the spell that had held him was broken.

"I can't say what I want to." His words came almost in a whisper. "I can't."

"Say it, Boris." She lifted her face to his and there was a new ecstasy in her eyes. "Say it."

"I can't." His words came anguished and tortured again and almost harshly he drew away from her.

It was in Anteon's garden he told her he was leaving, and as he spoke Domini's hand pressed heavily against her heart.

"Then I shall be alone," she said, and



Visit the studio with our camera and watch the stars file by, as in this shot of Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Georges Metaxa, Ginger Rogers, and Victor Moore.

made no effort to conceal the pain in her voice.

"That journey into the desert you spoke of, will you take it alone?" he asked, and Domini remembered how she had told him that it was her desire to make a pilgrimage some day and how eagerly he had listened as she spoke. "I shall never know the desert. I wanted to. You made me want to, and now—now—we have to say—"

It was such a small word he had to say. Only goodbye. And yet he could not say it. Not with her eyes looking at him like that, already bereft and hurt and bewildered. He turned and tried to go and yet he could not go. Not with Domini sitting there as if suddenly she had been turned into a thing that could no longer speak nor feel.

So he came to her instead, and she saw him coming and though actually she did nothing it was as if she were welcoming him as he sank on his knees before her.

"I love you!" Though he tried he could hold the words back no longer. "I love you. But don't listen to me. You mustn't hear it. You mustn't. And yet I must say it. I can't go until I say it!"

She reached out her hand and it felt cool against his hot forehead; she leaned over him and her hair brushed against his cheek like a caress. And then the anguish was gone and with it the torture went too, and he pulled her up with him as he rose and held her so against his heart. He had not known that the touch of a woman's mouth would be like this, gentle and yet so strong, fragile and yet so all-enduring.

"Hear it! Hear it!" He shouted so that the whole garden heard. The flowers and the small wild things under the earth and the birds that slept in the tree tops. "I love you! I love you!"

They were married in the small church in Beni-Mora on a day of storm and wind,



Constance Cummings and Hugh Sinclair face the unexpected in a scene from a new English picture.

and the sand blew in from the desert as Domini stood beside Boris at the altar.

The old priest's voice faltered as he read the marriage ceremony over them as if he were not quite sure in his heart about the right of the thing he was doing. And Anteoni watching felt a misgiving too, for to both of these men Boris had always seemed strange and not at all the man either of them would have chosen to husband this radiant girl.

Then even Domini was frightened, for as the priest pronounced the benediction the crucifix hanging on the wall became loosened by the wind and crashed to the floor.

But afterward she forgot her fear as she had forgotten it once before when their love was just beginning. There was Boris and the happiness that waited for them out in the desert where they were going together. Somehow it did not even matter that it was a day of storm that was beginning their journey and that the desert winds were angry. There was room for nothing but joy in her heart.

Days of sand and the hot sun beating down on them and the laughter that came so easily now for both of them and the happiness that grew with the days. Nights of stars and cool winds, and their arms reaching for each other as they lay on the sand.

"The stars are so near," Domini whispered as she turned to him.

"You are nearer than the stars." He flung his arms over her and buried his face in the sleeping moonlight of her hair. "Nearer than my own heart beating."

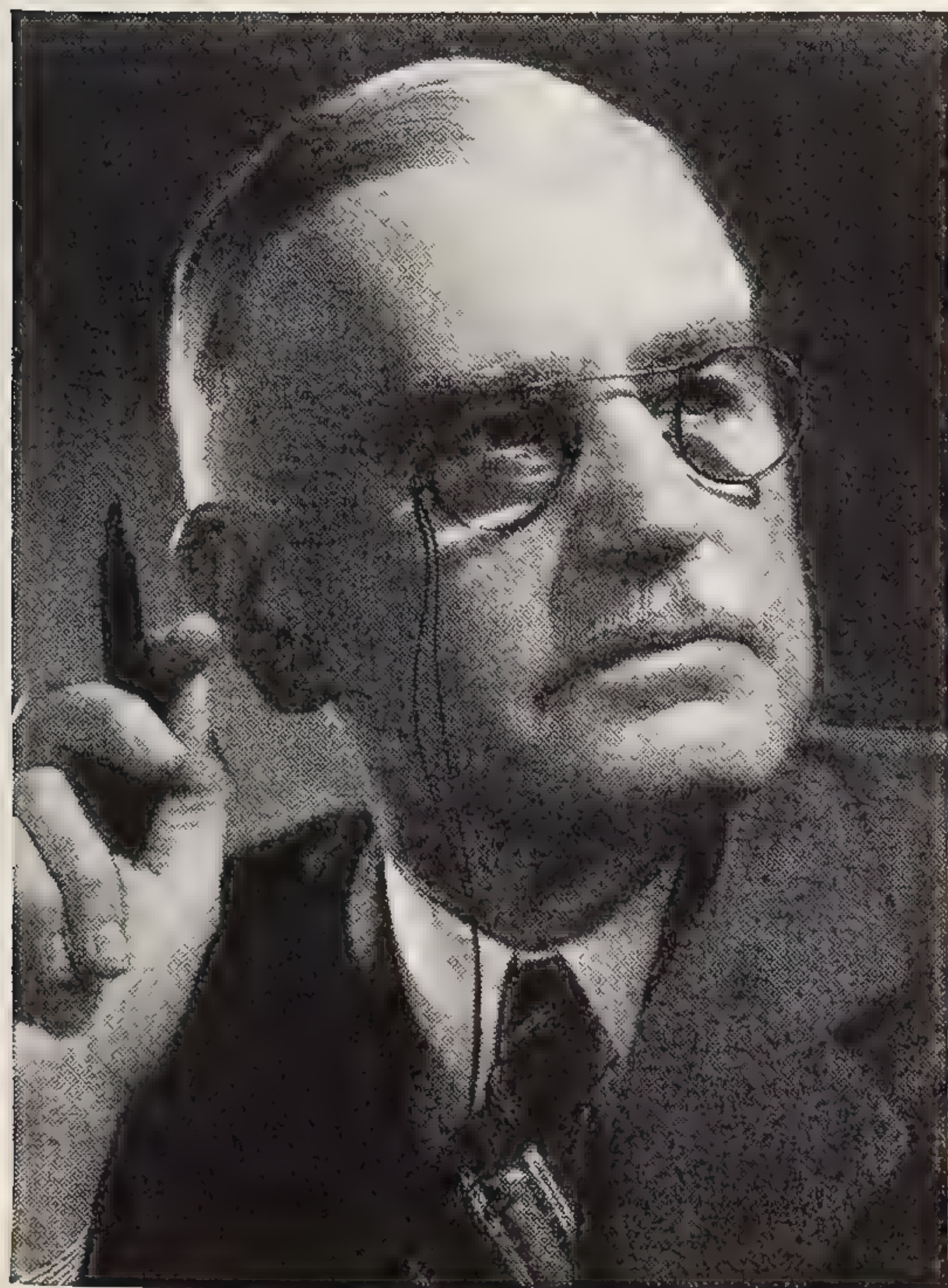
She was so happy that she was almost frightened. So happy that when he lay asleep at last she lifted her eyes to the stars and spoke aloud the thing that was in her heart.

"Put my love to the proof," she prayed. "The uttermost proof so he may know that nothing can destroy our love. Nothing."

Afterward she was to remember that prayer. Afterward when the young French officer lost in the desert had come to her tent and she had ordered Batouch to bring him the best of their wine and food and he had been so gracious and so grateful to her for her hospitality. Then Boris had come in and the man had looked at him strangely, as if he had known him before and had seemed agitated and disturbed when she introduced him as her husband.

She was to remember that prayer when the young officer made the sign of the

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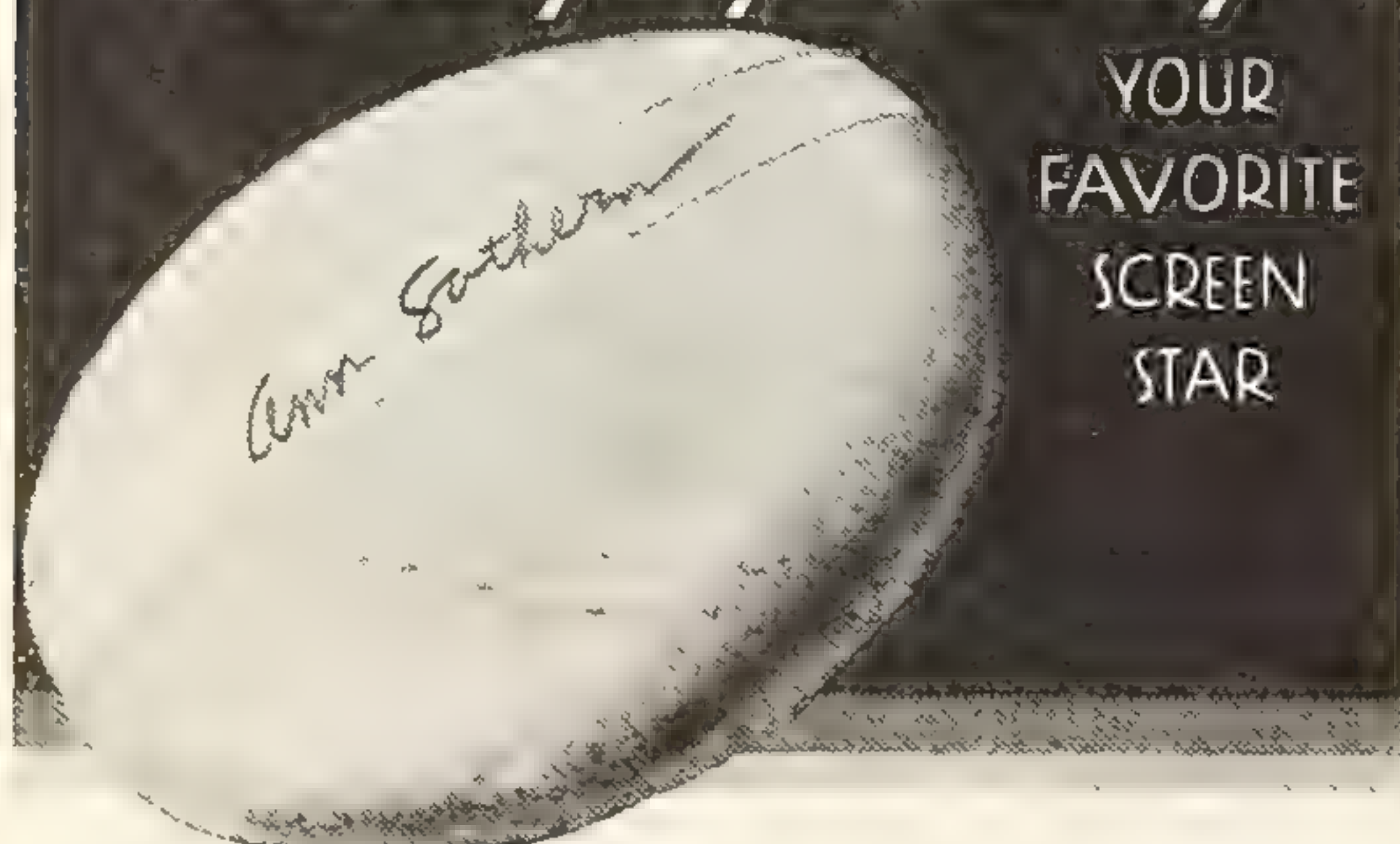
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For lots of laughs just crash a party like this, and find Jack Benny and George Burns competing with Mary Livingstone and Gracie Allen for honors in a gag contest.

cross over her as he mounted his horse and rode quickly away. And on the next day when Anteoni came to them, she was to remember it too, for something in his face told her it was no chance thing that had brought him. Somehow she knew even then it was the young officer who had sent him.

Domini tried to be gay at dinner that evening but under the bright surface of her emotions her heart was sick and afraid as she looked from Boris to Anteoni.

It was as they sat at coffee that the Italian told of a trappist monk who had escaped from the monastery at El Lagarni and gone into the world.

"How horrible!" Domini whispered in shocked amazement. "How could a man do such a thing?"

"Why not?" Boris demanded, but it was at Anteoni he looked.

"Why not?" the Italian asked slowly and his eyes stared back at Boris. "A man who has taken his vows, a man who has made the most sacred of marriages, a marriage to his church? What can he possibly find out in the world that is for him?"

"He can find happiness," Boris said desperately. "He can find joy."

Domini's head lifted sharply as she looked at her husband and a cold numbness crept through her as she saw his eyes turn away from her. And a swift forerunner of despair came to her.

"Not for long, Monsieur!" Anteoni said quietly. "There must be anguish in him. There must be despair such as few men have known! Because he must know, deep within himself, he has no right to the delights of the world."

"Why shouldn't he have?" Boris rose and flung out his arms and this time it was to Domini he spoke, to Domini sitting pale and still with only her twisting hands betraying her agony. "I tell you he has a right to live as other men live! He has a right to love as other men love!"

His passion had betrayed him. A cry broke from Domini's lips and as Boris turned to her he saw his words had been their own confession.

She followed as he stumbled from the tent and for a moment she was silent. Then, "Why did you do it, Boris?" she asked, and when her voice came it surprised her a little that it did not come twisted and warped. "Were the vows too hard to keep?"

"No, Domini, no!" he said, and his voice

was quieter even now, alone with her. "For years I kept them. Gladly. Proudly. I worked in the fields. In the garden. I lived in the sun and rain. And God seemed very near."

"Then I was absolved from the vow of silence. For the first time since I had taken it I talked with people. For the first time I listened to the voices of women. I talked with a man who was tortured by his love for a woman. His talk of her day after day, of her beauty, of his agony, robbed me of my peace."

"At night alone in my cell I began to think of the pain and the ecstasy of love. All the things that were denied me forever. At last it conquered me and I fled. But I never lived, Domini. I was tortured by the thought of what I had done. Then I met you. I tried to tell you. I tried to give you up. I couldn't."

"Domini," he dropped to his knees and lifted her hand to his cheek and held it there. "What can we do? Tell me."

"I don't know, Boris. I don't know." She fought the impulse to lift him to his feet, to hold him as he had once lifted and held her. "But this I do know. No one is bad who loves. God will not punish us, if you—if we trust him to show us the way."

She left him and then in a moment she was back again and she held out her hand to him and when she opened it he saw the cross he had flung away that day in the oasis.

"It is yours again," she said simply.

"You know what I have to do, don't you?" His voice was no longer harsh or tortured as he took the cross from her.

"Yes." Strange how life can still go on when your heart is breaking, Domini thought. Strange how words can come. Even a smile. "How far is it to the monastery?"

"A few hours," he said, and then the new-found peace that had come to him was gone and the old torture came back. "A lifetime!"

A few hours later they stood in the tawdry parlor of a cheap hotel. It was the last time they would be together. The last time they would hear each other's voices and see each other smile. The last time his hand would touch her so, with that strange new shyness.

"How can I bear to give you up?" he whispered at last when they heard the

sound of carriage wheels outside and knew they must go.

"Boris," her words came slowly as if she were seeking reassurance for herself as well as for him, "we know this isn't all. It *can't* be. And surely in that other world, the real and lasting world, we shall be together forever."

"But in this world," he began, and then he saw that he could not go on, and again it was she who was the stronger one.

"Perhaps if you try not to think of me," she said gently and then tears came in her eyes that not even in his thoughts could she be alive and real for him.

"No, Domini, no." The words were torn from him. "Since I have been able to pray again I have told God I am thankful I have loved you and been loved by you. I dare to believe that He wishes me to think of you to the end of my life. I was born to be a monk, perhaps, but I was born too that I might know your love, your beauty, your tenderness. Before, even when I was lost in prayer I never knew God. But now, Domini, in knowing your love, I have known Him."

She clung to those words as she sat be-



Veteran and youngster join forces
—May Robson and Sybil Jayson.

side him in the carriage. Clung to them as she had once clung to the cross he had flung away, because now there were no more words that could be said.

Only at the end when the carriage stopped before the long avenue of trees leading to the great stone building did he turn to her again, but it was only her name he could speak.

"Domini, Domini, Domini." He said it over and over again as though it were a litany.

Her eyes closed and she leaned toward him and her lips touched his forehead.

"You will be with me—always," she said, and she held back her tears so that his last sight of her was of her smile and her hand flung upward in farewell. Almost gayly, as though it would be only a minute or an hour or a day, before they would meet again.

It was to the desert Domini came after her child had been born. There where she had known her brief happiness and her great despair came a certain peace that held things greater than either.

The desert, the Garden of Allah! There her destiny had come to her. There her love had come, written in the sands. Written in the stars too, and in her heart and in the face of the child that looked up at her.

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What Happens on Movie Locations?

Continued from page 17

in the midst of a love scene with Francis Lederer. Nancy Carroll will never forget the summer she went on location in Death Valley, it was 138, and the cameraman went crazy from the heat and threatened to kill everyone. And of course Hollywood is dying laughing right this minute over the producer, (of the slave-driver variety), who went on location with his company and complained bitterly to the director because he allowed the cast and technicians to rest from 11 A.M. until 2 P.M. because of the terrific heat. "Can't understand it," grouched the producer. "Why, you're wasting four hours of every day. Think of the overhead, man. It's cool enough to carry on—in fact, I feel fine." Well, a few hours later the director was looking for the producer to ask him something important about the picture, and was told that he had just passed out with sunstroke).

Now the movie location is either a picnic, or a pain in the neck; it all depends on how you look at it. Grips, prop boys, technicians, and a few stars are crazy about going on locations and they run around like a lot of Boy Scouts on their first camping trip. But the Glamor Girls and Dream Princes usually fail to share their enthusiasm. There's no "flash" on a movie location; in fact, you're darned lucky if there's hot water, and "glamor" at five-thirty in the morning on a chilly mountain top, (locations can be just as cold as they are hot), to catch the first rays of the sun is certainly no cinch. Five o'clock calls, tents, insects, and bad food, (food is notoriously bad on locations), are considered by the Glamor Girls a greater burden to bear for their Art than even publicity departments and fan writers. And that's shooting the works.

There's something very intimate about a location. Suddenly forty people find themselves together on some more or less isolated spot of the globe, and perfectly powerless to do anything about it for three weeks, or maybe two months. The good old feudal "caste" system works smoothly at the studio back in Hollywood, and the star can eat in lonely grandeur out of her own delicate china in her own Cedric Gibbons-designed dressing-room, and she can choose her own friends if any, but 'way up thar' among the pine trees My Lady often has to eat at a long wooden table with all the hired help if she eats at all, and her friends if any are chosen for her. It's all so intimate and family like. So wide-open-spaces and back-to-nature. Naturally romances begin and end, friendships are made and broken, and feuds that last forever flare up over the dropping of a hat. Really, locations are the most colorful part of moving pictures.

Usually the location is chosen for its beauty, and my dear, with a beautiful moon and a lake and the murmuring of pine trees, or one of those thrillingly exquisite desert nights, I for one don't blame the leading lady for going gaga over the leading man, or somebody in the company. Sometimes they do; but unfortunately, most of them are too busy griping about the mosquitoes and the five o'clock call to notice the moon.

The typical location romance was that of Robert Taylor and Janet Gaynor several months ago when the "Small Town Girl" company went on location up at Monterey, which is one of the most beautiful and romantic spots along the entire West Coast. Bob and Janet, thrown together for the first time, and under the spell of moonlight on the ocean, fell for each other in a big way. The company returned to Hollywood, picture-making became a business again,

Bob and Janet who had had so much fun holding hands at Monterey saw less and less of each other—and the first thing we knew, the picture finished and previewed, Janet was being seen with Al Scott again and handsome Bob was in the midst of an exciting romance with Barbara Stanwyck. When the "Ah, Wilderness" company went on location back East in the rural part of Massachusetts Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker, (remember how cute they were in the picture?), went along; and after a week of being directed by Clarence Brown in the finer points of juvenile love-making Eric and Cecilia fell in love without benefit of camera or direction. Though the location was over long ago, Eric and Cecilia are still in a trance.



Maurice Costello and Betty Compson rehearse for their come-back rôles in "Hollywood Boulevard."

When Jean Harlow was making "Bombshell" the company went to Palm Springs to take the desert sequence, and my, my, those desert nights got her—you really haven't lived until you've seen a desert night. Soon afterwards she and Hal Rosson, the cameraman on the picture, eloped to Yuma and our Jeanie was a bride again. But away from the magic spell of the desert Jean didn't find Mr. Rosson quite so attractive, and eventually our Jeanie was a divorcee again. And it was on the location of "Arrowsmith" at beautiful Big Bear Mountain several years ago that Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., first met each other and started a romance that culminated in marriage this summer.

And one of our best summer romances sprung up, of all places in an Ice Box near the outskirts of Los Angeles. Frank Capra, who worships at the shrine of realism, was directing "Lost Horizon" and was doing the sequence where Marie, the thousand-year-old Chinese girl, and George Conway flee from Shangri-La. Mr. Capra wanted icy breaths, and with dear old Hollywood in the midst of a heat wave an icy breath was just about as likely as a shower of gold. So Mr. Capra rented the old Ice Box in Los Angeles where ice is stored, and took Margot who plays Marie and that good-looking John Howard, (they say he'll be the next Robert Taylor), who plays Ronnie Colman's young brother on location there. They spent several weeks shivering, with lovely icy breaths, and between shivers Margot and John started quite a jolly little summer romance.

As you may recall Joel McCrea and

Frances Dee fell but madly in love when they were on location with "The Silver Chord" company a few years ago, thereby temporarily breaking Eric Linden's heart—Frances was the girl of his dreams then—and causing him to leave Hollywood for a year. Frances and Joel married a few months later and what with two charming sons are considered one of the happiest couples in Hollywood. So you see something good does come out of location. And if you really want to dip into the past you may recall that it was on the Sonora location of "Wolf Song" that Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez first met each other and became involved in as hot and tumultuous a romance as this old town has ever seen. Runner-up to that, I suppose, was the romance of Clara Bow and Gary Cooper which started on the "Wings" location way down South in Texas. That sizzled right smart for a time, too. Poor Gary, his leading ladies always fell in love with him. But can you blame them!

When Walter Wanger cast Margaret Sullavan of the fiery temperament to play opposite Henry Fonda in "The Moon's Our Home" all Hollywood said: "Tut tut, nothing good will come of that." Margaret and Henry having been Mr. and Mrs. once and Margaret having since married William Wyler there was quite a restraint on the set for several days with Margaret being as cozy as an iceberg. Then the company hustled off to Truckee, a little Wild West town high up in the Sierra Mountains, for the snow scenes. The director wanted snow, and by heck, he got snow. The company was completely snowed in for days at a time. That was too much for Maggie and Hank who are really only a couple of nutty kids—Maggie just couldn't resist pushing Hank head first into a snow bank one day, and Hank pulled her in after him, and it was just too bad for restraint



Jane Wyman, newcomer whom you'll see in Joe E. Brown's next film, keeps fit by riding horseback.

after that. The picture had been in production only a short time when Margaret sent her lawyer to Mexico to obtain a Mexican divorce, and ever since then Hollywood has expected Henry to drag his former wife to the altar again. There's nothing like being snowed in with your former husband.

Unfortunately, our last big location pictures haven't reeked with much romance. With Errol Flynn married to Lili Damita, and quite happily they say, the "Charge of

the Light Brigade" company, which has been charging away for weeks at Lone Pine and Lasky Mesa, hasn't gone in strongly for amours. To be sure, pretty little Olivia de Havilland has had plenty of offers, but Olivia seems to be more interested in her career right now than in brigades. Instead of starting a few romances "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" location finished off a couple of them rather effectively. Sylvia Sydney spent her honeymoon—alone—on the location at Big Bear and decided to call off her marriage of a few weeks to Bennett Cerf, New York publisher. And Shirley Ross and Henry Fonda, who had been dating consistently for months, (this was before the return of Margaret), decided that they weren't particularly interested in each other any longer. Both Bennett Cerf and Shirley Ross spent one day on the location with their former beloveds, and that was that. With Charles Boyer married to Pat Paterson, and Marlene Dietrich busy swooning with the heat, there wasn't a chance for a good romance on the "Garden of Allah" location. "Ramona" was made entirely in the authentic Ramona country, the hills and plains near Lake Elsinore; and Loretta Young and Don Ameche spent two months there in as beautiful a setting for a romance as ever you may see. But Loretta was too much excited over getting trans-atlantic phone calls from Eddie Sutherland in Europe at the Outpost grocery store, and Don Ameche was too thrilled over showing the beauties of California to his wife and kiddies to do much about it. Sorry to disappoint you, but nothing happened. When the "Call of the Wild" went on location that time in the frozen North for several months there was many a rumor floating about that Loretta and Clark Gable were carrying on, if you know what I mean, but Loretta says it wasn't so, and

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NOW DON'T FRET SO, GLORIA JUST LEAVE IT TO WENDY!



FIRST THE EYE SHADOW AND NOW A BIT OF WINX MASCARA AND—VOILA! OH GLORIA, IF YOU COULD SEE YOURSELF!



PATRONESS: THE MEN SEEM FASCINATED—I MUST ASK JACK WHO SHE IS



WHO IS THAT GIRL, JACK? IT CAN'T BE JUST THE VEIL



I DON'T KNOW BUT I'M GOING TO WHAT EYES!

BUT JACK, YOU MAY NOT LIKE ME SO WELL WHEN I UNMASK



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Loretta ought to know. But *imagine* having Clark Gable on a location!

Among the most famous Hollywood friendships that started on a location is that of Janet Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay. When the "Paddy the Next Best Thing" company went on location several years ago at Santa Cruz Janet and Margaret had never met, but Margaret had heard awful things about Janet Gaynor, that she always high-hatted her fellow players, and was generally disagreeable about everything. So Margaret decided to be the first one to put on the ritz. Naturally Janet, being the star of the picture, was none too pleased to find herself snubbed by Miss Lindsay, so she gave her the works. And to further complicate matters both girls fell for the same man in the picture. What a dandy feud! Then one day toward the end of the location Janet and Margaret started talking to each other and discovered to their surprise that they liked each other. Ever since they have been the best of girl friends.

Fred MacMurray and Lloyd Nolan met each other on the "Texas Rangers" location near Sante Fe, Arizona, and now are quite palsy. Claudette Colbert and Nigel Bruce talked to each other for hours at a time on the hot sands of Yuma waiting for the sun to reach the right camera angles, and as soon as the "Under Two Flags" company returned to Hollywood the very British Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Bruce invited Miss Colbert and Dr. Pressman to tea and tennis and the four of them have been partying back and forth ever since. One of the hardest locations in cinema history was that of "Four Frightened People" on the island of Hawaii. The company had to rise at four every morning and be carried by tractors, (no cars could make the grade), to a horrible mountain slope where no trail had ever been blazed before. Mary Boland, who is certainly not the trail-blazing type, would appear as fresh as a debutante at breakfast, much to everyone's surprise, and blithely sing out, "Boy, call me a tractor." This so amused Herbert Marshall that he and Mary became the best of friends and it has lasted to this day. And Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald owe their friendship to a location. During the filming of "Naughty Marietta" Jeanette and Nelson didn't care for each other very much; there was a lot of professional jealousy, and people kept running back and forth telling Jeanette things that Nelson had said about her, which he hadn't said, and *vice versa*. So everyone thought there would certainly be hell popping when Miss MacDonald and Mr. Eddy found themselves

isolated at Lake Tahoe on the "Rose Marie" location, but the lovely splendor of the lakes and mountains must have gotten them—they did not fall in love, but they became excellent friends.

When "Good Earth" went into production at the Metro studio Luise Rainer and Paul Muni couldn't see each other for a cloud of professional dust. Both have very decided temperaments, both are seriously concerned with their careers, both have illusions of greatness—and Metro was threatened with the battle of the century. But something happened when they went on location at Chatsworth. When they felt temperamental tantrums coming on, and "Good Earth" with all that painful Chinese make-up is really a difficult picture, they would stride out into the hills and shout and let go their emotions. And, the fury over, would return to the set as gentle as kittens. They now have the greatest respect and admiration for each other.

A feud I have always believed to be something to skip over as quickly as possible, me being the sociable type. But many a good feud has been born on a location and we might just as well name a few in passing. The famous Jane Withers-Shirley Temple feud started when "Bright Eyes" was on location near Riverside and Jane was innocently stealing scenes from Shirley. Not that Jane or Shirley knew anything about the feud, or cared, but their mothers knew and cared plenty. Ever since "Bright Eyes" there has been little love lost between the two mothers, and just to keep peace and quiet in the Twentieth Century family Jane's pictures are made at the Western Avenue branch of the studio while Shirley reigns supreme in Westwood Hills. Feuds that have lasted through the years started on the island of Catalina where the ill-fated "Rain" company went on location. There was a complete lack of understanding between Director Milestone and Joan Crawford; they just didn't like each other, and the entire location was one long night-mare to Joan. To this day Director Milestone and Joan waste little affection on each other. Rochelle Hudson made sarcastic remarks about Henry Fonda on the "Way Down East" location and as a result "Way Down East" was definitely one picture in which the love-making was done entirely before the camera.

Well, Miss Dietrich, so nothing ever happens on a location, eh? And I faintly remember that "nothing ever happens in the Grand Hotel." No, not much—just love and passion, and hate and jealousy, and heart-break and death, and a few other little things.



In a California garden we find a happy trio, as Frank Forest, operatic tenor being groomed for stardom in films, poses with his wife, and their pet dog.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

Have the Crisco boiling hot, toss in the noodles and fry until crisp. Skim them out and let drain on paper. Place pork in kettle, add onion, chopped chicken, salt and the soy Chinese sauce. Cook 10 minutes or until chicken is tender. Add mushrooms, celery, and let cook altogether 5 minutes. Place noodles on hot platter, add chopped meat and vegetables with the gravy. Garnish top with thin slices of breast of chicken cut in strips, and the yolk crumbles. Serve hot.

"That's the Badminton court over there," Alice indicated it with a wave of the hand that brought an answering signal from Michael Whalen who was wandering around as usual.

"It's lit by flood lights so we can play at night—we're all crazy about the silly game just now," went on Alice. "Doesn't matter what time we come in, we have to give the court a work-out."

"So nice for the neighbors," observed Patsy Kelly, passing in a hurry and pretending she hadn't spoken.

"Play with the dog," advised Alice, "we'll be having lunch before long."

"I know—complexion salad!" sighed Patsy.

"Wrong!" laughed her hostess. "Everyone expects me to serve salad because I eat enough to horrify a rabbit. But the complexion salad is good. I can give you that."

COMPLEXION SALAD

- 1 envelope Knox Gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
- 1 cup hot water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mild vinegar
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup carrots, grated fine or shredded
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cabbage, grated fine or shredded
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley or raw spinach
- 2 teaspoons onion juice.

Pour cold water in a bowl and sprinkle with gelatine. Add sugar, salt and hot water and stir until dissolved. Add vinegar, lemon juice and onion juice. Cool and when mixture begins to stiffen, add remaining ingredients. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. To serve, remove from mold to bed of lettuce leaves or endive, and garnish with mayonnaise dressing.

"Any new dogs?" called Michael, from the court, where he was teaching the Boston bull to bring him a stick.

"No!—They're always teasing me about dogs," Alice laughed. "You see, I used to have three dogs, this one and a Sealyham and a Doberman Pinscher. The Doberman had a blessed event and instead of twins or triplets what did she do but have eight puppies! Just about that time the tax collector arrived, and began to ask about the dogs and how many we had and so on. Did you know that you can be listed as a mere dog-owner if you have five dogs, but if you have six or more you are the owner of kennels in the eyes of the law? Well, let me tell you I couldn't give the dogs away quick enough!"

"Did you ever taste tuna baked in avocado? It sounds frightful, but it's really very good. Patsy likes it, but I eat it with my fingers crossed, hoping the scales will

Listen in, GIRLS!



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MR. PAIGE
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"Please send me another secretary, Miss Norris. I had to let that other girl go."

"Why, what was the trouble, Mr. Paige? She had a splendid record as a worker."

"Oh yes, she was good in her work, all right. But I just couldn't stand to have her around."

"I'm so sorry."

"And say, buy some Mum for the next girl and charge it to me, will you?"

"I certainly will, Mr. Paige."

UNDERARM perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in the office or in social life. And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid—with Mum!

Half a minute is all it takes to use Mum. A quick fingertipful under each arm—and you're safe for the whole busy day.

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To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2610, Atlanta, Ga.

be kind. I never have it unless Patsy is coming in.

TUNA BAKED IN AVOCADO

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 minced pimento
- 1 seven-ounce can tuna
- 2 medium avocados
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons butter (for crumbs).

Melt 2 tablespoons butter, to which add flour and mix well. After adding milk cook until thick, while stirring constantly. Season to taste and add pimento and flaked tuna. Fill the halved unpeeled avocados with creamed tuna. Add crumbs, salt and pepper to 2 tablespoons melted butter. After spreading over the creamed mixture bake in oven at 425 degrees until a golden brown. If properly handled the avocados will not be cooked but heated through.

"I don't know why I get into the Hollywood habit of talking as if I put on pounds and pounds, because I really don't vary an ounce from week to week. It must be in the air.

"Do you know what I do? I go bowling two nights a week. They say that keeps

you slim, because they have it figured out on a chart that hangs on the wall of the bowling alley that you bend 569 times and walk a mile and a quarter when you play so many games, whatever it is. Still, I know a good many fat people who play every night and it seems to make no difference."

Michael and Patsy began a fast game of Badminton and Alice paused to call some gaily sarcastic comment.

"Will you tell me why we are all so mad about that game?" she asked, and continued without waiting for a reply. "Our family as a whole is addicted to soup. Mother has always been a wizard with soups, which may account for it. About this time of year back East she used to make a delectable dish called Cream of Chestnuts. Ever taste it? You've never lived!"

CREAM OF CHESTNUTS

Peel 4 cups of chestnuts, place in a saucepan, cover with water and cook until soft; press through a sieve into a clean saucepan, add 4 cups of hot milk, heat to a boil, be careful not to burn, add a few drops onion juice and a seasoning of salt, white pepper and nutmeg; color a light green with color paste and serve with croutons.

Autumn Make-Up "Musts"

Continued from page 61

purplish reds rather than the orange or yellowish.

Red, white, and blue are the colors to be featured at the Velvet Ball, gala Paris fashion event to take place the end of October. And Hollywood will never be able to resist a fashion so patriotically American, (which we strongly suspect it of instigating). The French are already using this combination, which they call "blue, white, and red" to keep it truly Parisian. Beauty hints for this ensemble include clear red shades in rouge and lipstick, favoring neither the orange nor purplish. Powder should be fairly dark and not too pinkish. And blue eye-shadow adds an irresistible note of allure.

Vari-colored eye-shadows have definitely passed the experimental stage. They have proved what they can do to add depth and lustre to eyes, and from all indications, they are here to stay. As their first vogue has settled down into permanency, new tricks have been learned to make eye-shadows easier to apply and to insure the success of their effectiveness.

For instance, some eye-shadows come with fine camel's hair brushes, so you can make up your eyelids the same way an artist applies his pastels. Then the use of a neutral shade of shadow, such as carnelian, may precede a more colorful shadow. This neutral shade is blended all the way to the eyebrow, and the other color placed only on the lid from the middle of the eyeball to the outer corners.

For you who have oily skins and dislike a shiny look around the eyes, I suggest you apply cream eye-shadow first, then dry eye shadow over it. For the dry-skinned, cream eye-shadow is best. If you find it difficult to apply, use a foundation of cream, the same as you do for your face.

Are you a venturesome blonde who likes the idea of blue mascara but has been disappointed in its effect? Perhaps I can explain why and give you a remedy, too. We're so accustomed to expecting mascara to darken our lashes that blue doesn't seem to do the job. Try applying black mascara



The proper way to apply eye-shadow is demonstrated by Mae Clarke. See our article for details.

first; then after it's dried, touch up your lashes with blue. Another trick is to apply the blue mascara first, then touch up just the tips with black. The effect of this latter method, however, is a little theatrical.

Most end-of-the-Summer complexions need plenty of moisture to make up for what sun exposure has taken away. Of course lubricating creams are especially necessary now. But make-up, too, should be moist to help re-condition the skin and avoid a dried-out look. A good foundation is the secret of successful make-up. Then use cream rouge, blended lightly right up to the lower eyelids and over wide cheek areas, but never too heavy in any one spot. This gives a soft, youthful and natural appearance. For added brightness or repairs

as the day goes on, touch up with dry rouge.

Lips, too, need plenty of lubrication this time of year. One is always tempted to add more lipstick whenever lips feel dry. Don't do it. If you like a bright shade, as most of us do in Fall, frequent re-touching is likely to make your lips too glaring. It's a good idea to use a very light lipstick first to give lubrication and form a foundation for the brighter shade, which can then be applied sparingly. Don't touch up your lips more than is absolutely necessary. Then start from just inside the lips, where the color wears off first, and stop as soon as you have blended it into the outer edges which probably need no re-touching at all. Of course, when I give you this advice, I assume you use the modern type of lipstick that combines beneficial moistness with lasting qualities.

Distant Star

Continued from page 33

THE STORY UP TO NOW

The screen gains a new star and the news-stand at the gate of the Ultra Alta studio loses its proprietor when Bill Banton innocently incites the too-ready wrath of Mavis Dorian, imperious and glamorous star of Ultra Alta. Bill stumbles and falls while watching Dorian make a scene. A picture of tragic humiliation as he grovels at her feet, Banton interests the director, who decides to use him in the picture. Success is instant for Banton, so different from the average male actor, and soon he is co-starred with Dorian, whom he looks up to as a goddess. Bill obtains a dancing part for Carol Kelly, a chorus girl who has always liked him, and she astounds the producer with her grace and skill. Dorian, jealous, threatens to break her contract—a threat which the head of the company calmly accepts as final. Read on!

rarely, however—he always escorted Carol. And some said that she was as permanent a fixture in his special-bodied car as the steering wheel and the wind shield. "And the cigar lighter!" threw in Carol. "We might as well get hot!"

But when Carol, who had been living in a hotel suite, rented an apartment directly below Bill's terraced grandeur, there was real conversation, printed and otherwise, on the subject. Bill, who was completely surprised by the move, chided Carol. His lips were firmly set, and a trifle white, as he told her the facts of life.

"People will say we have a staircase hidden behind a closet door," he said, "connecting your rooms with mine."

"People," observed Carol flippantly, and her eyes were wary, "will say anything. But it's not such a bad idea at that!"

Bill threw wide his hands—not in protest, in a gesture of impotence.

"Why in heaven's name," he asked, "did you have to rent a place in *my* building? Hollywood's full of vacant apartments. Hollywood's full of houses with patios and swimming pools. You could make good use of a swimming pool."

"To drown myself in?" Carol wanted to know. Her mood changed swiftly. "Oh, Bill honey," she exclaimed, "can't you understand one syllable words? I want to be near you. Now. Always!"

Bill asked: "For God's sake, why?"

Carol's mood changed again. She snapped. "To keep the other gals away. I'm go-



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By *Lady Esther*

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You may not realize it, but many complexion woes are due to nothing else than imbedded dirt. This dirt may not be noticeable at first because it is buried quite deep in your skin. But it causes tiny bumps and rough patches which you can feel with your fingers.

Make the finger-tip test described to the right, and if you feel anything like tiny bumps or dry patches, you can be sure your pores are clogged and your skin dirty. This hidden, stubborn dirt, as it keeps on accumulating in the pores, causes, not only gray-looking skin, but enlarged pores, blackheads, dry patches and other unsightly blemishes.

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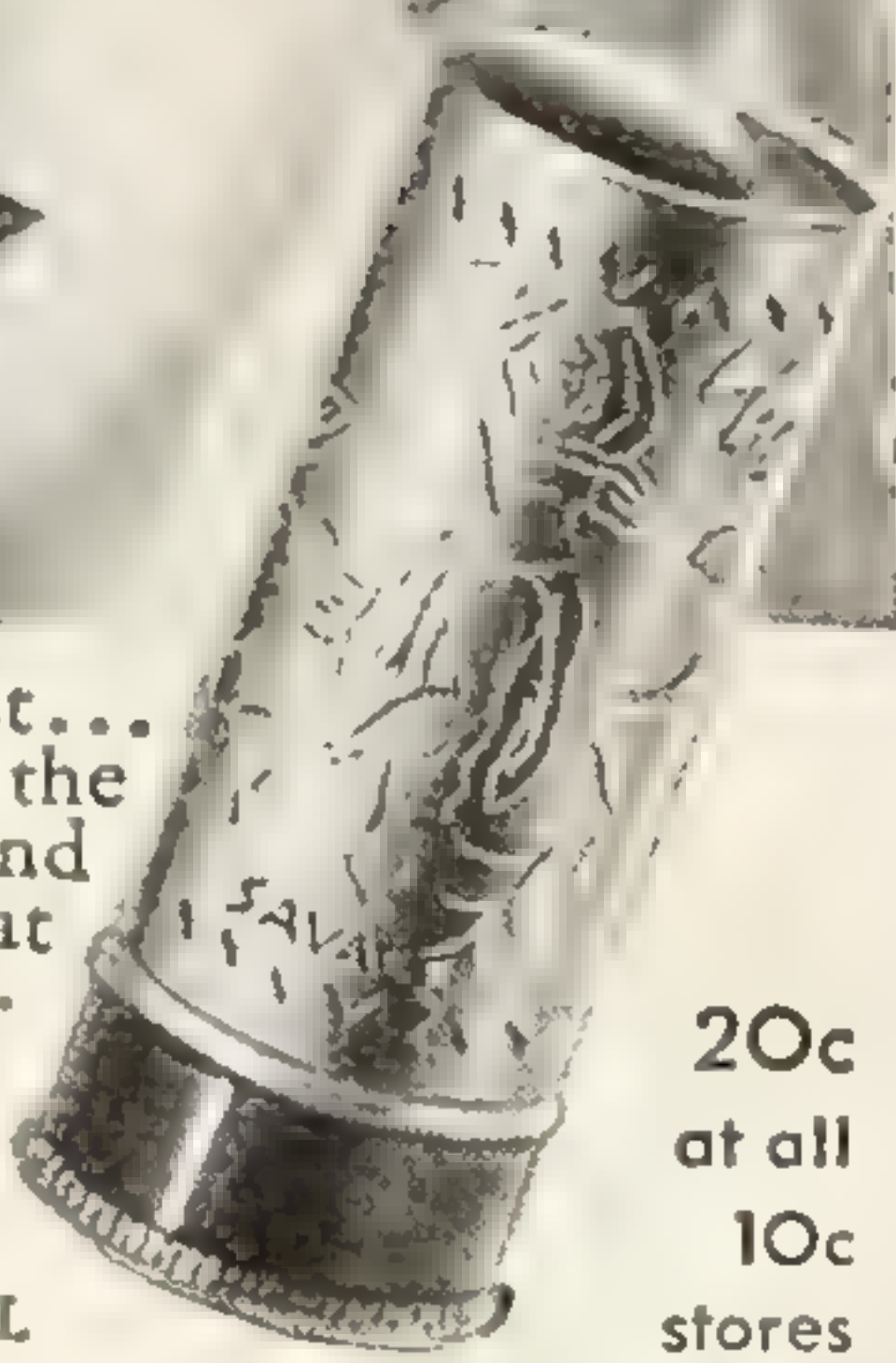
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Virginia Weidler and Buck, Hollywood's great dog actor, are the best of pals—not a bit jealous, though both capture the applause when they appear in films.

ing to throw up barbed wire entanglements around your domicile, with only a little opening for me to sneak through."

Carol had her house-warming, and some of the guests wandered up to Bill's terrace for a smoke and a glass of his champagne. Bill, in a dinner jacket, played host—unwittingly and unwillingly.

One little girl said in an envious tone, when she had him in a dark corner: "Are you going to make this into a duplex—I mean, legally?" She merely laughed when Bill answered:

"Carol's like a sister to me, or a daughter!"

And yet the breath of scandal, if there were any, died away in time, for it is hard to build up innuendoes when the leading characters are a cripple and a fluff of thistledown.

Bill had breakfast, often, in Carol's apartment. Sometimes she lunched or dined with him—when neither of them was busy—on his terrace. Carol was so gay, these days, that she fairly bubbled over. Bill couldn't help admitting to himself that life was less complex, and that he lived against a tapestry of peace. Work went well—there were no hysterics on the Banton set, now—and Bill need not cringe or tremble when he heard a light step coming across the floor, and a voice raised in terse command.

And then one day a certain florist called Bill on the telephone. It was a morning when Bill was breakfasting in Carol's apartment, and the call was switched.

"Mr. Banton?" queried the florist. "I've been trying to get in touch with you. I wonder if you'll give me Miss Dorian's new address? When we delivered the gardenias this morning we were told she had gone away. They didn't have any further information at her hotel."

Bill said blankly, "Gone away?" With an effort he pulled himself together. "You may cancel the order for the time being," he said evenly. "When Miss Dorian is settled I'll renew it." He replaced the receiver on its hook, and turned to Carol.

"She's left her hotel," he said. "Mavis Dorian, I mean. Things must be going very badly. She's lived there always."

Carol spread marmalade on a buttered English muffin. She exercised so much that diet didn't matter. She said:

"Her quickies were a flop, you know. The Sellenburgs must have let her out."

"I didn't know," said Bill. His face was a mask of misery. All at once he dropped into a chair, and buried his face in his hands. "I'd give anything to help her," he said, and his voice came in a muffled way, "my life, even."

Carol tried, very hard, to go on with the

eating of her thickly-spread muffin. She tried, but she couldn't. After a moment she rose from her place at the tiny breakfast table, and went to Bill's side. She licked the traces of marmalade from her fingers, like a kitten. Then she rested her hand on Bill's downbent head.

"Don't do it, big boy," she told him. "Mavis isn't worth crying over. She wouldn't shed a tear if you were lying in your coffin."

Bill's shoulders twitched convulsively, but when he raised his face from his hands his eyes were dry. He said:

"That doesn't make any difference. She could stick a knife in me and twist it, and it wouldn't make any difference. I've been in love with her ever since I first saw her on the screen. That's why I set up my news-stand by the Ultra Alta lot, so she'd pass by it on her way to work. That's why—without guessing the turn things would take—I let them poke me into that first picture; that's why I let them make a monkey of me in that court jester's outfit. So I'd have a chance to sit at her feet—to kiss her hand. It—" Bill gulped, "didn't matter, not much, when she said lousy things. I could take it as long as I had a chance to see her walk across the set. She moved like sunlight moves. Or the ripples on a lake."

Carol said tonelessly: "You told me that before. You've told it to other people, too. It's been your theme song too long, Bill. Better get yourself a new record."

Bill said: "There isn't any new record. To know she's out of a job, and so broke that she's given up her apartment, and so discouraged that she's left no forwarding address—"

Carol interrupted to say, "She made plenty of money in her day. Why didn't she save some of it? I save my money. You save yours."

Bill went on. "You can't expect the butterflies to save. Only ants like you and me. Creatures that keep close to the ground. Oh, don't try to knock her—it doesn't alter my feeling, the knowledge that everything you say is true. You don't know what love is, Carol. *You don't know what love is!*"

Carol's hand that had been resting on Bill's head went slipping down to his shoulder. She stared out of the wide window through a mist of tears, at the gleaming vista that was Hollywood. She said slowly:

"Oh, don't I?"

The months passed. Spring months. Summer months. It was autumn, and it was raining. And Bill had just finished the final episode in his newest and most magnificent picture. He was co-starred in it, with Carol.

He loved her passionately in the script, and gave her up—very nobly—to the young man, slim and beautifully straight of limb, who was (also in the script) her dancing partner. He had completed the last scene of renunciation a matter of minutes ago, and was on his way home. Carol had been forced to stay on—she had an extra dance, or something, to do.

Bill rode along Hollywood Boulevard—a morose figure huddled into the back seat of his limousine. He knew that this picture would be his masterpiece—he didn't need studio chatter to tell him that his work had taken on breadth and pathos in the last few months. He knew *why* it had, too. He knew that the realization of a scornful woman's absence from the Hollywood scene had left him with a sense of aloneness, an aloneness that could only be filled—and then in a partial manner—by his work. There was no longer anything for which to hope, for which to fear. The world was empty of everything save acting a part. Therefore he acted a part, and did it superbly.

Bill's chauffeur spoke back from across a trimly-uniformed shoulder. He asked a question.

"Going to that party at M. B.'s?" asked the chauffeur, who had once been an extra himself. "He'll be upset if you don't."

Bill Banton replied wanly. "You can drop me at the hotel for half an hour," he said, "no more, no less. Then I'm going home; I'm worn out." He knew he had to appear, however briefly, at the party which M. B.—president of Ultra Alta—was giving. But he knew also that no power on earth could make him stay at a party in his present mood.

The chauffeur grinned in the darkness. He said, "Oke," and drew up in the space of a split second beneath a porte-cochere. He didn't help Bill alight—he was tactful. Cripples resent too obvious assistance.

The party was going full blast. Bill made his obeisance to M. B., who greeted him with a frosty—"They tell me you'll break all records with your new one." He apologized for his lack of evening clothes, and allowed himself to be thanked for the white orchids he had sent to Mrs. M. B., regal in lace and so tightly corseted that she couldn't bend. He allowed himself also to be kissed by her three plump daughters, and by various other ladies who ranged, in hair, from auburn to platinum. And then the half hour was up, and he limped along the fringe of the party, and recaptured his hat, and slithered out of the door and into his waiting car.

"Home, thank God," he said.

His chauffeur laughed. "I'm catching up on my beauty sleep," he said, "since I'm driving you, Mr. Banton."

They were back once more on the boulevard. The lights twinkled on the wet pavements; the motor horns made a medley of sound that was more exciting than unpleasant. Bill thought: "This is beauty, in a way . . . Beauty seen alone isn't worth a tinker's damn." When the car stopped for a red light, he leaned forward idly to watch the rosy reflection of it in a puddle. It was then that his body stiffened, and his eyes took on a fixed, hypnotic stare. For a woman was walking down the street—walking so unmistakably, with such beauty of rhythm, that he didn't need to see her face. Even the shabby rain coat she wore couldn't disguise the grace of her every movement.

Bill said to his chauffeur: "Draw up to the curb, Harry." He was surprised to hear his own voice, it was so calm.

The car pulled over, like molten velvet. Bill reached out and jerked open the door of the limousine. His voice wasn't quite so calm as he said—

"Hop in, Miss Dorian, and I'll give you a lift."

(To Be Continued)

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Joan Learns to Play

Continued from page 26

Her specialty is giving her impression of those too, too amazed ingénues, who lisp baby-talk and peek out at you from the screen, with great gooey eyes.

At the present time Joan is competing for the championship honors in "Handies." When Vincent Price, who was leading man for Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina," was testing in Hollywood, Helen wired asking Joan to have Vincent out to her house. When he told Joan that Helen was the "Handy" Queen of New York City, Joan immediately demonstrated "Sonja Henie," "Pike's Peak or Bust," and other Crawford pets, with instructions that they be

It was one of those "unusual" hot days in Hollywood. Under the heavy blankets, with the strong lights glaring down on them, the players were almost dying with the heat. Then Joan came to their rescue. Sending over to the wardrobe, she secured bathing trunks for the entire cast. A ruffle was placed around their necks, as that was the only part of their old-fashioned night gowns that showed. With their curls, ruffles and bathing trunks, you can imagine how silly they all looked, when they came out from under the covers. Every time Joan thought about it, she'd start laughing and could hardly go on with the scene.



The indispensable JEEVES solves another problem for his master—one of many that will be hilariously worked out as Arthur Treacher creates the famous P. G. Wodehouse character on the screen in "Thank You, Jeeves." David Niven plays his lordship.

shown to Helen. Vincent then demonstrated the Hayes' "Handy" versions including "Milking a Mouse" and "Alligator Pear." Joan was so delighted she immediately got paper and pencil and made notes of them. "I can hardly wait to get to the studio tomorrow to show them to Jimmy Stewart," she exclaimed.

One night Joan was sitting at the loom where she makes hooked rugs, when she was called to the phone. She was wearing a lovely white hostess gown and as usual "Baby" had curled up on the train and gone to sleep. Forgetting about the dog, Joan jumped up. There was a ripping sound as the skirt tore away from the waist. "Baby" remained in his sleeping position. As Joan dragged him along, she began singing "The Volga Boatman," while her body bent under the strain.

During the making of "Gorgeous Hussy" came the day of the "Bundling Scene." Good old Metro, who never does things by halves, had four men in one bed and four women in another. (Francis Lederer please note). Joan with three girls was sleeping on the edge of her bed. Right across from her, (with a twelve inch separation for Will Hays), Bob Taylor, with three boys, was sleeping on the edge of his bed.

The new friends who have come into Joan's life recently, are the real aristocracy of Hollywood's maddest. For years Barbara Stanwyck lived directly across the street from Joan, but both girls were too involved with their domestic lives to have a genuine friendship. Since Barbara's recent divorce, she and Joan have almost become inseparable. Barbara has worked out of all her unhappiness and never has there been a more care-free person. Her hilarity is contagious. Joan's sense of humor seems to blossom forth along with Barbara's.

Recently the Tones, Barbara and Bob Taylor went down to the Palomar Dance Hall. Benny Goodman's orchestra features the meanest swing music in town. It's fast becoming the rendezvous for all the stars. At the Trocadero and the Ambassador, Joan is always the cynosure of all eyes. Down at the Palomar, everyone gazed at her curiously, took it for granted she was some girl who resembled Crawford and let her alone. One girl, who wasn't quite herself, came reeling up to Joan's table.

"I suppose you think you look like Joan Crawford," she smirked. "Well, listen toots, I know Joany well, and you couldn't come within a mile of her."

"Why, you must be mistaken," answered Joan, but so sweetly. "When I saw you coming up to the table, I thought you were Joan Crawford."

"The dame's nuts," said the intruder. Shaking her head sadly, she went back to her dancing.

Aside from admiring Jimmy Stewart as a splendid actor, Joan thinks he is the craziest person she has ever known. Every time she sees him she begs him to show her a new "Handy." And she loves to listen to Jimmy's hilarious accounts of his household, where he lives with Henry Fonda and two other bachelors. Joan always repeats these stories when she gets home and usually adds her own personal impressions. Billie Burke, who is now under contract to Metro, is a devoted friend of Joan's. When Billie hears something particularly funny, she calls Joan on her dressing room phone and they sit laughing over the wires.

Jean Dixon, noted for her cryptic portrayals on stage and screen, is a continuous pleasure for Joan to be around. One evening Jean called up all excited. Her horse had been rented by Warner Brothers for Errol Flynn to ride in "Charge of the Light Brigade." Joan sent a wire to the horse congratulating him and asked if he would make a personal appearance, if she ran his picture in her theatre.

Joan still loves her home better than any other place in the world. On occasions when she goes to the Gary Cooper's for lunch, or Connie Bennett's for dinner, she has a wonderful time. One night at the Trocadero, Joan was a guest of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey. After dancing for hours, her feet began to ache. Kicking her shoes off under the table, she breathed a huge sigh of relief. When it came time to



Reunion of Madge Evans and Bob Montgomery as lovers is an event you'll see in "Piccadilly Jim."

go home, the shoes were nowhere to be found. Some fan at the next table had snatched them for souvenirs. Joan did an elegant exit, walking in her stocking feet.

When she isn't working, Joan has a trainer come to her house every day and put her through a real he-man workout. When she is working, she has him come every evening. The funniest sight in the world is to see Joan go tearing around the block, her trainer at her side. She piles her hair high on her head in a tight knot. She doesn't use a stitch of make-up and good

honest sweat pours off her into huge puddles. When the trainer asks her if she's run enough, she grits her teeth and shouts, "So you think I'm a sissy, huh?" Passing motorists usually glance at her abstractly. Then crane their necks in the other direction, on the lookout for movie stars.

On the "Gorgeous Hussy" set, Joan and Director Clarence Brown had an arrangement whereby he could call her for a scene. Attached to the camera was a tiny horn that was tooted when they were ready. As a gag, Brown would toot-toot and then when Joan walked into the scene, he would accuse her of hearing things. To get even, Joan sent Bennett, her chauffeur, to buy the loudest siren in town. Secreting it in her portable dressing room, the next time Brown tooted for her, she let out a blast from the siren that literally shook the roof and rattled the rafters.

Before the sound had died away confusion reigned supreme. Hundreds of running feet were heard outside the door. People poured out of buildings. Executives came yelling out of conferences. Everyone was shouting at the same time and suddenly the fire engines came tearing around the corner. Quite innocently Joan had purchased the same siren used by the studio fire department. Finally law and order was restored. During all the turmoil, Joan remained terrified in her dressing room. When Brown tooted for her again, she decided there was only one thing to do. Walking casually into the scene, she stretched her arms lazily and yawned.

"Um-m-m-m," she half-mumbled. "I've had *such* a wonderful nap. Re-e-ally, this place is *so* quiet, one wouldn't imagine that everything could be so peaceful and calm. You are all *such* dears to be *so* considerate!"

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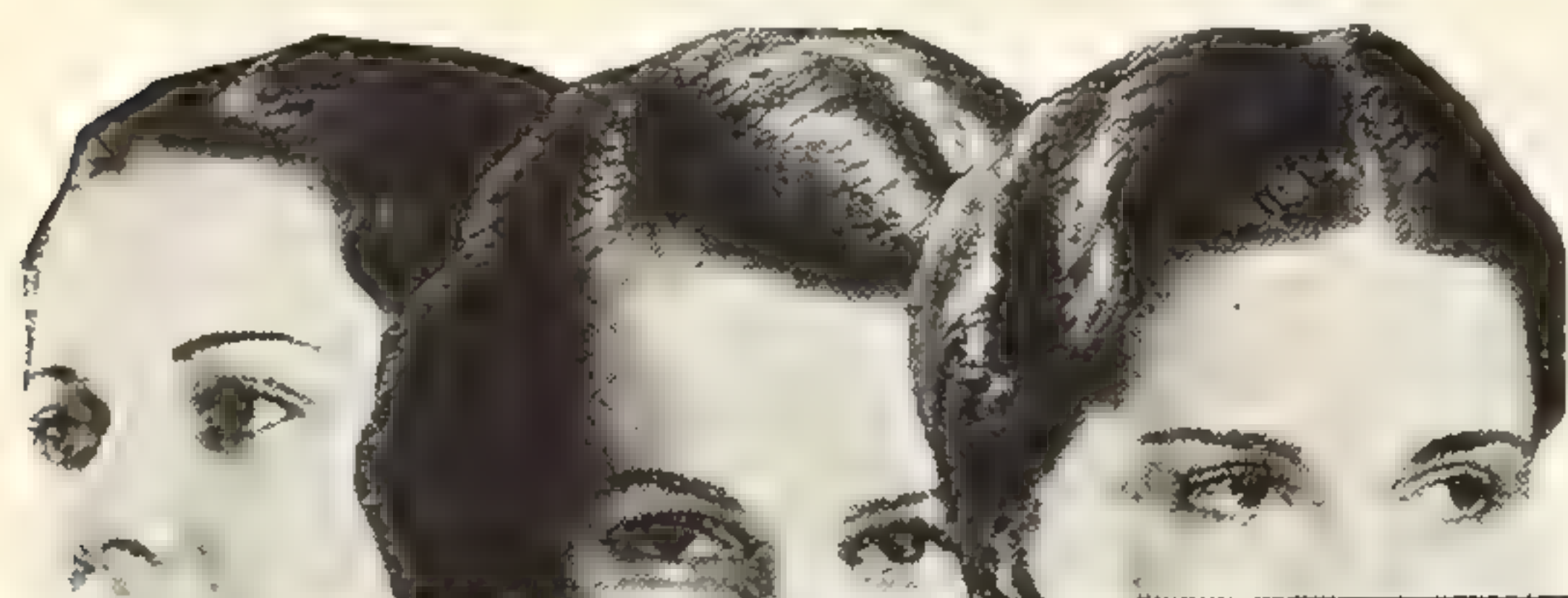
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**WRITING
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Hollywood's Hold on British Actors

Continued from page 19

hide myself away. It is not a natural gesture nor a policy on my part to live in empty solitude. I have a few friends—really, I have—and I enjoy being with them. People out here are far more natural than those of the stage, and no doubt the country has a great deal to do with it. Then, too, they have to work harder, and that's good for them. Studio life is more prosaic, but it is also more stable. This doesn't mean it is easy. If you take twenty of the most successful actors in Hollywood today you will find that nineteen of them have had precisely the same struggle. It's all in the game. But Hollywood is the best place I know to play the game."

Considering the purely individual phase of the matter, Mr. Marshall declared: "Frankly, I see no difference between American and English actors. English-speaking people are lucky to have two fields in which to work. We actors have the same language and the same medium. We meet on common ground in turning out the job we're doing. What's more, it has developed me along lines of human understanding. For one thing, I've been trying desperately to get out of this British reserve thing. But it's terribly overstressed. I've been told I am poised—not that I particularly want to be. My one quarrel, if I may use so strong a word, with Hollywood pictures is that they have made me 'worthy,' so 'worthy' that I now want to go to the bad a bit. It would be a relief to cut loose, rather than always be the good lover. Although I get the girl in the final reel, I get her on the rebound.

Meanwhile a debonair, dashing fellow whose very unworthiness makes him romantic has quite swept her off her feet. Maybe he drinks too much or philanders too freely, but he's exciting. I'm not."

On that score Mr. Colman had no bone to pick with Hollywood. Indeed: "My first talkie was 'Bulldog Drummond,' and for some time I played in the spectacular and rough-and-tumble type of picture. It was good for me. Since then *Sidney Carton* has, perhaps, been the best part to come my way. But that's not for me to say, only audiences can decide. It is only natural, perhaps, to cast an English actor in English parts. Yet my first film, 'The White Sister,' though made in Italy, was an American picture. Up to that time I'd done nothing of importance. I'd had only small parts in plays that flopped before they could get into New York. It was not until I played with Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton in 'La Tendresse' that I managed to reach the New York stage. Even then, after three years in America, I couldn't see anything ahead for me. I'd paid my way over and was hoping to be able to pay my way back and get an office job when word from Hollywood settled matters for me. That was really my beginning as an actor of any consequence. Yes, I suppose I was the first English actor to come to Hollywood, with the exception, of course, of the eternal Chaplin. And like him, perhaps, I have found it more beautiful than any other place."

That half-whimsical smile you may have noticed on the screen played across the face of Mr. Marshall as he reflected: "You



"My, what long, and lovely tresses," the studio hairdresser tells Dorothy Lamour, 21-year-old radio singer now signed for films. Dorothy's locks measure thirty inches.

know, there's a time when most of us need a bit of bucking up. I would not be in Hollywood today had it not been for a good turn done me in London. While still crippled by a bad leg-wound after the war I was having a drink in a crowded pub one day when someone called down the bar: 'Herbert, old boy, what about playing a part for me on a six weeks' tour?' It was N. Carter Slaughter, who took out small companies to Brighton and other places of that sort in the summer. He was all confidence, with no reference to the fact that I didn't look completely convalescent. He just assumed I was a competent actor. I raised my glass to him then, as I do now. For it was he who put me back on my feet. But I little dreamed that the lift he gave me then would eventually carry me six thousand miles. He organized me. For that matter, I had never acted on my own initiative, merely going into the English theatre through necessity rather than choice. I just ate my way into it! I had to have food, and knew no other way of getting it. To me acting was not what it is to the man who seeks it because he wants it. I greatly envy actors like Charles Laughton who are doing something because they want to do it more than anything else in the world. For a long time I lived in fear of being a 'ham.' Perhaps my early training under Gerald du Maurier saved me. In any event, du Maurier was determined there would be no 'ham' in him. And when he was wrong he knew it. One day at rehearsal of the play 'Interference' in London he did an astonishing thing. In the middle of a scene he stopped suddenly and began to blaspheme. Then he broke off quite as abruptly and apologized to the ladies of the company. We were still in the dark until he turned to me and said: 'You shouldn't be over there at the side. You belong where I am, in the center of the stage. Come here!' Not only did he, the star, give me his place that day, but he kept me there throughout the run of the play. Du Maurier was the least Westphalian of any actor I ever knew. Here in Hollywood I have tried to follow his example, if only to honor that good English actor. That is my one contribution to American pictures. In return, they have given me so much that I should be an ingrate to turn my back on them."

Mr. Colman: "I don't think that making pictures here has changed me a bit. There's no place like Hollywood for making pictures, and I see no reason to change my mind about it after eleven years."

Mr. Marshall: "I have just bought a farm."

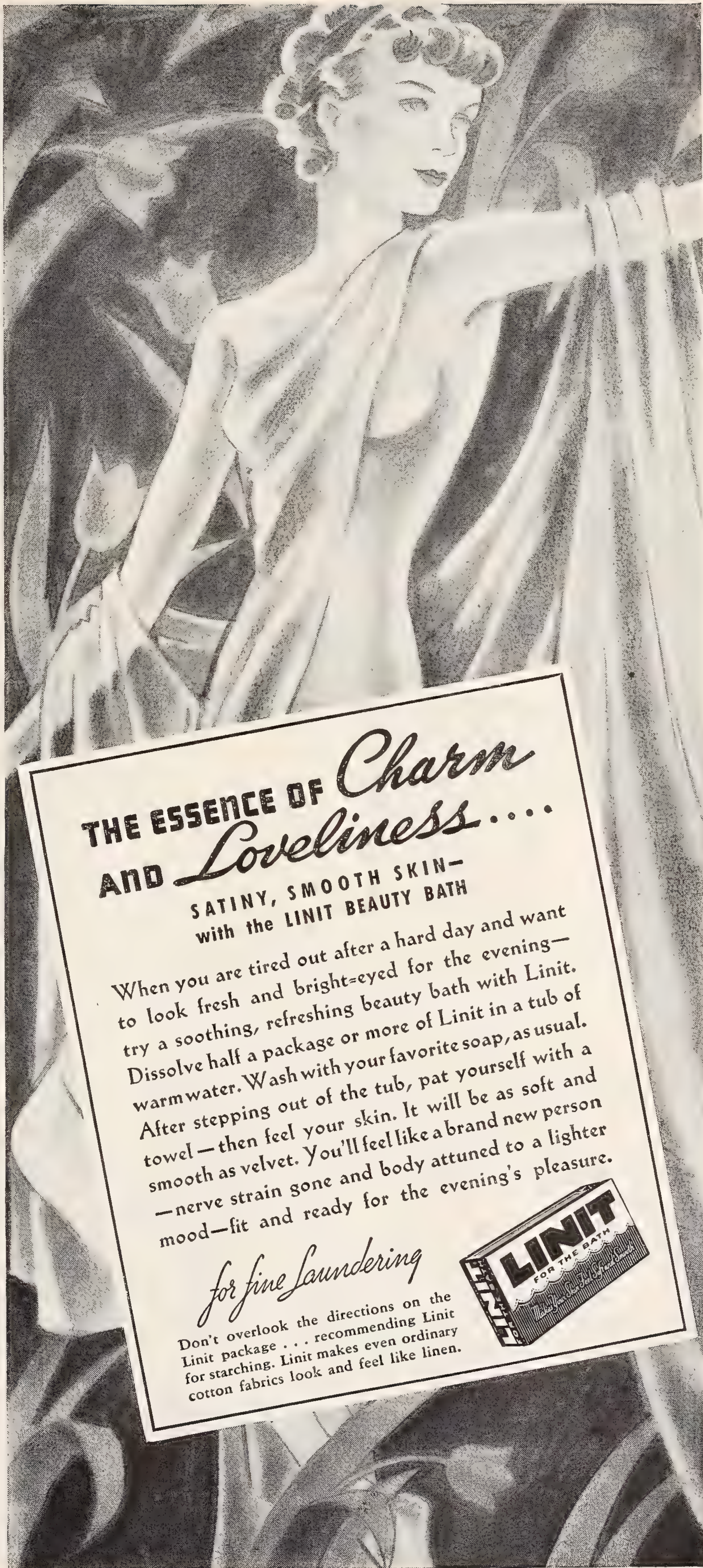
Apparently, there is only one conclusion to be drawn: Both these English actors, not to mention others, are here to stay.

Hollywood's Box-Office Love Code

Continued from page 31

our generous etiquette code that this is satisfactory to the ladies involved.

Another rousing example of rating higher than your fiancée in theatre marquee billing occurred when an actor, who is doing very well, thank you, got himself romance-rumored with a girl who is staging a screen comeback. When the actor was queried as to whether his constant companionship with the ex-queen would lead to the altar, he replied: "It is hardly likely. Miss X has a long way to go in her career before she will be thinking of matrimony!" That settled *that* delicate question so perfectly that the lady hasn't been seen in public with him since. Maybe she has been




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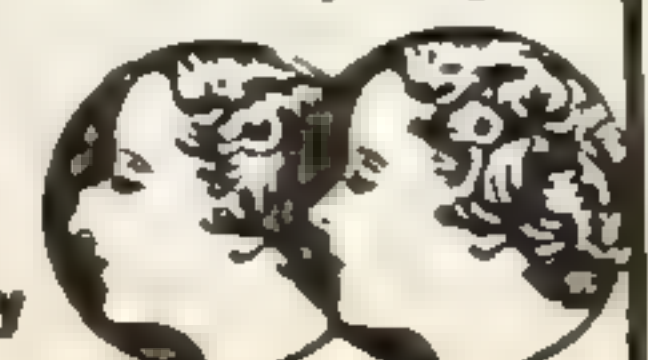


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Hollywood provides us with a new romantic team as Tom Brown and Frances Drake are cast as lovers in a new picture in which Tom is an aviator and Frances a singer.

away from Hollywood so long she has forgotten how we go about these things.

Even the tradespeople and the "old established firms" have formed the habit of going to the Top Name to do business, particularly the engagement and wedding ring business, though I doubt very much if the local jewelers will again try to contact Merle Oberon the next time her engagement to David Niven gets a newspaper break.

Not long ago the dailies carried the story that Merle and David would be married this Fall, probably as soon as Sam Goldwyn, holder-in-chief of their movie contracts, returned from the East with his blessings. From that moment, every jewelry salesman in town started a campaign to sell Merle Oberon her own engagement ring! Prices and styles were quoted to her at length—until David Niven got wind of it. According to eye and ear witnesses, Mr. Niven turned in a very neat portrait of a gentleman on the point of blowing up. He howled into telephones that when an engagement ring was purchased, *he* would be the purchaser! He met bolder souls at Merle's beach house door with a wild glint in his eye and a phrase or two for them not to forget. "What kind of a town is this, anyway?" he was heard to inquire, probably not realizing that has been a moot question for a long time.

It is very gallant and old-schoolish to go around shaking broomsticks at the merchants, but what are you going to do with the hostesses, the wives of producers, and directors and other important actors who throw all those gay little fetes that land in the society columns? Here are, perhaps, Hollywood's most box-office-inclined match makers. It is a very careless and slipshod hostess who does not prefer to dress her parties with box office names for the Sunday society sheet, and this little fad, while exciting enough for everybody else, has been known to play considerable havoc with the extra girl's ideas of snagging off the most eligible bachelor in town!

Hollywood hostesses very seldom approve of unimportant romances for their friends—male or female. It is not uncommon for them to be well aware of the fact that a certain actor may be enjoying a mild yen for the newest stock player on the lot, (as yet undiscovered by the Front Office), and yet ignore the interesting fact completely

in choosing his dinner partner for the newest blow-out. Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, for instance, make much more attractive guests at the latest tennis party than Clark and the pretty little unknown he used to escort right after his separation; and Loretta Young and Eddie Southerland are a much better "movie" combination than Loretta teamed with that non-professional ex-husband of another movie star.

Hollywood just hates to see glamor wasted on some desert son—or good box-office bets romancing with all-star support. When a certain young starlet on a major lot recently married a young man unknown in the casting office, or in the local blue book, the idea was pretty well understood that the less publicity brought to play on the happy couple, the better!

In the long run it is far better and a lot easier to accept Marlene Dietrich's gentle, non-combative philosophy of bowing to the box-office in the social game, and letting it go at that. Marlene has never yet been photographed at a social event, a first night, or a preview unless her companion in the candid camera shot is someone with box-office draw almost equal to her own. Not that Marlene is snobbish, either. She doesn't always attend these various affairs with the most important gentleman present, (lately her favorite escort has been a young scenario writer), but when it comes candid camera time, Marlene is usually pictured on the arm of the latest visiting nobility, the newest directorial rave, or even the new actor sensation. It saves a lot of time and trouble and fuss this way, and incidentally, makes for far more interesting pictures!

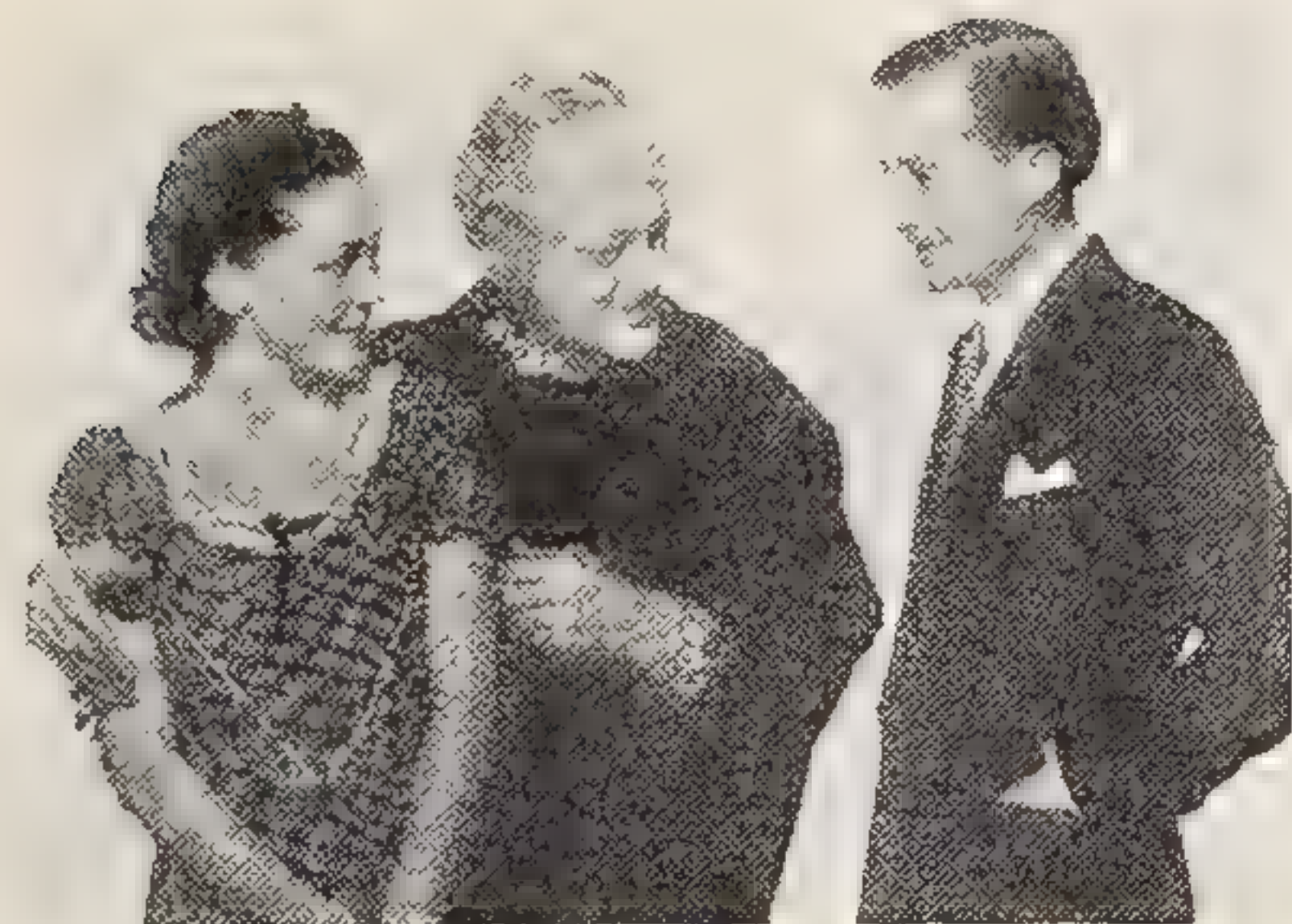
I suppose it isn't quite fair to put all the blame for aiding and abetting box-office romances on Hollywood's shoulders. Apparently, everybody approves of the idea. Look at the way the public tried to goad Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor into a real life love story—for years! And even the local tradespeople and hostesses are no more pleased at seeing Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, and Joan Blondell and Dick Powell getting together than the hordes of fans who will flock to the box-office when these "attractions come to your nearest theatre."

If you don't believe it, wait and see. Hollywood's love code is just helping the good work along!

Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 13

The
Devil
Doll
M-G-M



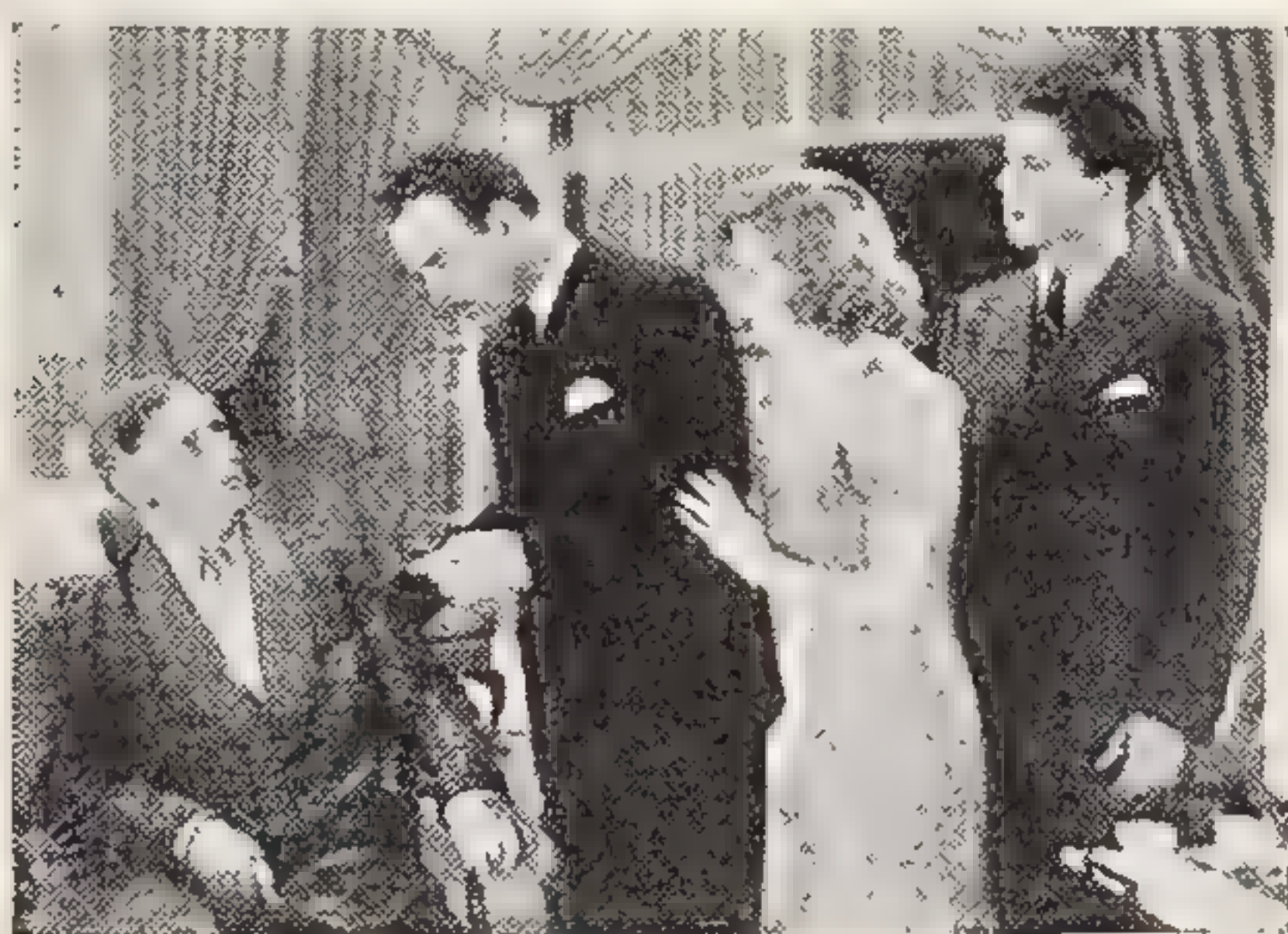
Something to amaze you by means of startling camera tricks, as it tells a fantastic tale of vengeance through a weird power to reduce humans to the size of dolls. You see humans climbing around furniture that is mountainous in comparison, a horse race on a desk top, etc. Lionel Barrymore acquires the trick from a mad scientist. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Lawton head a fine supporting cast. A very novel film, and a splendid example of that supremacy in camera technique which places Hollywood far ahead of all competitive sources of screen entertainment supply. See it and marvel at its fantastic effects.



Three
Cheers
for
Love
Paramount

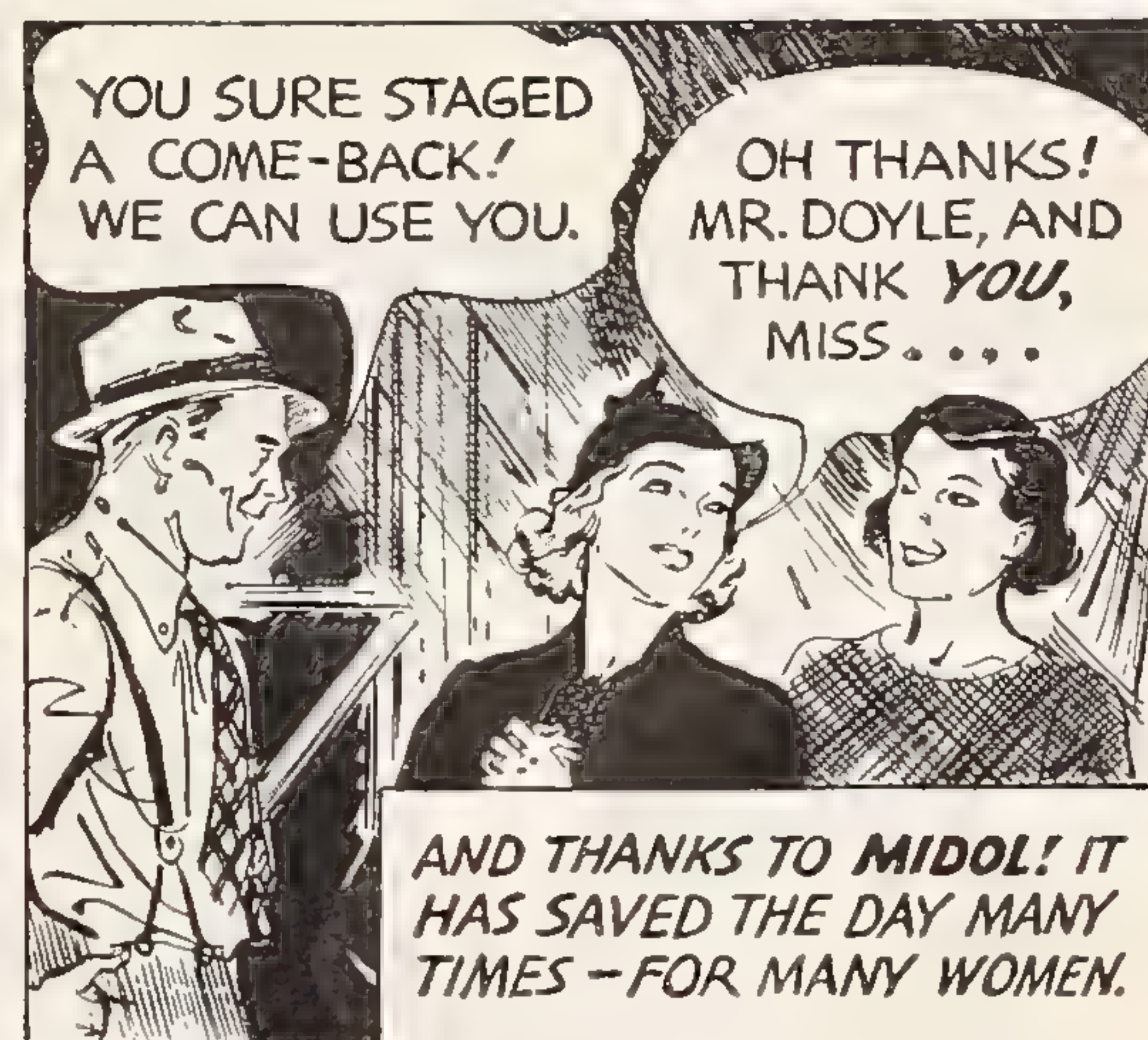
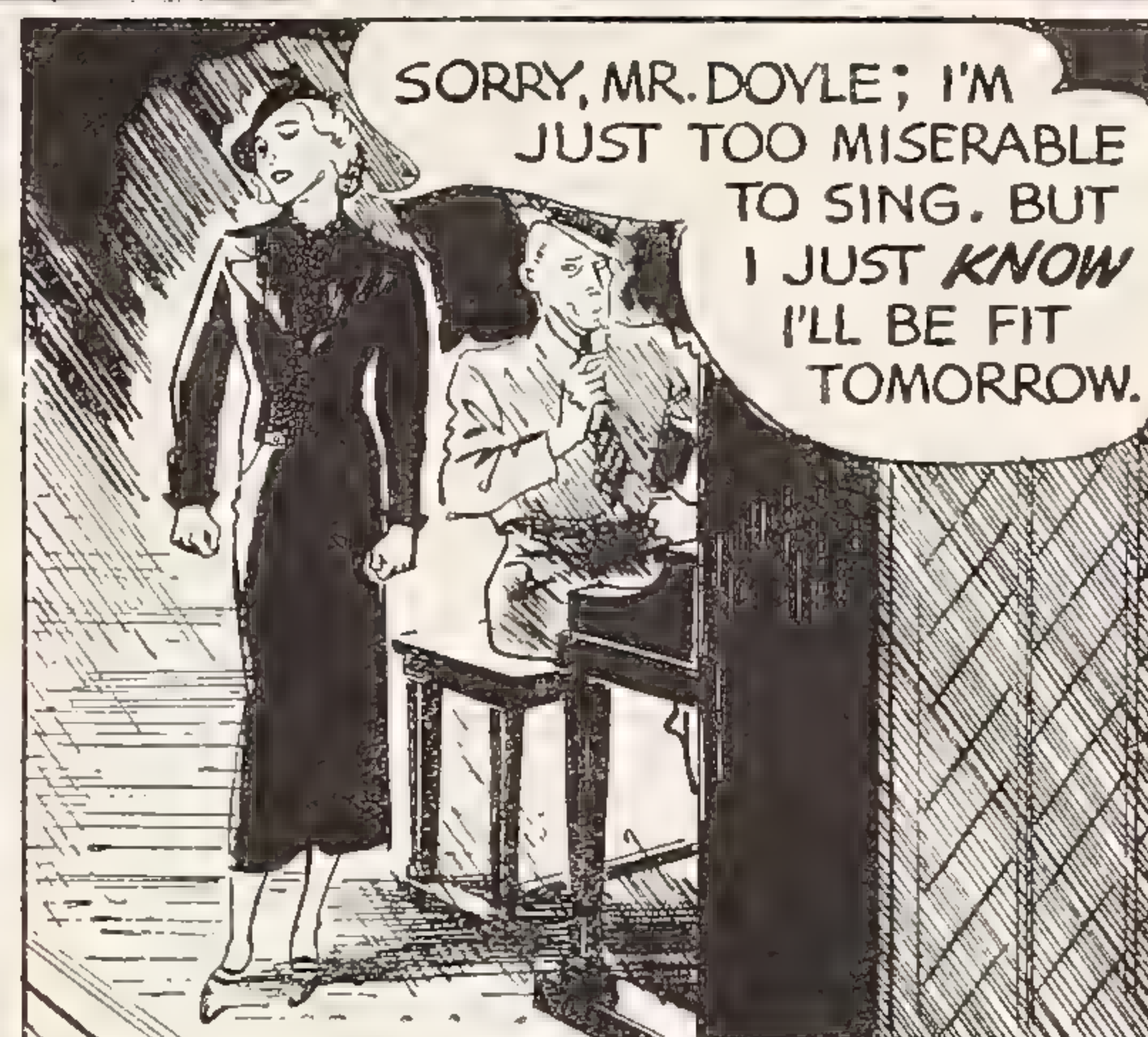
It's swiny, light of heart and foot, too. It's light on story, but then this is for diversion and to give some attractive youngsters a chance to amuse you. Among them are Eleanore Whitney, Louis Da Pron, a dancing man with rhythm for keeps, Robert Cummings singing two catchy songs, and Grace Bradley. The story is that old favorite "The Charm School" in most of its details, so we'll forget the play and cheer the players for their youthful enthusiasm and some very creditable efforts in the direction of light and airy movie diversion.

Grand
Jury
RKO-
Radio



Mildly amusing story of racketeers, a young reporter, a pretty girl and her antiquated and eccentric grandfather, bent on bringing law-breakers to justice. Fred Stone has a starring rôle that doesn't afford him equal opportunities with some of the other members of his cast, notably Louise Latimer and Owen Davis, Jr. Others in prominent parts are Big Boy Williams, Frank Thomas, and Moroni Olsen. This is not one of those pictures you must see, but if you catch it on a double feature bill, which many of you very likely will, it is worth your time to have a look at it.

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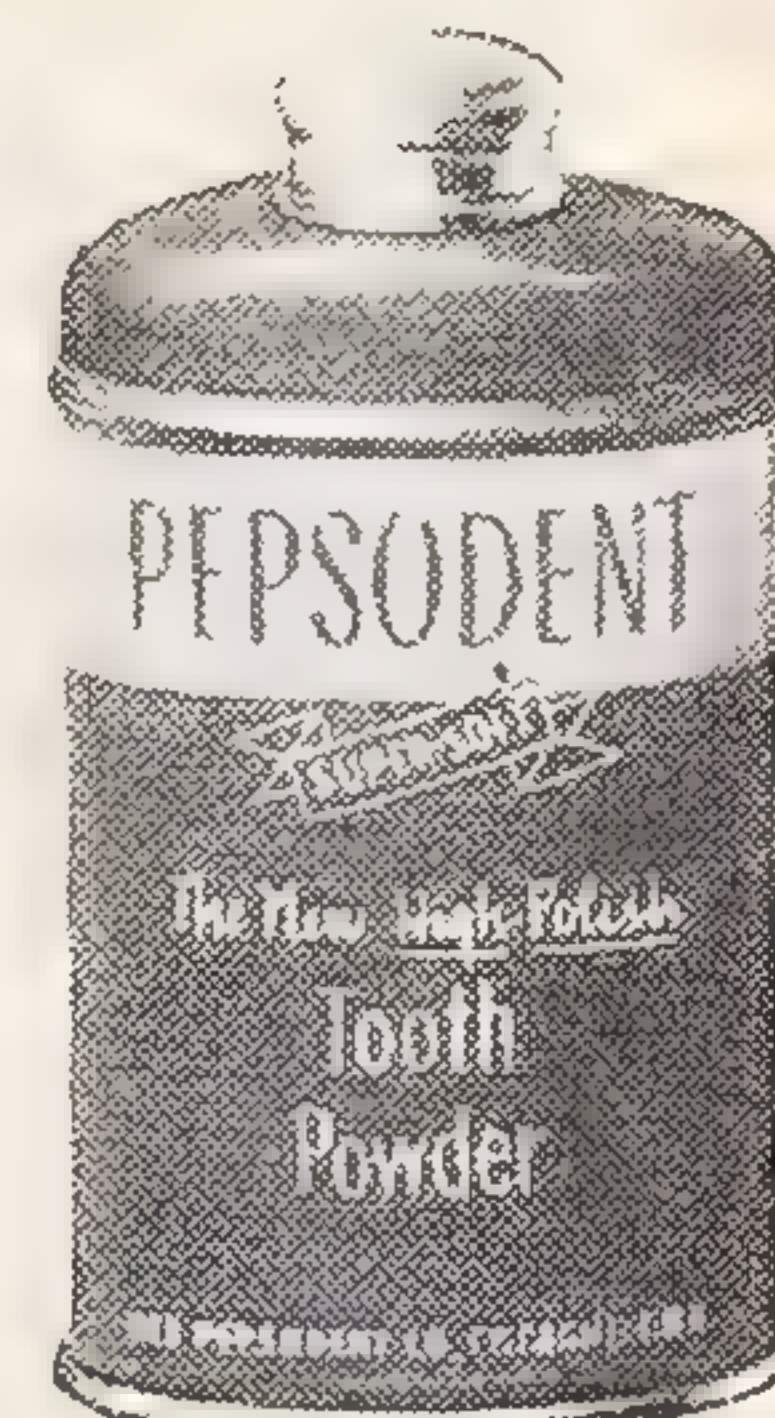
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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

Second-Guess Star

Continued from page 60

104 pounds—weight doesn't change in Hollywood, even if type styles do.

Though June has grown up in the Hollywood atmosphere—her father and mother took her there when she was a mere child from their former home town of Minneapolis—she was walking on air when this visitor called for a chat with her. For coming true for June are the story-book happenings.

"Before I ever saw the inside of a studio," she related, "I thought Warner Baxter the handsomest man and finest screen actor—I was one of his fans. Not long after I was given a contract I had an opportunity to play in a picture with him. And now for my first big part I play opposite him, with Fredric March also a leading man for me, since I have the only feminine rôle in 'The Road to Glory.'"

Starting as a mere child in preparation for a career in the theatre—stage or screen—June studied dancing for several years, and singing also. Her first professional efforts were in singing and dancing parts in stage prologues. Thus she won her chance at a movie contract, yet she doesn't seem a bit disappointed that her dancing will not be utilized in pictures.

"I've always wanted to be an actress, rather than a dancer," she told us by way of dispelling any fears that she might be the victim of a Hollywood plot to thwart ambitions involving hard work in training to become proficient in the classic art of ballet and modern rage of tap stepping. "So instead of any disappointment, I am delighted the studio is giving me a chance to play dramatic parts."

"I am scheduled to make a picture in which I'll play opposite Franchot Tone. It is to start as soon as I return to Hollywood. That's something exciting to go home to—but do you know, I don't think anything short of such an event would induce me to end my New York vacation on the time set for it. I never knew a place could be so thrilling as New York."

June had been in town only a few hours before a New York columnist sent his copy to press with a line included that declared she would be married on her return to Hollywood. The lucky man mentioned is a studio official associated with another company—not with the organization she is under contract to as an actress. But the report was premature, according to little Miss Lang.

"I have a lot of pictures to make," is the way she explained it. "Thoughts of marriage must be put off until later, after I have concentrated for much longer time than I have already devoted to screen work on the career I want to follow." In other words this wedding rumor will not come true very soon, according to the very earnestly stated denials of Miss Lang.

So love must wait for June, as it often has when a Hollywood career is at stake, though she made it very plain that the man mentioned as her prospective husband "is a very dear friend."

The new mold has been cast for the re-fashioning of a pretty little girl who was given a contract because she was pretty, into an actress and a personality entirely different from the one that was developed in a collaboration between nature, the girl herself, and her parents and teachers. Is it a gamble—or does Hollywood know what the outcome of its attempted transformation will be? You will find the answer to that by watching the career of little June Lang.

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Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 65

NOT so long ago Robert Taylor made his first trip to New York. When he arrived at a radio station, his waiting feminine fans literally tore his clothes almost into shreds. Plans had been made for publicity pictures, so Bob had to go through with them. Naturally the pictures couldn't be released, with Bob looking like the hero of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." To solve the problem, for the finished pictures Bob's head is being used, but another body is being super-imposed on the negative!

WHO but Francis Lederer would do a thing like this? Recently, when Francis addressed the dramatic class at the University of Southern California, he was invited to come back at any time and take over the class. When Francis finished his last picture, he got in touch with the Dean. When he found out that vacations were in order, he offered to come out and substitute. They took him at his word. In all the history of colleges, there's never been a class so eager to be kept after school. And all the fair co-eds are sighing and hoping their new teacher will hand out home-work!

JUST as the curtain was going up on the Katharine Cornell production of "Saint Joan," Rosalind Russell made a spectacular entrance into the theatre. Suffering from a sprained ankle, Rosalind slowly hobbled down the aisle, leaning heavily on a cane. Came Cornell and great dramatics, and then came intermission. As usual with Hollywood audiences, everyone files out to the foyer to see everyone else. And foremost among them was Rosalind Russell, forgetting her cane and forgetting to walk with a limp.

LONG ago when she was known by her right name Donella Donaldson, Julie Haydon appeared in a local production of "Hamlet." The late Paul Bern was in the audience and saw her performance. Rushing back to M-G-M, Bern begged Thalberg to send for Julie. But at the time Thalberg had more important things on his mind and Julie Haydon was forgotten. After completing a year at Paramount, Julie has just signed a wonderful contract with M-G-M. Irving Thalberg still has nothing to do with her success. The last time she appeared on the Metro lot, she did a bit in a picture called "The Great Meadows." Now she is playing featured leads.

BILL HENRY, whose screen absence is due to his long-drawn-out appearance in the ill-fated "Tarzan" picture, is soon to be married. Grace Durkin of the Durkin clan is the lucky girl, who is wearing the beautiful solitaire. Bill has been under contract to Metro for over two years. Almost the entire time, he has been working on the Johnny Weissmuller picture, that is still being redone.

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Terry Ray has good reason to be mighty happy. She's young, and beautiful, and Hollywood has now signed her for a screen career.

GARY COOPER seems to be the center of stormy controversy these days. Aside from the fact that Paramount is suing Goldwyn over Gary, there's an unkind rumor going around Hollywood, that Gary's pet Sealyham didn't win the first prize honorably, in a recent dog show. I don't know what Gary thinks about the Paramount suit—but you can bet that he's pretty mad over the talk about his dog.

A MOST embarrassed young lady was Gail Patrick, when she attended Victor McLaglen's party recently. Just the day before, the local papers had printed that Gail's romance with Bob, (Brown Derby), Cobb, was definitely a thing of the past. To Victor's party Gail took John King, a new leading man, under contract to Universal. They met when Gail was on loan-out to that studio. They aren't even terribly good friends as yet. McLaglen, feeling pretty gay, called for silence and with great to-do, announced Gail's and John's engagement in front of all the guests.

EVERYONE who has seen the test that got Margo her rôle in "Winterset" admits that the gal's acting is positively thrilling. And out of that same test, came John Beal's opportunity to show what he really can do. In New York, John met Margo and they enjoyed a mutual admiration. In Hollywood they met again. When John learned Margo was being tested on his own home lot, he offered to make the test with her, for friendship's sake. The rôle he could play had already been cast with Burgess Meredith, who was with Margo on the stage. But the executives, seeing John give such a great dramatic performance, suddenly realized they had more than just a juvenile under contract. Now they are planning big things for him.

MAYBE our sense of humor is a trifle distorted, but the news that Lew Ayres and Bob Burns have taken a place together, seems strangely incongruous. Wonder how Ginger Rogers feels being replaced by a "Bazooka!"

(Continued on next page)



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Free—a gift package sent free anywhere in the U. S. Mail this coupon with name and address to Bathasweet Corp., Dept. S-J, 1907 Park Ave., New York.

CLARK GABLE is wearing a broad smile these days and unless we're sadly mistaken, it's on account of because Carole Lombard didn't go on that proposed trip to Alaska to make a picture. At the last minute Carole's doctor pronounced her suffering from secondary anemia and strongly advised against the hardships of the trip. Cary Grant, who was to be Carole's leading man, has been transferred to another production. Maybe that's the reason why Mary Brian is wearing a smile, too!

FOR some unknown reason, Hollywood loves to believe there are feuds existing between rival studio designers. When Hepburn insisted that Walter Plunkett be brought back to design the costumes for "Mary of Scotland," there were rumors that Bernard Newman, who had replaced Plunkett when the latter left for New York, was on the war path. When his job was done, Walter immediately flew back to New York again. Hardly was he settled when another request came from Hepburn asking him to return and dress her for "Portrait of a Rebel." So Walter flew out again and this time the local columns were filled with the Plunkett-Newman feud. Actually, there isn't a single "ruffled" feeling between them.

THE funniest sight at the recent Santa Barbara dog show, was Jack Oakie and his entry. The jovial Jack seems to be getting rounder and rounder with every breath he takes. The dog he walked at the show was a stream-line toy whippet and the contrast between the two was sensational.

WHEN you see George Brent in the new Kay Francis picture, you're going to see him wearing a mustache for the first time on the screen. The studio is wondering just how the feminine fans are going to like Georgie with the new adornment.

IN SPITE of her screen success, Olivia de Havilland is still so young and tender, she has never been seen out with any of Hollywood's eligible Romeos. James Blakeley, who used to sigh over Mary Carlisle, is the first young swain in her life. The line forms on the right, boys. Strike up the band, here comes Olivia!



Mary Brian meets Rachel Smith, who made Mary learn her lessons when she was a child star at Paramount, where Miss Smith is still in charge of the school for screen youngsters.



Study in statuesque beauty, with Phyllis Claire, English charmer recently imported to Hollywood, filling the pictorial requirements of an unusual idea in camera composition.

ALL they need is a leading lady and Fred Astaire could make a production right on his own tennis court. Every Sunday afternoon, Fred the hooper and Crosby the crooner, take on Randy Scott the handsome hero and Bruce Cabot the oily villain. As movie stars, their tennis is a swell racket.

THE studio isn't taking any chances that Eleanor Powell wear herself out with the difficult dances she has to do in her new picture. For the first time in cinema history, a dancing stand-in has been hired, who must accurately learn every step that Eleanor will execute. For camera rehearsals and spacing, the "dance-in" is put through the routines. This saves Eleanor from wearing herself out under the hot lights and enables her to really get in and give it that Powell stuff, when the camera starts grinding.

THE most embarrassed young man in Hollywood was young Jackie Cooper. At a table in the M-G-M commissary, Jackie was treating Judy Garland, the youthful singer, to lunch. Just when Jackie thought he was impressing Judy with his newly-acquired dignity, in came little Carol Ann Beery. Looking around the room she spied Jackie and his lady love. With one leap and a bound, Carol Ann was on Jackie's lap, smothering him with hugs and kisses.

"Aw, you can't win," said Jackie disgustedly, as he sent Carol Ann on her way.

HOLLYWOOD publicists would have you believe that Jean Fenwick, who "spent many years in Europe," is about to become a big name in pictures. Actually, Jean Fenwick is Jean Morgan, sister of Marian Marsh. Jean has been in Hollywood for years, working as an extra and just recently was put on the stock list.

WHEN Robert Taylor made a personal appearance at the Texas Centennial, he drew greater crowds than the president of the United States. The studio sent a publicity man along to protect Bob from his female admirers. And the publicity man had such a tough job on his hands, Bob afterward rewarded him with a beautiful wrist watch, for distinguished service in action.

JOHN CARROLL'S Lookout Mountain-top home has been the scene of great festivity lately. John's grandmother from Florida is paying her first visit to Hollywood and he's seeing to it that she doesn't miss a thing. Steffi Duna, who is the Carroll heart interest, slipped out of Hollywood and is on her way to make a picture in England. While she is away, John is staging it.

HEPBURN has traded in her famous station wagon for a Ford roadster. And recently she treated herself to her first Hollywood permanent wave.

IF YOU can take the word of Director Howard Hawks, Andrea Leeds is really going places on the screen. Howard, who is always searching for undiscovered genius, saw Andrea in a film made on the campus of her university. In spite of the amateurish attempt at picture production, the girl's work was outstanding. Hawks made a test of her and she was so good that now she is playing her first professional rôle, and it's a second lead.

RANDY SCOTT has turned inventor. On a Sunday afternoon when Randy and Ginger Rogers came up to take a swim in Fred Astaire's pool, Randy brought along a game of "Monopoly." So they could play the game and enjoy the water at the same time, Randy also brought along an old card table. By removing the legs the table was made to float. Even if the game wasn't all wet, the stars were.

WE WOULDN'T dare be giving you the actual figures, but they say the unused footage on the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" amounts to something terrific. Norma Shearer is noted for the number of "takes" she gives every scene, before she does one that she feels eclipses all the rest.



Eddie Quillan and Charlotte Henry, both of whom reached the top when they were very young, have been cast in opposite rôles in a new picture, and both are happy about it.



Ordinary Indelible Lipstick



The New TATTOO



Why Some Lipsticks Make Lips Unattractive

Of course, you want your lipstick to be permanent . . . your lips soft and smooth . . . their caress a never-to-be-forgotten thrill!

But you have probably learned that lipstick does not always make lips soft and smooth! Ordinary indelible lipstick often makes them feel dry and parched, causing an unconscious and frequent licking of the lips in an effort to restore moistness and softness.

This constant licking removes the lips' natural oils as well as the protective oils supplied by the lipstick, resulting in lips readily becoming dull, dry, cracked, rough, old looking . . . *unattractive!*

How The New TATTOO Corrects All This

With the *New TATTOO* you have all the permanence you could wish for. And one of its magical new ingredients gives *this* lipstick a creamy texture that keeps lips fresh and *moist* . . . stains them with soothing, lasting, transparent color . . . without letting them get dry . . . without permitting them to become rough . . . and there is *no desire to lick the lips!*

Your lips thus become softer and smoother than they have ever



been before . . . thrillingly, irresistibly youthful . . . without a wrinkle . . . without a line! But more! The *other* magical ingredient in the *New TATTOO* gives your lips the kind of lustrous, inviting, shimmering gloss and sparkle that is never denied . . . *anything!*

Send Coupon For Proof

So that you can instantly *see* and *feel* the astonishing difference, a generous introductory size of the *New TATTOO* in a clever silver and black case will be sent for the coupon below and 10c to cover postage and packing. There are five exciting shades . . . the most famous colors ever put into lipstick! Most women want more than one. So why not send for several shades of this miracle lipstick today! You'll get an entirely new beauty thrill the instant you TATTOO your lips . . . with the *New TATTOO*!

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Send me trial size *New TATTOO*, postpaid. 10c enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

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The new TATTOO

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Melon Cup - order some mint
Jellied Consommé, or maybe soft Crabs?
Braised Half Chicken
Potatoes - tiny Buttered Balls
Small buttered Lima Beans
Salad - Let's have watercress and endive -
Camels - (give us time to smoke one through)
Raspberry sherbet - Camels again -
Coffee on the terrace - Don't forget the Camels!

Dinner notes jotted down by a famed Baltimore Hostess



**MRS. NICHOLAS
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Mrs. PENNIMAN is a descendant of two signers of the Declaration of Independence. Another forefather was one of the founders of the Bachelors' Cotillion, exclusive to Baltimore's first families. Mrs. Penniman is widely known as a charming hostess, a genius in fine Southern cookery. "When entertaining," she says, "I always serve plenty of Camels. Between courses and after, Camels taste so good. I've noticed that they help digestion and add so much to that satisfying sense of having dined well!"

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- MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., Wilmington
- MRS. WILLIAM I. HOLLINGSWORTH, JR., Los Angeles
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Scientists have shown that the supply of these fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—is helped back to normal by smoking Camels.

Definitely, Camels encourage good digestion... give a generous "lift." Their costlier tobaccos furnish a fitting accompaniment to the subtle flavors of fine food. Being mild, Camels never tire your taste. So, hostess or guest, let Camels give you pleasure during meals and after. They set you right!

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